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Presented to the  
Dresden Literary Society  
June 2. 1853

## MY BOOK.

MY BÓOK is to mysélf so like,  
Ánd there 's so féw mysélf who like,  
I séar there 's féw my Bóok will like.  
Íf I had cáred to páint less like  
Únadorned Náture, ánd more like  
Dáubings of Bóz, Phiz, ánd such like  
Cáricatúrists, móre would like  
Mé and my Bóok, fewer dislike.

— — —  
MY BÓOK is a bazáar  
In which my poems áre  
    Each óne a separate shóp;  
If in this one you don't find  
    What 's exáctly to your mind,  
    Intó the next one póp.

JAMES HENRY.

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN,

JUNE 2. 1853.

## BOOKSELLER.

Buy this book, it is a good one,  
Full of sense and wit and learning.  
Think of the poor author pining,  
Half fed, half clad, in a garret.

He has made me his receiver,  
Faithfully with him I'll reckon.  
Buy his book, it is a cheap one,  
For three shillings you shall have it.

Thank you, Sir; of these three shillings  
Three pence clear goes to the author,  
Out of which he'll pay the printer;  
I've the balance for my trouble.

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, June 8. 1853.

18.00

## POET'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

The Régistrý presérves the dáte,  
Thirtéenth Decémber, Ninety éight,  
When first the spindle óf my fáte  
Begán to twírl, and át Fifteen  
Of Hóggín ónce, now Cóllege, Gréen,  
In the Írish cápital óf our Quéen,  
I éntered ón this mórtal státe,  
Néarly two thóusand yéars too láte,  
A chúbbý, hándsome, héalthy bój,  
My fáther's pride, my móther's jóy.  
At two years óld I 'd léarned to wálk  
Ánd my half-náttive lánguage tálk;  
Fórty months ólder wént to schóol,  
Whére I was fórced to live by rúle,  
To spéll, make figures, ánd to hámmer  
Hárd at the quirks and quérks of grámmár.  
My Máster wás one Jóseph Hútton,  
Black brówed, black dréssed, black évery bútton;  
Grim, féruled týrant! skílled to rúle  
By féar, not lóve, his ill-taught schóol;  
Who cóuld of Christian chárity préach,  
Yet knéw each schóolboy bý his bréech.  
At téen I first begán to dánce;  
At twélf I 'd wrítten a románce  
Fúll of the Arábian táles and Hómer,

Minérva, Márs, and cáliph Ómar.

At fóurteen, sént tó grópe for knówledge  
Amóng the móns of Trinity Cóllege,  
I léarned each hád an ícome cléar  
Of twice five húndred póunds a yéar;  
For which he took an óath to préach  
Staunch órthodóxy, ánd to téach  
Saint Pátrick's rising génerátion  
To knów, by cértain cálculátion,  
How mány tímes four póps make éight,  
And whý a cúrved line is not stráight.  
Fiftéen and hálf years óld, one dáy —  
'Twas ín this flówery mónth of Máy —  
A páir of blúe eyes bámed on me  
So sóftly, swéetly, ténderly,  
I áll at ónce forgót books, knówledge,  
And órthodóxy ánd my cóllege;  
All vánished, like dissólving views,  
Fróm my young bráin, or, íf ye chóose,  
Fróm my poor héart, and in their pláce  
Came áirs angélic, fórms of gráce,  
Visions of cónstancy and trúth,  
Dréams of unchánging lóve and yóuth.  
I gázed, I wished, I hóped, I sighed;  
She smíled, looked sád, and drooped and died;  
Ánd I had wépt, ere quite sixtéen,  
Upón the chúrchyard hillock gréen,  
That ánswered coldly tó my sighs:—  
For éver clósed those bright, blue eyés;  
Corruption, clóds and wórms dwell hére;  
Awáy, young mán, dry úp that téar.

Ígnorant, árdent, ánd seventéen,  
Médicine 's a glórious thíng, I wéen:

How nér a Gód is hé who cán  
Assuáge the pángs of bróther inán,  
Smóoth the sick pillow, ánd, with bálm  
Pótent the thróbbing púlse to cálm,  
Wóo to the áching líds coy Sléep,  
And plúnge the sénce in Léthe déep.  
Five yéars, long yéars, I visited  
Éarly and láte the pór man's béd,  
Lived inidst contágion, filth and gróans,  
Póred over déad men's móuldering bónes,  
Or with the anátomiser's knife  
And mieroscópe tracked súbtle Life  
Fróm her outwórks through nérye and véin  
Ínto her dónjon in the bráin,  
And thénce to hér outwórks agáin,  
Báckwards and fórwards, róund and róund,  
O'er áll th'enchanted cástle's gróund —  
In váin! in váin! — I béat the áir —  
She hás been hére, she hás been thére;  
Her footprints théy are évery whére;  
Bút the fay's sélf — put úp thy knife —  
Thou séek'st thysélf, thysélf art Life.

A Dóctor léarned at twénty twó,  
Gréat is my wónder í 've so few  
Sick cálls; what cán the réason bé  
Scarce ónce a mónth drops in a fée?  
There 's Dóctor Láncet — cúnning féllo! —  
Pósting bý in his cárriage yéllow;  
I dóubt if hé could diagnóse  
'Twixt Scárlatína ánd the Róse,  
Yét his door knócker 's idle néver,  
Ánd abóut he 's galloping éver,  
Paying minute visits to the sick,

And wríting rúcipes so quick  
His pills and powders, dráughts and dróps,  
Jóstle in the chémists' shóps.

I knów five times as much as hé,  
Yet rárely cómes a cásé to mé;  
What is — what cán the réason bé?  
I 'll ásk himsélf — who knóws so wéll?

Knóws, to be súre — but will he téll?  
I 'll trý. Betíde the wórst that will,  
Small wáy is máde by sitting still.

Knock knóck, knock knóck:— "Doctor at hóme?"  
"Yés sir, step ín." "Doctor, I 'm cóme  
To bég you 'll téll me, if you pléase,  
How 'tís you gét so mány fées,  
So keep in ápple-pie condition,  
While I, no less a góod physician,  
Pérish, almóst, of inanítion."

The Dóctor smíled, and shóok his héad:—  
"I think I knów your cásé," he sáid;  
"Yóu study sickness ánd deséase;  
Théy have no móney, páy no fées.

I study mén, and mén to pléase;  
Mén have the móney, páy the fées."  
"But íf the pátient chánce to die?" —  
"Why, thén *God* killed him, ánd not *I*;  
Déath is *God's* will — must bé endúred —  
Áll that recóver *I* have cured."

I bówed and thánked him, ánd saw cléar  
Two thóusand stérling póunds a yéar,  
Fame, líveries and yéllow cóach,  
Ón the left hánd, make théir appróach;  
And wéeping Hónor ón the right  
With óutspread wings ready for flight:—  
"Stáy, Honor, stáy, we 'll not part só;

Togéther thróugh the wórld we 'll gó:  
Fold úp thy wíngs —" and, ás I spóke,  
Vánished intó thin áir, like smóke,  
Coach, liveries, and income cléar  
Two thóusand stérling póunds a yéar.

Till twénty eíght my déstiny  
Képt her best gift in stóre for mé —  
A sécond sélf, than sélf more déar —  
My páper 's blótted — 'tis a téar:  
Four yéars two móonths agó this dáy  
In Sóuth Tiról a córpse she láy.  
Wreathed róund with líly ánd with róse  
In yónder márble vásc repóse  
The rélics óf her fúneral pýre,  
The cinders thát survived the fire.  
Still twénty yéars the lót be mine,  
Fresh róses róund that úrn to twine  
Ánd on the gárland dróp a téar,  
Ás I renéw it yéar by yéar;  
Then cóme, my chíld — my Kátharine, cóme —  
That úrn is my long-chósen hóme;  
There láy my cinders, ánd each yéar  
Hónor thy párents with a téar  
Ánd a fresh wréath; and, whén at lást  
Thou tóo through lífe's long déath hast pást,  
Rejóin thy párents in their úrn,  
And thére with thém to dúst retúrn,  
Háppy if sóme kind héart a téar  
Dróp on that úrn the following yéar,  
Or háng fresh wréath of rósemary,  
And sigh, and sáy:— "I knéw the thrée."

WAISENHAUS - STRASSE, DRESDEN, May 5. 1853.

## POET AND MUSE.

Now, wáyward Múse,  
You 'll nót refúse  
    To sing a sóng,  
A vérse or two  
Of sómething néw,  
    And nót too lóng.

Sing it yourself,  
Poétic élf,  
    It 's yóu 're inspired;  
You 've drágged me thróugh  
Both óld and néw,  
    Till í am tired.

WAISENHAUS - STRASSE, DRESDEN, May 14. 1853.

## EDWARD AND ROSALIE.

There 's a knock at the dór, there 's a púll at the béll,  
There 's a stép on the stáir, and she knóws the step wéll;  
The work dróps from her hánd, and she bóunds cross the flóor,  
And the sáme arms enclásp her, that clásped her of yore —  
That clásped her at pártинг, when ó'er the wide séa  
To the wárs Edward wént, from his fáir Rosalie:—  
“Now, Édward, my Édward, thou lóok'st thin and pále;  
What 's befállen thee, my lóved one? What cán Edward áil?  
Hast been sick, or a prisoner? or trávelled tóo fár  
And too fást home agáin from the lóng Turkish wár?”  
“I háve not been prisoner, I háve not been sick;  
And whó to his bríde home e'er trávelled too quick?  
No, Rósalie, Rósalie — Bút I 'll not spéak  
The fátal word óut — rather lét my heart bréak.”  
“Speak it óut, renegáde — for the Créscent I sée  
Glittering hére on thy bréast, where the Cróss used to bé —  
Speak it óut, renegáde — then for éver farewéll —  
From this hóur I 'm the cloíster's — thou héarest the béll.”  
“One móment, one móment, my Rósalie, stáy —  
I 'm no lónger poor Édward; I 'm rich Osman Béy;  
The stéed 's at the dór, and not fár off the séa  
Where the ship rocking lies that shall this night with mé  
Far awáy from the Christian's land báar Rosalie.”

“I know thee not, récreant — ah, bláck, dismal dáy! —  
Poor Édward my tróth has, not rich Osman Béy.  
Awáy o'er the wáters without Rosalie —  
I give thee thy tróth back — awáy — thou art frée.”  
He 's gone down to the ship, he 's awáy o'er the séa,  
And the cloíster gate 's clósed upon fáir Rosalie;  
True lóver 's for éver from trúe lover párted,  
He in sórrow to live, she to die broken héarted.

●

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, May 29. 1853.

### D I N G   D O N G.

“Ding dóng, Ding dóng,  
Pósting alóng  
. Through the mórrning áir,  
Stop thére, stop thére.”  
“What wóuld'st thou sáy?  
Be brief I pray,  
The minutes fly,  
Short time have I  
In chát to spénd;  
Make háste, good friend.”  
“Few wórds will dó;  
Just téll me true,  
When I am déad  
And ón my héad  
By séxton's spáde  
The gréensward 's láid.  
Under the shade

Of yón grey birch  
Behind the chúrch,  
What wilt thou sáy  
Upón that dáy?"  
"Ding dóng, Ding dóng,  
Dong ding, Ding dóng."

"One móment móre —  
And if, befóre  
The séxton's spáde  
The swárd has láid  
Upón my héad,  
I chánce to wéd,  
And léad a bride  
In beautý's príde  
Up the church áisle,  
Méeting the smile  
Of friends, and shówers  
Of bright spring flówers,  
What wilt thou sáy  
Upón that dáy?"  
"Ding dóng, Ding dóng,  
Dong ding, Ding dóng."

"And whén my bride  
Lies by my side  
Under the swárd  
Of thát churchyárd,  
And séxton's spáde  
Has éven máde  
Her sód with mine,  
And chíldren twíne  
Sweet églantine  
And jéssamine

Round thát grey birch  
Behínd the chúrch,  
Or sit and wéep  
By the néw raised héap,  
Oft wóndering why  
Up to the ský  
Móther should gó  
That lóved them só —  
Upón that dáy  
What wílt thou sáy?"  
"Ding dóng, Ding dóng,  
Dong ding, Ding dóng."

"Begóne, Ding dóng;  
Thou 'st stáid too lóng.  
Through the mórrning áir  
Whithersoé'er,  
Or quick or slów,  
Thou lík'st to gó,  
Begóne, Ding dóng,  
And sing thy sóng.  
Whéther thou guíde  
To th' áltars' side  
Bridegroom and bride,  
Or to the tómb  
Bride and bridegróom,  
I cáre not, só  
From hénce thou gó,  
Sad vóice of wóe.

WAISENHAUS - STRASSE, DRESDEN, May 14. 1853.

## GOOD NIGHT.

Swe<sup>et</sup>, good night;  
Till m<sup>or</sup>ning light  
In slumber lie,  
Then c<sup>ome</sup> and st<sup>ay</sup>  
By m<sup>é</sup> all d<sup>ay</sup>  
And I 'll not sigh.

Swe<sup>et</sup>, good night;  
Till m<sup>or</sup>ning light  
Dr<sup>eam</sup> but of m<sup>é</sup>,  
Who dr<sup>eam</sup> alw<sup>ay</sup>  
Both night and d<sup>ay</sup>  
Ónly of th<sup>ée</sup>.

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, May 13. 1853.

## GOOD MORROW.

Good m<sup>or</sup>row, Swe<sup>et</sup>;  
Pl<sup>ea</sup>sant to m<sup>é</sup>et  
Th<sup>ée</sup> and the l<sup>ight</sup>;  
D<sup>ár</sup>k without th<sup>ée</sup>  
Were d<sup>ay</sup> to m<sup>é</sup>,  
D<sup>ár</sup>k as midnight.

Good m<sup>or</sup>row, Swe<sup>et</sup>;  
Pl<sup>ea</sup>sant to m<sup>é</sup>et  
Th<sup>ée</sup> and the l<sup>ight</sup>;  
St<sup>á</sup>y but with m<sup>é</sup>,  
And I 'll not s<sup>ée</sup>  
D<sup>ár</sup>kness in night.

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, May 14. 1853.

## Liebchen, gut' Nacht.

Aus dem Englischen des Dr. J. Henry.

Liebchen, gut' Nacht!  
Bis der Morgen lacht  
Ruh' in Schlummer gewiegt.  
Dann komm, bleib hier  
Den Tag bei mir,  
So seufz' ich nicht.

Liebchen, gut' Nacht!  
Bis der Morgen lacht  
Träum' nur von mir,  
Der schlafend und wach  
Bei Nacht und Tag  
Träumt nur von dir.

Dresden, 15. Mai 1853.

M. Lindemann.

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“Pretty maid, tell me the réason  
Whý you blúsh when I come néar you?  
Whý you trémble, cást your eyés down,  
Ánd so fúmble with your knitting?”

“Ráther téll me, silly yóung man,  
Whý you 're éver hóvering néar me?  
Whý I néver cán alone be,  
Súnday, wéekday, mórn or évening?”

“Pretty maid, it is so pléasant  
Tó be álways lóoking át you;  
Í would like to bé your bróther,  
Ór your sister, tó be néar you.”

“Silly yóung man, í 'm no pícture  
Tó be idly stáred and gázed at;  
Gó, get sómething tó emplóy you;  
Húnt or fish — or knit as í do.”

“Cóme with mé and wé 'll go húnting,  
Ór with mé come tó the river,  
Ór I 'll sit down hére beside you,  
Ánd assist you with your knitting.”

“Ídle yóung man, í 'll emplóy you.  
Hére 's a létter fór my Trúelove;  
Gó and fínd him, give it tó him,  
Ánd bring báck the ánsver quickly.”

“Whére shall í look fór your Trúelove?  
Ín the city, ór the cóuntry?  
Whát 's his náme? there 's nó addréss here,  
Nót one wórd of súperscription.”

“Give 't me báck — I 'm só forgétful —  
Lét me sée — what is 't they cáll him? —  
Thére — write yóu the súperscription;  
Í 'm too búsy with my knitting.”

“Pretty maid, I 've fóund your Trúelove;  
Ánd he sénds you báck this ánsver.  
Ón your finger éver wéar it.  
Dróp your knitting; cóme with mé, Love.”

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, June 6. 1853.

## POET AND FRIEND.

### POET.

Through the wide world go wheresoever will,  
Two shadowy forms go with me still:  
One tall and handsome, fresh and bright,  
And gaily clad, keeps on my right;  
To look on him from morn till night,  
And night till morn, is my delight.  
A stunted dwarf in shabby clothes  
The other on my left hand goes,  
Odious to look on or be near.  
Who these forms are I'd like to hear,  
Or why with me for ever so  
Round and round the world they go.

### FRIEND.

Though you're no Sphinx, no Oedipus I,  
To read your riddle I will try.  
Those forms are shadows of yourself;  
He on the left — that stunted elf —  
Your very image, all declare,  
Sir poet's likeness to a hair.  
The right hand figure, I confess,  
Is far less like you, yet, I guess,  
Is still your silhouette; painted bright,  
As you appear in your own sight.  
By two such shapes, one on each side,  
Each traveller's accompanied  
Along life's road. I'll lay my head  
Against a pin, your riddle's read.

## HUMBUG'S SECRET.

It háppened, ór by chánce or sáfe,  
One évening prómenáding láte  
Upón the máll, Humbúg and í  
Fell into each óther's cónpaný:—  
“Cóme, knowing Húmbug, téll me whý  
So mány yéars in váin I try  
Úp in this wórlid one stép to rise;  
Though riches, hónors, dignities  
Róund me descénd in héaven-sent shówers,  
Gláddening this thírsty éarth of ours,  
They néver on mé their déw let fáll,  
I néver come in for a dróp at áll.  
There 's nóne can téll so wéll as yóu  
If hálf men sáy of yóu be trúe.”

Húmbug looked gráve, and shóok his héad,  
And thús in sólemn áccents sáid:—  
“There 's sóme good cáuse; let 's féel your skúll:  
Here 's Cúnning smáll, and Hónor fúll —  
A fátal cónbinátion thát —  
And Wórldly-míndednéss quite flát;  
And this bump, like an órange, hére  
Upón your fórehead, hów I féar  
It 's Póetry, not Cálculátion;  
And thén I fínd no Ádulátion,  
And nót a gráin of Vénerátion,  
But húge Philósophy instéad —  
I néver félta wórsé shaped héad.”

I dréw a décp and héartfelt sigh:—  
“Shów me but hów, I 'll gládly trý  
To exchánge my héad, Humbúg,” said í,  
“For óne of á more módern cút —”  
“You téke me quite too sérious; tút! ✕  
I was ónly jóking, héads are bút  
Of sécondáry cónsequénce,  
Unléss they 're quite weighed dówn with sénse.”  
“Then whát 's the máin throw, Húmbug, pray?  
The chief point óf impórtance, sáy?  
The fírst great thing which í must dó  
To gétt on in the wórld like yóu?”  
“Accórding to their várious views,  
Sóme men the hát praise, sóme the shóes,  
Sóme say kidglóves are thé main thing,  
Óthers that yóu must léarn to sing  
Not fírst, but sécond; sóme insíst,  
A mitre hás been gót by whist:  
You müst believe in héaven and héll  
So lóng as yóu in Éngland dwéll;  
But, gó to Gérmány, they 'll stáre  
And fly perháps intó your háir,  
Íf you but hint it pósible  
A góod God éver máde a héll —”  
“Stop thérre,” I ánswered shórt and grúff;  
“Your rígmaróle is lóng enóugh;  
I ásked you hów best to succéed  
In éarthly things, not fór a créed.”  
“And só, young mán, you think you 're wiser  
Than hé you 've chósen for yóur adviser?  
Gó, rise to hónors and digníties  
Whatéver shórter wáy you pléase;  
I 've dóne with yóu.” “Stay, Húmbug, stáy —  
Forgive me — léave me nót this wáy;

Comin'and me, bid me, I obey."

"I 'll take your word," Húmbug replied,  
And came up kindly by my side,  
And took my arm, and in my ear  
Close whispered, that none else might hear:—  
"The secret lies neither in hat,  
Creed, nor kidglóves, but in a cát."  
"A cát?" said I, cocking my ear:  
"A cát? or did I rightly hear?"  
"A cát," said he, close whispering back,  
"Whéther gray, tórtoiseshéll, or bláck,  
Or white, you 've only to take care  
To stroke her canny with the hair:  
She 'll rub herself agáinst your chair,  
And follow you up and down the stáir,  
Púrring her feline grátitúde;  
But shóuld you chance with áction rúde  
To rub her once agáinst the hair,  
Bewáre her fángs. The wórlid 's a cát —"  
"Enough!" said I, and thrice my hat  
Pitched into the air, "I have it pát:  
Stroke with the hair the húman cát,  
Íf you 'd not fáre worse thán a rát.  
The húman cát stroke with the hair,  
She 'll rub herself agáinst your chair,  
And follow you up and down the stáir.  
Ah, Húmbug, but true wisdom 's ráre!  
And now, you rógue, I 've stróked you right,  
And gót your secret — só, good night."

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, May 18. 1853.

## EDWARD AND MARY.

EDWARD.

Máry, I swéar —  
By this líght and áir —  
By héaven abóve —  
Thou árt my Lóve —  
For thée I sigh —  
For thée I die —  
Stáy, Mary, stáy —  
Ah, dismal dáy!  
And cánst thou gó?  
And léave me só?  
Then fáre thee wéll!  
How hárdsome 's Néll!  
Her eýes how bríght!  
Her skin how white!  
What rúby líps!  
How light she trips —

MARY.

I dón't believe.  
You bút deceíve.  
It is not trúe.  
I lóve not yóu.  
In váin, in váin.  
'Twill cúre your páin.  
Good býe, good býe.  
How háppy í!  
Gone, góne for éver.  
To cóme back néver.  
What did you sáy?  
Who 's Néll, I pray?  
You dó but jést.  
You plágue, you pést!  
Edward, I sáy —  
I 'll stáy, I 'll stáy.

How like a fawn — I 'm yours alone.  
Across the lawn! I 'm Edward's own.  
When Nell is nigh — I 'm in despair.  
I never sigh. I 'll tear her hair.  
Her silver voice — Discordant scream!  
Makes my heart rejoice.  
And then her mind — Do I wake or dream?  
As soft as kind! I 'll fret her yet.  
There lives but one — The pert Grisette!  
One, only one — How rash was I!  
Whom I prefer — I die, I die.  
To Nell prefer — Stay, let me hear —  
And thou art she — I fear, I fear —  
Mary, thou 'rt she — What did you say?  
Mary, thou 'rt mine — Blest day, blest day!  
And I am thine — Yes, Edward, yes.  
Then good bye, Nell — O happiness!  
Mary and I — And good bye, sorrow —  
Are one to-morrow.

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE. DRESDEN. May 20. 1853.

## TODAY AND TOMORROW.

Promenáding as úsual alóng the same stréet  
Todáy and Tomórrow once háppened to méet:—  
“Now, good cóusin Tomórrow,” thus sáid sad Todáy,  
“How cómes it you ’re álways so mérry and gáy?  
Not a clóud shades your brów, not a téar dims your eýe,  
All súnshine and róses and bright, sapphire sky.”  
“Don’t móck me, dear Yésterday,” ánswered Tomórrow;  
“I am héavy and sád, my heart bréaking with sórrow.  
It ’s *you* have the súnshine and bright, sapphire sky,  
A brów ever clóudless, a téar undimmed eýe.  
From mórrning till night *I* do nóthing but sigh —  
Sigh for Yésterday’s háppiness, Yésterday’s jóys;  
It ’s Yésterday ónly no tróuble annóys.”  
“Alás! dear Tomórrow, and dó you say só?  
And that smile on your fáce only hídes your heart’s wóe?  
I could néver have thóught you wore súch a false shów.”  
“Your unfórtunate cóusin you ’d nót so upbráid,  
If you knéw with what griefs to the gróund he is wéighed.”  
“Forgíve me, dear Cóz; from the dépth of my héart  
I pity your cáse. Could I cómfort impárt —”  
“Nay, náy, that ’s impóssible — Cósíng, good bye;  
Enjóy your good fórtune, and léave me to sigh.”  
So sáid, he went ón, and no wórd added móre,  
And Todáy slowly fóllowed, more sád than befóre.

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, May 13. 1853.

## R E C O V E R Y.

Húsh, ye rúde ones, stir not, bréathe not —  
Slúmber 's fálling ón his eyélids;  
Fróm the féver's héat and tóssing  
Thé tired fráme at lást is résting.

Sóftly dráw the window cùrtains —  
Shút out thé intrúsive dáylight —  
Stáy; stay: lét one little ráy in,  
Júst to shów how cálm he 's sléeping.

Pále and súnk althóugh his chéek is,  
Yét it 's sóft, and cóol, and plácid;  
Ánd he dráws his bréathing éven;  
Ánd there 's déw upón his fórehead.

Richly nów how yé 're rewárded,  
Áll my nights and dáys of wáatching!  
Móre than páymént this one móment  
Fór a húndred yéars of sórrow.

Dówn my chéeks the téars are stéaling,  
Ón his blánched hand nóiseless drópping;  
Bléssed, bléssed Sléep, I thánk thee —  
Théy 're a wife's téars, nót a widow's.

WAISENHAUS - STRASSE, DRESDEN, June 7. 1853.

## M A R Y.

Máry, plúck me yónder rósebud;  
Fróm thine hán̄d I 'm fáin to háve it.  
Íf thou wílt not, lét it háng there —  
Whát care I abóut the rósebud?

Máry, sing me thé new bállad;  
Fróm thy líps I lóng to héar it.  
Íf thou wílt not, little cáre I  
Íf I néver héar the bállad.

Máry, cóme, and lét us sáunter  
Hálf an hóur abóut the méadow.  
Íf thou wílt not, í will stáy here —  
Lét who will, stroll in the méadow.

Máry, sit down hére beside me,  
Tíll we chát a whíle togéther.  
Íf thou wílt not, í 'll be silent —  
Í care bút to chát with Máry.

Máry, cánst thou gó and léave me  
Hére alone to pine in sórrow? —  
Áh, she 's góne! and little cáre I  
Íf I néver sée tomórrow.

WAISENHAUS - STRASSE, DRESDEN, June 3. 1853.

## BESSIE, 'TIS A SUNNY MORNING.

Béssie, 'tis a sunny mórrning,  
Ánd the lárks are singing gáily;  
Gét your bónnet, láy your bóok down ---  
Théy are át the háy alréady.

Táke your sórk, toss óut the láp-cocks ---  
With the déw they 're wét and héavy ---  
Spréad them tó the sún and áir well,  
Thére 's a mórrning sóon will dry them.

Sháke them, tóss them, túrn them óver,  
Lét no twó stalks lie togéther,  
Tíll the whóle field wé have cóvered  
With a light, soft, springy cárpét.

Whát a pléasure tó be wórkíng ---  
Máking sóod for hónest Pieball ---  
Ín the bright, sunshiny mórrning,  
With the lárks abóut us singing!

Bút it 's néither hónest Pieball,  
Nór the lárks abóut me singing,  
Nór the frésh, sunshiny mórrning  
Thát makes mé work with such pléasure;

Fór were yóu not with me, Béssie,  
Hélping mé to tóss the háy out,  
Í 'd scarce knów the lárks were singing,  
Ór sun shíning ón the háyfield.

Tóss it, túrn it, spréad it wéll out  
Tó the hot sun ánd the dry air;  
Ín the évening wé will cóck it:  
Yóu 're a bráve haymáker, Béssie.

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, June 11. 1853.

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Ónce it háppened ón a Friday —  
Fridays álways wére unlúcky —  
Ín the dóubtful mónth of Ápril,  
Í walked óut withóut umbrélla.

Í had ón thin shóes and stóckings,  
Ánd a cóat more fit for Júly  
Thán the tréacherous mónth of Ápril,  
Ánd my trówsers wére of nánkeen.

Í was thinking óf my Truélove,  
Ánd my wáy lay tóward her dwélling  
Twó miles distant ás the bírd flies —  
Shé expécted mé that évening.

Óf the wáy I 'd máde a quárter,  
Éver thinking óf my Truélove,  
Whén the ráin begán to pátter,  
Ánd to spót my nánkeen trówsers.

Túsh! said í, it is no mátter —  
Ápril shówers were néver lásting,  
Nánkeens wón't be lóng a-dry'ing —  
Í 'll not disappóint my Trúclove.

Páttter, páttter, still the ráin went,  
Ánd the dróps grew éver lárgér,  
Ánd befóre long my nankéens stuck  
Tó my skin like wét brown páper.

Páttter, páttter, still the ráin went,  
Ánd the dróps fell thick and thicker,  
Ánd the róad grew déep and splashy,  
Ánd my shóes let in the wáter;

Ánd the stréam that fróm my hát ran  
Dówn behínd upón my shóulders,  
Wóuld have túrned a little mill-wheéel  
Hád there béen one át my cóat tail.

Néver wétter wás Leánder  
Tó his Héro níghtly swimming,  
Néver wétter wás a drówned rat,  
Nóah's árk was néver wétter.

Súre I ám, she 's thinking óf me,  
Lóoking óut upón the wéather;  
Wéll she knóws the ráin won't stóp me,  
Wéll she knóws there is no shélter.

Páttter, páttter, still the ráin went,  
Ánd the róad grew éver déeper;  
Wéll! said í, it is small mátter —  
Cóme what will, I 'll tó my Trúclove.

Ás I spóke, a súdden gúst came;  
Ín a twinkling óff my hát flew;  
Pútting úp my hán̄d to sáve it,  
Dówn intó the ditch my foot slipped.

Ín the strúggle í fell óver;  
'Twás the friendly brámbles sáved me,  
Élse I 'd spráined my wríst or áncle,  
Ór perháps put óut my shóulder.

'Twás the friendly brámbles sáved me —  
Cáught me bý the nánkeen trówsers —  
Bróke my fáll — but áh! my nánkeens —  
Whát a rént! — What sháll I now do?

Récreant, cánst thou túrn and léave her  
Wáiting, wátching át the window?  
“Whát is 't kíeeps my Lóve from cóming?  
Trúelove néver minded wéather.”

Thére 's the hóuse in view alréady;  
Ánd the hóur, I héar it chíming —  
Spíte of trówsers, spíte of wétting,  
Í 'll be with thee, Lóve, this évening.

Fórtune éver smíles on cóurage:  
Ín my sléeve behóld a stróng pin —  
Táilored in a tríce my trówsers,  
Júst enóugh to kíeep my shírt in.

Pócket hán̄dkerchief, tied néatly  
Twíce round héad and éars and témples,  
With extémporáneous túrbán  
Lóss of béaver hát repláces.

Brávo! Brávo! I have cónquered;  
Hére 's th' appróach up to the hóuse leads;  
Ráin, wind, fáll, lost hát, torn trówsers,  
I despise you — thére 's my Trúelove.

Thére she 's át the window stánding;  
Tó the dóor she flies to méet me —  
Néver in sunshíny wéather  
Hád we hálf so pléasant méeting.

First she láughed, and thén she máde me  
Tén times óver téll my stóry,  
Ás she héaped the fire with billets,  
Ánd set dówn tea, wine, and swéetmeats.

Ánd she lóoked so kindly ón me,  
Ánd so cálled me hér Leánder,  
Ás she chid me fór persisting  
Tó come ón despite the weather,

Thát as I sat thére beside her,  
Dryíng my wet clóthes, and sipping  
Thé hot téa that hér own déar self  
Máde, poured óut, and handed to me,

I could nót but pray in sécret  
I might álways gét a drénching,  
Lóse my hát, and téar my trówsers,  
Ón my wáy to sée my Trúelove.

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, June 9. 1853.

## WILLIAM AND LUCY.

WILLIAM.

Like a súmmer móning éarly  
Frésh, and swéet, and míld is Lúcy.

LUCY.

Like a súmmer nóonday 's Wílliam,  
Rádiant, bríght, and stróng, and hándsome.

WILLIAM.

Ténder, pénsive, mélanchóly  
Lúcy 's líke a súmmer évening.

LUCY.

Wílliam, whén he 's sád, is líke a  
Súmmer's night when stárs are twinkling.

WILLIAM.

Lúcy 's líke a gólden wíllow  
Bénding ó'er a gárdén fóuntain.

LUCY.

Wílliam 's líke a státey cédar  
Whén it 's ín full léaf in Júly.

WILLIAM.

Lúcy 's líke the áutumn móonlight  
Ón the yéllow córnsheaves sléeping.

LUCY.

Wílliam 's líke the críimson súnbeams  
Ón the néw-ploughed úpland fállow.

WILLIAM.

Lúcy 's líke the glássy, cléar lake  
Whén no bréath its bósom wrínkles.

LUCY.

Wílliam 's líke the déep, full river  
Ónward rólling tóward the ócéan.

WILLIAM.

Lúcy 's like Acánthus vólute  
By the hánđ of Phidias chiseled.

LUCY.

William 's like the pórphyry píllar  
Thé entáblatúre sustáining.

WILLIAM.

Lúcy 's like the nún's chant stéaling  
Thróugh the cloíster bárs at véspers.

LUCY.

William 's like the ánthem péaling  
Thróugh the áisles of thé cathédral.

WILLIAM.

Lúcy 's like the tímid ringdove  
Cooing in the fórest's cóvert.

LUCY.

William 's like the gallant góshawk  
Sóaring thróugh the sky at midday.

WILLIAM.

Lúcy 's like the máid I dréamt once  
Stóod beside me át the áltar.

LUCY.

William 's like the yóuth I twice dreamt  
Pút the ring upón my finger.

WILLIAM.

Lúcy 's like — aye, by this ring, Love —  
Lúcy 's like the bríde of William.

LUCY.

William 's like — by this same ring and  
Héaven I swéar it — Lúcy's bridegroom.

WAISENHAUS - STRASSE, DRESDEN, June 12. 1853.

In the fields or ón the róadside  
Néar a little cóuntry village,  
Múttering tó himsélf and líting,  
Áll day lóng a yóung man sáunters.

Múttering, líting, ás he sáunters,  
Chíldren póint the finger át him,  
Ánd wise párents cáll him ídle,  
Crázy, góod for nóthing póet.

Thát young mán sees nót the village;  
Gréat thoughts ín his sóul are bármíng —  
Héroes, Césars, fáme immórtal —  
Thát young mán is Públius Máro.

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, June 10. 1853.

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Where wás I ére there was ány Whére?  
Ére there was ány Whát, what wás I?  
When wás I ére there was ány Whén?  
And hów or whý made í mysélf  
Ére there was ány í or Hów,  
Or ány Whén, Where, Whát or Whý?

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, June 12. 1853.



## S U P R E M E L Y B L E S T.

“Six little góslings in one nést,  
Áll in yéllow vélvet dréssed,  
Áll benéath one sóft warm bréast,  
Áll by óne kind bill caréssed,  
Are ye nót suprémely blést?”

“Six little góslings in one nést,  
Áll in yéllow vélvet dréssed,  
Wé are nót suprémely bléssed.  
Wé will léave the sóft warm bréast,  
Wé will léave the párent nést,  
And gó of novità in quést,  
And thén we’ll bé suprémely blést.”

Written while travelling from SLIGO to DROMORE WEST. CO. SLIGO  
10. 1852.

## L I T T L E F L Y.

Sip on fréely, little fly;  
Í'll not hárm thee; nó, not í.  
Sóme are gréat and sóme are smáll,  
But Gód is fáther óf us áll;  
And in the párent’s équal eyé,  
Mán ’s the bróther óf the fly.

Síp on fréely, little fly;  
Í'll not hárñm thee; nó, not í.  
Fórméd like mé for jóy and páin,  
Wármed by súnshine, wét by ráin,  
Bórn like mé, like mé to die,  
Thóu art déar to Gód as í;  
Síp on fréely, little fly,  
Í'll not hárñm thee; nó, not í.

Written while travelling from DROMORE - WEST to WESTPORT.  
May. 11. 1852.

#### C H A T T E R I N G M E G.

Bláck and white  
Páinted bright,  
Stóut of limb,  
Of bódy light,  
Fierce in báttle,  
Swift in flight,  
Cálled by birds  
The róbber knight.

Kéen of sight,  
It 's my delight  
From the áiry héight  
Of áspen bóugh,  
Or rócky brów,  
To spý aróund  
Where ón the gróund  
For cháttering pýe  
Fit próg may lie  
Of crúst or bóne,

There careless thrówn  
By fárm-yard Jóan;  
Or jóysul márk  
Where éggs of lárk  
In méadow gréen,  
Half hid, half séen,  
Or cállow thrúsh  
In hawthorn búsh,  
Meg's áppetite  
Dainty invite.  
But Még, not rásh  
To máke a dásch  
Like háwk or kite,  
Stays áppetite,  
And hóps abóut,  
And mákes no róut;  
And wáatching slý  
With pérring eýe,  
Steals tó the búsh  
And dines on thrúsh;  
Then súcks lark's égg,  
Hardhéarted Még!  
And off to nést  
Flies with the bést  
Old crúst or bóné  
Or thrifless Jóan.

Such life lead í,  
Blithe cháttering pýe,  
Oft wóndering whý  
Man só should sigh,  
And keep such cóil,  
And cárk and móil  
Till swéat, and tóil,

And care to save  
Dig deep his grave.

I envy not  
Palace or cot;  
The life I lead  
On hill and mead  
Is life indeed;  
And, while I range  
Round field and grange,  
I would not change  
For man's high state  
Meg's happier fate.

Written while travelling from WESTPORT to CLIFDEN. May 12. 1

### F A L S E H E A R T E D J O A N.

In mountain dell,  
Beside a well  
And mossy stone,  
Under a thorn  
I sat forlorn,  
And made my moan: —  
“This world and I  
Cannot agree,  
No charm hath now  
This world for me.  
She has broke her troth,  
Falsehearted Jóan,  
And left me here  
To die alone.

Hére in this wild,  
Untródden déll,  
Únder this thórn,  
Beside this wéll,  
I'll stréetch me ón  
This móss-grown stóne,  
And wéep, and cry: —  
'Falsehéarted Jóan.'

'Falsehéarted Jóan',  
I'll wéep and cry  
'I líved for thée,  
For thée I'll die';  
Write on my tómb: —  
'He died alóne,  
Forsáken bý  
Falseheártd Jóan.  
Ye fáithful swáins,  
His déath deplóre,  
And néver trúst  
To wóman móre'.

As thús I láy,  
And máde my móan,  
Stréttched on that gréy  
And móss-grown stóne,  
I héard a líght,  
Small footstep néar;  
A kindly více  
Fell ón my éar,  
That swéetly said: —  
"Why dóst thou móan,  
And whó is this  
Falseheártd Jóan?"

'Twas Jóan hersélf —  
My téars were stáyed;  
I thréw my árms  
Abóut the máid:  
I cánnott téll  
What wórds we sáid;  
But thére in thát  
Untródden déll,  
Únder that thórn,  
Beside that wéll,  
As I wept ón  
That móss-grown stóne,  
I fóund my ówn  
Truehéarted Jóan.

Written while travelling on Bianconi's car from CLIFDEN to GALWAY. May 13. 1852.

#### B E T H A N K F U L.

“Be thánkful”; — tó a silly lámb  
I ónce heard sáy its bléating dám —  
“Be thánkful thou art clád so wárm,  
And in this párk kept sáfe from hárni,  
And évery dáy supplied with fóod  
So swéet, and pléntiful, and góod.”

“Sáfe in this párk” — thus tó its dám  
I héard reply that silly lámb —  
“Sáfe in this párk I'm képt from hárni;  
To yield man fóod, and máke him wárm.  
Todáy I léad an éasy life,  
Tomórrow cóme the shéars and knife.”

Written in Railway Carriage while travelling from GALWAY to DUBLIN — May 14. 1852.

## TRUE LOVE.

As árm in árm upón the shóre  
We listened to the breakers' roar,  
She picked and pút intó my hánr  
The fairest pébbles from the stránd.

As through the méadow grén we wálked,  
Ánd of our háppy fúture tálked,  
She culled the flówers I lóved the best,  
And pláced the nósegay in my bréast.

A lóck she gáve me of her háir,  
Set róund with pearl and rúby ráre,  
Ánd a cornélian signet stóne,  
Engráved with hér name ánd my ówn.

For mé she léft fathér and móther,  
For mé she léft sistér and bróther,  
House, home, and friends she léft for mé,  
With mé to live and mine to bé:  
She léft them áll to bé mine ówn,  
And éver live with mé alóne.

She hád no jóy when í was sád,  
No grief had shé when í was glád;  
To máke me glád was hér delight,  
Her thought by dáy, her dréam by níght;  
When í was glád her eyé grew bright.

To chárm my spirit's gloóm awáy,  
She 'd sing me sóng or roundeláy,  
As strétched on thé greenswárd I láy,  
Or téll me táles the livelong dáy.

She 'd téll me of the róbber-chief,  
Ánd of the téarless máiden's grief,  
Ánd of the ópal-háfted knife  
With which she tóok the róbber's life.

She 'd téll me óf the diámond tówer,  
Ánd of the wóndrous wórd of pówer  
To ópen wide its gáte of bráss,  
And lét the whíte-robed figure páss.

Stóries she 'd téll me óf the Éast,  
Of vízier, pácha, dérvish, priest,  
Of mósque, kiósk, and müsselman,  
Of Ál-Raschid and Kúbli Khán;  
But still her lást and swéetest tálé  
Wás of the róse and níghtingále.

Ánd when she sáw me pléased and gáy  
She 'd dánce as ón her bridal dáy,  
Or wréathe her fíngers in my háir,  
And lílt to hér guitar this áir: —

“Let místers in their hóards take pléasure,  
Séek not thóu the yéllow tréasure,  
Gréed of góld is bút a mádness,  
Néver énding cáre and sádness:  
Ín true lóve 's the ónly gládness.”

She sáng, she sickened, and she died;  
Ánd with her lást farewéll she cried: —  
“Write on my tómb no wórd of sádness,  
Ín true lóve 's the ónly gládness.”

## T O M   S H O E B L A C K.

Your shóes, good Sir; your shóes to cléan;  
Such dirty shóes were néver séen.  
With dirty shóes upón his féet  
What géntlemán would wálk the stréet,  
Whén he might háve them bright and cléan  
For just two hálf-pence óf the Quéen?  
A pénný, Sir, you'll nót refúse;  
One pénný, Sir, for cléan bright shóes.

Here, Sir; sit dówn: I prómise yóu,  
You sóon shall háve a cléan bright shóe;  
The right foot first; yes, thát will dó;  
A lóvely thing 's a cléan bright shóe,  
As smóoth as gláss, as bláck as jét:  
Stay, Sir; this foot 's not hálf done yét;  
A cléan bright shoe 's a lóvely thing;  
A cléan bright shóe sets óff a king.

There, Sir, it 's dóne; this shóe is cléan:  
A brighter shóe was néver séen,  
Glóssy and smóoth as ráven's wing;  
A wéll-blácked shóe 's a lóvely thing;  
A wéll-blácked shóe sets óff a king.

The léft foot, Sir; fie, whát a shóe!  
One scárce can sée the léather thróugh  
This míry, slimy, muddy glúe.  
Now dó your wórk, my bristles trúe,  
And lét us háve a shining shóe;  
A shining shóe 's a lóvely thing;  
A shining shóe sets óff a king.

These bristles, Sir — a better set  
Never in one black-box met —  
Are neither quite worn-out, nor new;  
And every hair's a bristle true;  
You soon shall have a shining shoe;  
See there's the polish coming through.  
A shining shoe's a lovely thing;  
A shining shoe sets off a king.

My "Dáy and Mártin" 's fresh and new,  
As black as ink, as bright as dew,  
Fit polish for a gemman's shoe.  
Rúb rub-a-rúb, my bristles true,  
And let us have a shining shoe;  
A shining shoe's a lovely thing;  
A shining shoe sets off a king.

Rúb rub-a-rúb, my work is done:  
My penny fee is fairly won:  
No brighter shoe the sun shines on.  
Let wiser folk say what they will,  
I'm of the one opinion still,  
Barefoot or shod, a man's a man,  
But blacking makes the gentleman.  
I mean no slur to smart cravat,  
Or jemmy white, or glossy hat,  
Or small-clothes smooth; but all won't do,  
Unless you have a well-blacked shoe.  
A well-blacked shoe's a lovely thing;  
A well-blacked shoe sets off a king.

And now I've kept my promise true,  
Each foot has got its clean bright shoe,  
And poor Tom Shóeblack bids adieu:

Adieu, kind Sir, and don't complain,  
If dirty footways, dust, and rain  
Soon bring you to poor Tom again:  
It's an ill wind blows no one good,  
And dust and rain are poor Tom's food.

EPPING FOREST; near LONDON. May 30. 1852.

### THE CRYSTALS.

In long loose drawers, and stockings without feet,  
Wide flannel vest, grey shirt, and nightcap neat,  
Wearied mine eyes of sights, of sounds mine ears,  
Mine anxious fluttering heart of hopes and fears,  
The light put out, and locked my chamber door,  
I laid me down upon my bed once more,  
To rest, to sleep, to dream, perhaps to snore;  
My left cheek heavy on the pillow pressed,  
My right arm crossed obliquely on my breast,  
Blanket and counterpane tucked tightly in  
Round by the shoulder quite to the ear and chin.  
If you had seen me in the park that day  
Or at the levee or subscription play,  
All bright with diamonds, all alert and gay,  
And then been shown that shapeless heap of clothes  
With scarce an air hole left for mouth and nose,  
And told it was essentially the same,  
The same in spirit, substance, even in name,  
How you'd have stared, and rubbed your eyes, and vowed  
That freakish nature had at last allowed  
To man the privilege of the butterfly,  
To cast his figure off, and yet not die,  
To flaunt a gaudy insect all the day,

And dróne, a sénselless grúb, the night awáy!  
Whére, even in wóndrous Óvid, is there chánge  
One hálf so trúe, miráculóus and strángé?

Written in bed. ANTWERP. June 9. 1852.

## MODEL PROPOSAL OF MARRIAGE.

Dear lóvely Dóris, I admíre thee móre  
Than éver mán admíred a máid beforé;  
Thy smíles, thy dimples, and thy virtúes ráre,  
Thy chárms, thy gráces, and thine áuburn háir,  
Each párt, no léss than thé harmónious whóle,  
Has máde a prisoner óf thine Édward's sóul.  
In cháins and sórrow I conféss, thou árt  
Gréater than Wéllington or Buónapárt;  
Théy conquered bódies ónly, thóu the héart.  
Dear lóvely Dóris, hów can wórds expréss  
One hálf the amóunt of Édward's ténderness!  
Hów from the shádes of éven till dáwning líght  
He dréams of théé alóne the lívelong níght!  
Hów the whole dáy of théé alóne he thinks,  
Whéther he stánds, or wálk, or éats, or drínk!  
Hów he cries still! — “Ah! wére but Dóris mine  
In whát true cómfort I might súp or díne;  
Nót as I nów do, in the dismal glóom  
Of city cóffee-house or díning-róom,  
Midst stífling smélls and déafening Lóndon cries,  
Bút in the álcove of some páradíse!”  
Hów from the dáwn of líght till shádes of éven  
Thou ónly árt his thóught, his hópe, his héaven!  
Dear lóvely Dóris, héar thine Édward's crý,  
One kindly lóok, or sée thine Édward díe,

Die of the misery of this báachelor's life,  
More slów, but quite as sûre as córd or knife.  
Dear lóvely Dóris, mine 's no idle móan;  
Nó sentiméntal sórrow makes mé gróan;  
Réal and substántial are the wóes í féel  
At hóme, abróad, at mórn or évening méal.  
At hóme, I sit in dúskey, dingy róom,  
Where néver wóman's smile dispéls the gloom,  
And wáatch the children pláying in the láne,  
Or cóunt the flies, that créep along the páne;  
Or cróuch beside the fire and pénsive eyé  
The curling wreáths that úp the chimney fly;  
Or páce impátient úp and down the flóor,  
Betwéen the window and the closet dóor,  
Oft stópping, to inscribe my Dóris' náme  
On cùpboard-dóor, or wáll, or window-fráme,  
Ór in the thick dust of the táble tráce  
With finger-énd the óutline of her fáce;  
Ór to turn óver a book's léaves begin;  
Ór from the flóor pick úp a héadless pín;  
Ánd in the sófa-cóver prick all shápes  
Of dógs, trees, stéeples, windmills, cócks and ápes;  
Ór, pleased with nóthing, ring and ásk Janétte,  
Whát is 't o'clock, and if the téa be wét;  
For milk give hér one hálfpenny, twó for bréad —  
Ah Dóris! Dóris! bétter fár be déad,  
And déep in the churchyárd, than live to sée  
One lónely cup and sáucer láid for téa.  
Dear lóvely Dóris, túrn not thús awáy;  
Góds themselves listen whén poor mórtals pray;  
Pity 's a gráce divine, even héathens sáy.  
Let óthers with the póet's wóndrous árt  
Dréss up a tále, to touch the féeling héart;  
Mý story néeds no glóss; see, Dóris, whére

My new shirt-rúffle 's gótt this úgly téar,  
And únmatched stóckings wédded folk invite  
To táunt with mány a jóke the unmárried wight.  
Last évening, ón the Máll, an úrchin cried: —  
“He wálk a sólo!” bút the úrchin lied;  
That móment, lóst in thóught, I wálked with théé  
Fár from the Máll, upon the móon-lit léa,  
And préssed thy hánd, as with a róguish smile  
Thou sáid'st: — “Dear Sír, pray hélp me ó'er the stíle.”  
Yés Dóris, it 's a bárgain; lét 's agrée:  
I 'll hélp thee ó'er the stíle, thou 'lt máke my téa;  
And lóving man and wife we 'll éver bé,  
Till gréat-grandchíldren tóddle róund our knéé.

Written while walking from ANTWERP to LOUVAIN. June  
12. and 13. 1852.

### THE ELFIN KNIGHT.

My stóry 's óf an élfín knight,  
So fúll of vénom and pure spíte,  
That dóing hárm was his delight,  
Both mórn and nóon, and dáy and night.  
In trúth, he wás a ráncorous wight,  
To whóm no thing on éarth seemed right  
But mildew, rót, decáy, and blight;  
He stripped the bránch of flówer and frúit,  
And tóre the trúnk up by the róot,  
Ínto the iron áte with rúst,  
And gróund the márble róck to dúst.  
Still móre he lóved on líving thíng  
Mísery and pain and déath to bring:  
Bird, bést, and fish he láughed to sée

Writhing in mórtal ágony;  
But néver wás his héart so glåd,  
As whén he máde man sick and sád,  
Wóunded him sóre, or sét him mód,  
Róbbed him of hóuse, and hóme, and friend,  
And bróught him tó a wréttched énd,  
To die in páin and misery  
Not áll at ónce and súddenly  
(For thát were dównright chárity)  
Bút by sure stép and slów degrée;  
He púlled his téeth out, óne by óne,  
Plucked óut his háir, and léft him nóné;  
With a thick fláil-staff cùdgelled him,  
Till évery sinew, jóint, and límb  
Was bláck and blúe, and stíff and sóre;  
Ánd, to tormént him móre and móre,  
Séaled up his éars, scooped óut his eýes,  
And cút him dówn to hálf his size;  
Then pitched him, gásping hárd for bréath,  
Ínto the gáping jáws of Déath.

Man súffered sóre, and súffered lóng.  
But sáw no áuthor óf his wróng;  
Félt every blów, but sáw no árm,  
No lífted hánd to dó the hárm.  
Invisible as móuntain wind,  
The caitíff cáme his préy behínd,  
And kicked and cùffed him hárd and sóre;  
Then cáme, and stóod his préy before,  
And kicked and cùffed him móre and móre.  
Poor man laménted, ánd in váin  
Cúrsed the soul áuthor óf his páin,  
And wáched by dáy, and wáched by níght,  
To cátch of his fell fóe a sight.

At lást with páin and wáatching wórn,  
Ánd of his féll foe láughed to scórн:—  
“A háppy thóught” ('twas thús he sáid)  
“Has cóme at ónce intó my héad;  
Let 's sée, if í can 't máke a béll,  
That sháll my énemy's cóming téll.”  
So sáid, so dóne; a smíth by tráde,  
Has sóon a páir of slíppers máde,  
And ón each slípper fástened wéll  
A stróng steel clásp and sílver béll.  
The slíppers láid upón the flóor,  
The smíth 's to béd and bárred the dóor;—  
“íf he comes néar the béd,” says hé,  
“The slípper bélls will wáken mé.”  
He sáid, and tó the wáll turned róund,  
And féll asléep, both fást and sóund.  
How lóng he slépt I cáannot téll,  
When tinkle tinkle wént the béll;  
The smíth awóke, and cried:— “What hó!  
A líght, a líght — I 've cáught the fóe.”  
“Not quite so fást, good smíth”, quoth hé;  
“You 've lóst your slíppers, nót caught mé;  
I 'll wálk hencefórth with slíppers néat  
And sílver bélls upón my féet,  
That fóolish mán may súrely knów,  
Both, whén I cóme, and whén I gó,  
And whéther í move fást or slów.”  
So sáying he déalt such héavy blów,  
As máde the smíth cry:— “Wóe! more wóe!”  
“More wóe indéed”, the knight replíed,  
And strúck him ón the óther side:  
“Thínk'st thou. becáuse thy dóor is bárred,  
My stálwart árm will strike less hárd?  
What thóugh thy tinkle slíver béll

An énemy's approach may tell,  
And whether hé move swift or slow,  
Think'st thou 'twill serve to ward the blow,  
Dealt ón thee by thine unseen foe?"  
No wórd the élfín knight said móre,  
But, viewless, through the wéll barred dóor  
Passed óut as hé passed in before,  
And down the stáir intó the street,  
The silver bélts upón his feet.

Full mány a yéar and day has spéd,  
Since the green túrf closed o'er the héad  
Óf the brave smith, that made the bélts  
Of which my trúthful stóry tells;  
Yet oft by day, and oft by night  
I héar the tréad of the élfín knight,  
And trémble át his slippers' sound,  
From hóuse to hóuse, as he takes his róund.  
In vain like the brave smith of yore  
I bolt and bár my chámber dóor,  
The élfín foot is ón the stáir,  
The élfín knight, viewless as áir,  
Pásses through bárred and bolted dóor,  
Crósses with méasured stép the flóor,  
And gripes me hárd, and hits me sóre.  
"Tórmént me nót" in vain I cry;  
"Tormént me nót, but lét me die."  
He sáys no wórd, but móre and móre  
Pinches and cùffs me thán before.  
My tál's truth lét these gáshes spéak,  
These zigzags ón my ónce smooth chéek,  
This sállow skin once sóft and fáir,  
This súnken eýe, these témple báre  
Where ónce so séeinly cúrled the háir.

If, in the pride of stréngth and yóuth,  
Thou dóubtest still my stóry's trúth,  
And likenést the élfín knight  
To sóme unréal and áiry sprite,  
Engéndered in the bráin at night,  
When SéNSE lies déad and Réason sléeps,  
And nó more wáatch o'er Fáncy kéeps;  
Listen! "It is the stéeple bél",  
Listen! "It is the fúneral knéll",  
Listen! what sáys that stéeple bél?  
Listen! what sáys that fúneral knéll?  
"He has told his stóry trúe and wéll."

Begun June 14<sup>th</sup>. 1852 when walking from LOUVAIN  
TIRLEMONT. Finished at WEMS June 21<sup>st</sup>.

### WHEN I WAS A BOY.

When I was a bóy, how mérrily  
I spórted abóut benéath the great trée,  
That óvershádowed my fáther's cót!  
Since thén I 've not sén so cózy a' spót.

Oh, hów my heart bóunded, and dánced with jóy!  
My fáther has bróught me a brán-new tóy,  
A lóng ashen stick with a hórse's héad;  
Milk-whíte is the máne, and the bridle is réd.

I stráddled my stéed, and with crick crack and shóut,  
And whoop-whóop and hurráh I cántered abóut,  
Úpstair and downstair, and índoors and óut;  
No Quéen's-Own dragóon ever máde such a róut.

But mány a lóng year has cóme and fléd,  
Since the red bridle broke, and the hórsé lay déad;  
My thin sandy háir has grown thick and brówn,  
And my upper lip 's hid by a sóft velvet dówn.

“I 'll buý me a réal, living hórse”, I cried,  
“And cánter and gállóp the cóuntry wide” —  
I bóught me a réal horse, and galloped abóut;  
Was néver a Níinrod that máde such a róut.

Abóut as I gállóped the cóuntry wide,  
By the side of a wéll a young máiden I spied;  
Her chéeks were like róses, her skin soft and fáir,  
Light blúe were her eýes, long and fláxen her háir.

“Come with me, sweet máiden” I stópped and cried;  
“Come with me, sweet máiden, and bé my bríde;  
Leave dówn thy pail thére, and get úp beside mé;  
And a kínd, loving húsband I 'll bé to thée.”

She léft down her páil, and sprang úp by my side; —  
“I 'll go with thee, young mán, and I 'll bé thy bríde;  
A kínd, loving húsband thou 'lt bé to mé,  
And í 'll be for éver a trúe wife to thée.”

“I néver was háppy till nów”, I cried,  
As I kissed the soft chéek of my blóoming bríde;  
And awáy we cántered, and gállóped abóut;  
No new Dárby and Jóan ever máde such a róut.

But mány a lóng year has cóme and fléd,  
Since the trúest of áll true wíves lay déad,  
And a widower lóne I wánder abóut,  
Never móre in this wórlد to máke such a róut.

In dárk dismal wéeds I wánder abóut,  
Upstairs and downstairs, and indoors and óut;  
No pléasant thought nów ever énters my héad;  
My pléasant thoughts áll with my yóung days are fléed.

When I sée a pair háppy, and smíling, and gáy,  
I túrn away fróm them, and tó myself sáy: —  
“Sport ón, happy insects, while spórt on ye máy;  
Black and dámp falls the níght on the súnniest dáy.”

When I héar the great báss and the cláriónet sóund,  
And the light tripping fóotsteps' elástic rebóund,  
I think to mysélf, how these sáme tripping féet  
Will soon líe stiff and stárk in the lóng winding shéet.

Amidst cháplets of róses, by chándelier líght,  
When I sée the feast spréad, and the wine circling bríght,  
I think, how soon róund every sightless eyebáll  
The mággot of flesh-fly, and béetle will cráwl.

But mány a lóng year has cóme and fléed,  
Since in bláck weeds I wándered, and wépt o'er the déad;  
Time, that 's áble the náme on the tómb to effáce,  
Begins from my héart the loved fórm to eráse.

I can sée a bride smile, without thinking of *Hér*;  
I can héar a bride sing, yet not féel my heart stír;  
Alóne though I wánder, I néver compláin;  
To all jóy if I 'm déad, I am déad to all páin.

My téars are dried úp, and my sórrows are pást;  
Sweet Oblívion, I sée thee appróaching at lást;  
Come! pi llow my héad on thy cáre-soothing bréast,  
And clóse my tired eyélids, and lúll me to rést.

Written when walking from LOUVEIGNEZ in BELGIUM to LOSHEIM in PRUSSIA. June 18<sup>th</sup> to June 22<sup>nd</sup> 1852.

## MIGHT AND RIGHT.

“Mighty Sir Wind,  
Pray, be so kind,  
Pass civilly,  
And harm not me,  
Who never yet  
Did harm to thee.”

“Sturdy Sir Trée,  
Lecture not me;  
I fain would be  
Civil to thee,  
But in my way  
I find thee still,  
Stopping my path  
Across this hill.”

“This hill is mine,  
As I opine;  
For many a year  
My fathers lived  
Free burghers here;  
I am their heir,  
And will not share  
My birthright fair  
With son of earth,  
Or son of air;  
So make no rout,  
But go about,  
And touch not me,  
An independent  
Forest tree.”

“Of són of éarth  
Or són of áir,  
I little knów,  
And little cáre;  
But this I knów,  
I ’ll háve my will,  
And gó the shórt way  
Cróss the hill.”

“Not só, not só,  
Unrúly Wínd;  
Somie óther pássage  
Pléase to fínd;  
Thére on the léft  
The páth stands cléar;  
No búsiness hást thou  
Tó pass hére.  
Stróng though thou árt  
I ’m fáin to expéct  
Thou ’lt shéw the láw  
Its due respéct.”

“I wére indéed  
A silly wíght,  
To wáit upón  
The láw for right,  
When in this árm  
I háve the Míght,  
That mákes alóne  
Both Láw and Right.”

No móre words pássed;  
Sir Trée stood fást;  
On cáme Sir Blást,

Like páynim knight,  
Fúrious in fight,  
With push and crush  
And héadlong rush;  
Or like the gush  
Of flood let loose  
Through milldam sluice.  
Stóut though he bé,  
What cán Sir Trée  
Agáinst a shóck,  
Would make a rock  
Or cástle wáll  
Tótter and fáll?

Yield he will nót,  
Or fróm the spót  
Retréat one inch,  
Or báckward flinch;  
Or stép aside,  
The hill though wide,  
One single stride,  
To lét Sir Blást  
Rush hármless pást.

Leónidás  
In Pýlae's páss,  
As stóries téll,  
Firm against Míght  
Stóod for the Right,  
And nóbly féll:  
And só fell hé,  
Stúrdy Sir Trée;  
And só will áll  
Those wórthies fáll,

Whoé'er they bé,  
That fór the Right  
Strive against Might  
And týranny.

Written while walking in the EIFEL between LOSHEIM  
BITBURG, June 23 and 24. 1852.

Four knights there áre far in the East,  
Where wónders háve not yét quite céased,  
All bróthers, and abóut one size,  
Not óne has éither éars or eyés,  
Or móuth, or nóse, or féet, or hánds,  
Yét to obéy their Lórd's commánds,  
More réady théy than mány a knight  
With pérfect límbs, héaring, and sight.  
Each óne to hélp him hás a bánd  
Of fóur knights móre at his commánd.  
Sixtéen subálterns, léaders fóur,  
The brótherhóod 's in áll a scóre;  
A scóre of súch preux cávaliers  
As rárely, éven in thóse bright yéars,  
When history was still a fáble,  
Togéther mét aróund one táble.  
In yéllow léather áll are cásed,  
A bélts some wéar abóut the wáist,  
Of góld, studded with súch bright géms  
As shine in Éastern diadéms.

Nót for base lúcre ánd rewárd  
Atténd these knights upón their Lórd;  
To atténd upón him dáy and night,  
Itsélf their jóy is ánd delight.

So sóon as ín the mórníng réd  
His róyal Highness. léaves his béd,  
Two chief knights and subálterns éight  
With clóthes and bréakfast ón him wáit;  
His fáce they wásh, and cómb his héad,  
Feed him with bútter, éggs, and bréad,  
Cárry his téa-cup tó his lips,  
And hóld it stéady while he sips.  
Two chiefs and éight subálterns móre  
Crouch róund his footstool ón the flóor,  
Réady his Míghtiness to bear  
Upón their shóulders ány whére,  
Índoors or óut, or high or low,  
Báckward or fóward, quick or slów;  
Like stéam-engínes obédient still  
Tó the dríver's sóvereign wíll.

If sád their Lórd, these knights divide  
Ínto two bánds, ten ón each side;  
And while one bánd a mérry túne  
On fiddle pláys or lóud bassóon,  
The óther báts time tó the méasure,  
Ór, to affórd him livelier pléasure,  
Tákes him, and tó the músic's sóund  
Whírls him the chálked floor róund and róund.

Néver fróm their Sóvereign's side,  
In lífe or déath, these knights divide;  
Through ill, through wéal, with him they gó;  
His jóy 's their jóy, his wóe 's their wóe;  
Ínto the wórld with him they cáme  
Ón the same dáy, and ón the sáme  
Dáy that he dies have vówed to die,  
And with him in the sáme tomb lie.

Say yé, that wiser are than í,  
Whére under áll our Wéstern sky,  
On Héathen or on Christian gróund,  
Such twénty knights are tó be fóund?

Written while confined to bed with a sore toe, in BITBURG,  
RHENISH PRUSSIA, June 25 and 26. 1852.

### S W E E T A I R.

A cripple slów,  
On féstered tóe  
Limping I gó,  
And cry “Woe! wóe!”

The Grécian só,  
As schóolboys knów,  
In Lémnos’ isle,  
Shóuted erewhile  
To róck and séa  
His misery.

Like him to thée,  
Kind, géntle Séa,  
For hélp I fly,  
And shóut and cry: —  
“Woe! wóe is mé!  
Ah misery!  
Woe! wóe is mé!  
Ah misery!”

Kind, géntle Séa,  
Ah! pity mé;

Quick with thy bálni,  
My páins to cálm.  
Bénéath thy wáves,  
In córal cáves,  
Gróws there no wéed,  
Whose pótent séed,  
These pángs may lúll,  
These fires may dúll?  
Nø ánodýne,  
Of pówer divine  
The sénse to stéep  
In slúmber déep?

Fierce, ráging Séa,  
Thou héar'st not mé;  
Ah misery!  
Woe, wóe, is mé!  
Ah misery!

Soft, ténder Stóne,  
Hear thóu my móan;  
Thy véins explóre  
For sóme fine óre;  
Some Áinmonite's  
Or Crýsolite's  
Benignant spár,  
Glittering afár  
With pówer to cùre  
Spéedy and súre.  
Ín thy deep mínes,  
Where néver shines  
Day's chéerful líght,  
But bróoding Night  
In ébon célls

For éver dwélls,  
Séarch till thou find  
Some lóadstone kínd,  
Some précious jét  
For ámulét,  
By mýstic láw  
Empówered to dráw  
Pain's viper fángs,  
And éase these pángs.  
From cléar, cold spring,  
Elixir bring,  
Or ámber dróp,  
Of power to stóp  
This thrób, this thróe,  
This búrning glów.

Vain, váin, my móan;  
Ídle, my gróan;  
Thou héar'st me nót,  
Hardhéarted stóne;  
Fixed to the spót,  
Thou túrn'st deaf éar,  
And hástenest nót  
From déep, cold spring,  
Or mine, to bring  
Elixir cléar,  
Or ámber dróp,  
Or ámulét  
Of précious jét,  
Pótent to stóp  
This thrób, this thróe,  
This fiery glów;  
Woe! wóe! ah, wóe!

Come, géntle Wind;  
Be thóu more kind;  
Blow, sóftly blów,  
And cóol this glów.  
Of Prócris' spóuse  
Thou héard'st the vóws,  
When át high nóon,  
Alás, too sóon!  
(Ye Góds, why hád  
That mórn a nóon?)  
Ín the deep sháde  
Of myrtles láid,  
His lónging árms  
Exténded wide  
On éither side,  
Gásping, he cried:—  
‘Aúra, sweet Aúra,  
Híther hie,  
For thée I pánt,  
For thée I die!’  
Thou héard'st his práyer;  
Hear míne, sweet Air;  
Híther repáir,  
And sóftly blów,  
And cóol this glów,  
This héat assúage,  
This fiery ráge.

Ah, nó! ah, nó!  
Woe! wóe! more wóe!  
A déeper, rédder,  
Fiercer glów!  
Whose bréath is thát  
Fánning the fire?

Whose hán̄d heaps fúel  
High and higher?  
Sirócco hót,  
I cálled thee nót;  
Plágue - spot and déath  
Are in thy bréath;  
Fróm thy crisp háir  
Red météors fláre;  
Shrivelled and dry  
Thy blóodshot eyé,  
And néver yét  
By kind tear wét.  
Hénce to thine ówn  
Dry sándy zóné,  
Where crócodile  
Infésts the Níle,  
And ráttlesnáke  
Lúrks in the bráke;  
Hénce with thy bréath  
Of plágue and déath;  
And thóu, sweet Aír,  
Híther repáir;  
Aír, Aír, sweet Aír,  
Híther repáir.

Nymph débonnáire,  
And frésh and fáir,  
Elástic, gáy,  
And yóung alwáy,  
Aír, Aír, sweet Aír,  
Híther repáir.

Free móuntain - child,  
Búoyant and wild,

Yet méek and mild,  
Air, Air, sweet Air,  
Hither repáir.

From bréezy hill  
Where, néver still,  
Whirs tall windmill;  
From whispering sháde  
Of colonnáde  
Or fórest gláde;  
From rippling side  
Of river wide,  
From wáving sédge  
On blúe lake's édge,  
Air, Air, sweet Air,  
Hither repáir.

Cóme with perfúme  
Of ápple blóom,  
And mignionétte  
With frésh showers wét,  
And bláckeyed béan,  
Sweet ódours' Quéen,  
And líly white,  
Lóver's delight,  
And háwthorn gáy  
In éarly Máy,  
And háy new-mówn,  
And rósc just blówn;  
Come, cóme, sweet Air,  
Hither repáir,  
Sweet Air, sweet Air.

With músic cóme  
Of wild bee's húm,

Or lárk's shrill sóng,  
Néver too lóng;  
Or líquid nóte  
From tóad's smooth thróat,  
Or évening pláint  
Of níghtingále,  
Or chúck-chuck fáint  
Of ámorous quáil;  
Or swéeter sóund  
Of hárp or flúte,  
Or óf thine ówn  
Eólian lúte,  
Or rústling léaves,  
Or wáterfáll;  
Or mán's deep vóice  
Swéetest of áll;  
Come, cóme, sweet Aír;  
Híther repáir,  
Sweet Aír, sweet Aír.

Yes, yés, sweet Aír,  
I féel thee thére,  
An ángel méek,  
Kissing my chéek,  
And in my háir  
Wéaving thy déwy  
Fíngers báre.

Yes, yés, bless'd Aír,  
Thou héar'st my práyer,  
And hóverest thére,  
Chárrming my cáre,  
Stilling this thróe,  
Cóoling this glów,

No móre I cry,  
“Woe! wóe! ah, wóe!”

Pain - sóothing Air,  
All dáy stay thére;  
Stay thére all dáy,  
The livelong dáy,  
And spórt and pláy,  
Angélic mEEK,  
Kiss my flushed chéek,  
And in my háir  
Wéave thy lank fingers  
Cóol and báre;  
And whén at night  
Thou ták'st thy flight,  
To móuntain héight,  
Or whispering sháde  
Of cólonnáde  
Or fórest gláde,  
Or rippling síde  
Of river wide,  
Or wáving sédge  
On blúe lake's édge,  
Léave in thy stéad  
To wáatch my héad,  
And guárdian stánd  
Abóut my béd,  
Thy pláymate mild,  
Health's plácid child,  
Delicious Sléep;  
Till át first péep  
Of mórnning light  
Thou cóm'st agáin,  
Blithe - héarted sprite,

And bring'st me frésh,  
New-bórn delight;  
An úrn of ódours  
Shák'st aróund,  
And stéep'st mine éars  
In thé full sóund  
Óf the harmónious  
Mátin sóng,  
With which all Náture's  
Créatures thróng  
Befóre the footstool  
Óf their Quéen,  
Who hás anóther  
Súnrise séen.

Written while confined to bed by inflammation of the  
BITBURG, in RHENISH PRUSSIA, June 26. to July 1. 1852.

### T H E P O E T.

A Póet is a spider, and his líne,  
As ány cóbweb's délicate and fine,  
Spún into stáanzas, in a córner líes,  
And gáthers dúst and blúemold, móths and flies.

A Póet is a máker of fine láce,  
Brússels, Valenciéennes, or Páys de Wáes:  
Upon the cúshion of his bráin all dáy  
And hálf the níght, the twirling bóbbins pláy;  
From pín to pín in éndless dánce they gó,  
Cross-hánds and Quéue-de-chát, and Dós-a-dó

Túrn at the sides, and sét, and down the middle,  
In as good time as if they héard the fiddle.

A Póet is a pástry-cook, and bákes  
Ín his brain's óven, púddings, tóurts and cákes;  
Fancy 's his miller, thóught his bólted flóur,  
Góod nature is his swéet, and ill his sóur;  
Wit his fine sált, húmour his ratafie;  
Fór his short-cáke he must have ironý.  
Plain trúth 's his báttter, which he 's fórced to thín  
With mány a wéll-meant lie — forgive the sín —  
Élse the weak stómach it were súre to clóy,  
Ánd with fierce cólic páins the bówels annóy.

Your Póet's tárts of épigrams are máde,  
Of élegies his órange mármaláde,  
Sónnets and sóngs his bárnbracks are and búns,  
And pónderous épics are his sállelóns.  
Wide o'er the wórld the réputátion flies  
Of his romántic currant and rhúbarb pies;  
None skílled like him to béat up húman vice  
And húman folly into páncake nice  
Which he calls sátyr, délicatest tréat  
Where whólesome bitter 's hid in lúscious swéet.  
Táught by expérience dire how wéary slów  
Works bréwer's bárm to ráise a Póet's dóugh,  
When préssed for time he úses ránt instead,  
And finds it ánswer wóndrous wéll, 'tis sáid.  
Where vúlgar cóoks throw bits of cássia in,  
Or láurel léaves, or órange-páring thin,  
Or pinch of gráted nutmeg, ór a squéeze  
Of lémon juice, men's várious tástes to pléase,  
Our Póet úses for the sélfsame énd  
The nóbler gifts the liberal Múses sénd:

Figures of spéech and trópes and similés,  
He knóws, are súre the léarned táske to pléase;  
But simpler héarts by simpler árts are wón,  
Bróad innuéndo, fárce, and jólly pún.  
So évery tímé he séts abóut to báke,  
Whéther it púdding bé or pie or cáke,  
The séasoning is the thing that first demánds  
The thóughtful héad, and wéll-perfórming hánds;  
An érror hére and áll his lábour 's lóst;  
Time, fire and swéat, and the matérials' cóst;  
This lást, some sáy howéver, is but smáll  
Tó the pójetic cóok, or nóne at áll.  
But bé that ás it will, one thing is súre,  
His púdding, ónce ill-séasoned, 's pást all cüre:  
Not áll the stréams of Hélicon's sácred hill,  
Not áll the déws Parnássus' tóps distíl,  
Of Býron's púddings cóuld abáte the sténcéh,  
Of Býron's pies the súlpurous ódour quénch:  
Not éven Apóllo's sélf with áll his Nine,  
Góds though they bé, and évery háir divíne,  
Could give to wishy-washy Wórdsworth's dóugh  
One smáck, by which the uninformed might knów  
Thát 'twas real piecrust báked in pójet's bráin,  
And nót shoemáker's páste from Gólden Láne.  
Ye pójets áll and pástry-cóoks atténd  
The pártíng cóunsel óf your cómmon friend,  
In cóoking pójetry and cóoking pies,  
The rúle 's the sáme and in small cómpass líes;  
Néver on gráins and hálf grains péddling stánd,  
Throw lárgely in, God lóves a liberal hánd.  
Let nót bold spírit tó the práise aspire  
Of mástership of púdding-pan or lýre,  
So lóng as in his héart's core lúrks one spíce  
Of pársimony's méan and ódious více.

Cursed be the cóok, that fírst with frúgal care  
Cut ráisins into sixths, good frúit to spáre,  
And in his dóugh one sixth here drópped, one thére;  
Of Milestone Púdding whénce the soubriqué  
To him and tó his héirs down tó this dáy;  
And cursed the póet, whó with óne poor thóught  
Cút into sixths, the first dull Sónnet wróught,  
Let dróp a sixth in évery sécond líne,  
Then clápped his hánds and cálled his wórk divíne.

BITBURG, in RHENISH PRUSSIA, July 6. 1852.

DIRGE  
FOR THE XIII. DEC. MDCCCLII.

The túrret's áwful vóice cries — ÓNE.  
Anóther hóur its wórk has dóne,  
And flówn awáy viewless as áir,  
Whére to be fóund agáin? Ah! whére?  
Six times nine yéars have rólled awáy,  
Since at this hóur, on this same dáy,  
A hélpless néw-born bábe I láy,  
Ín a fond móther's árms caréssed,  
Lúlled by a móther's vóice to rést,  
And nórished át a móther's bréast.

The túrret's áwful vóice cries — Twó.  
How swift life's sánds an hóur run thróugh!  
Five times five yéars have ó'er me spéd,  
Since in my árms my chíld lay déad,  
Júst at this hóur released from páin,  
My fírborn chíld, my Máry Jáne;

A páinful bréath sóur móonths she dréw;  
'Twas áll of this sad wórld she knéw.

The túrret's áwful vóice cries — **THRÉE.**  
'Léarn what thou árt,' it sáys, 'from mé:  
A púlse, a sóund, a móment's chime,  
A ripple ón the flóod of tíme.'

It thrílls me tó the bósom's córe  
To héar that áwful vóice cry — **FÓUR.**  
The sáme its cry when Bállitóre  
Échoed alóng its hillside hóar  
My sécond infant's funeral knéll,  
And sád and slów my téardrops féll  
Ón my dead Ánna Ísabél.

The túrret's áwful vóice cries — **FÍVE.**  
Ah, héartless són! that cóuldst survive  
The clósing ín etérnal night  
Of thóse kind eýes, that póured their líght,  
Néver bút with néw delight,  
On thée, a móther's hópe and jóy,  
Her firstborn chíld, her bést loved bóy.  
Héavy and slów seven yéars have pássed,  
Since I behéld her bréathe her lást;  
Since in the róom her fáther died,  
Her wéeping chíldren át her síde,  
She méekly whíspered: — “Ít is déath” —  
And bléssed us wíth her pártíng bréath.  
Séventy six yéars had ó'er her rólled,  
Yet whó had cálled my móther óld?  
So cléar her vóice, so bright her eýe,  
Her stép so fúll of dígnity,  
And Óh! her héart as wárm as éver,

And toward her lóved ones áltered néver.  
We láid her cásed in pitch beside  
Him, that in yóuth called Káte his bride,  
The móther óf his children five,  
Queen-bée of óur doméstic hive.  
Róbert and Káte, six times six yéars,  
Ye sháred each óther's hópes and séars,  
Each óther's jóys, each óther's téars.  
Your hópes, fears, jóys, and téars all pást,  
Rést, Kate and Róbert, rést at lást,  
Ín your bléssing children blést,  
Side by side for éver rést.

Síx — is the túrret's áwful cry,  
Wárnig all mén that áll must die,  
Léave the sweet air and life and light,  
And lie down in etérnal night;  
But mé more thán the rést that cry  
Wárns that áll who líve must die,  
For súch the cry I héard that night  
From Árco tówer, when my delight,  
My Ánn Jane léft me hére to móurn,  
And wént the róad whence nóné retúrn.  
Nine dáys and nights I wáatched her béd,  
Ón the tenth dáy at éve she sáid:—  
“I die, dear Jámes, and ám contént;  
Twénty three yéars with thée I've spént,  
A háppy bride, mothér, and wife,  
The háppiest óf my yéars of life:  
Líve, and be háppy, ánd sometimes  
Think, when thóu héar'st the túrret's chimes,  
Of hér, who with thee héars them nów  
Fór the last time, and Óh! may'st thóu,  
Whén they ring fóorth thine hóur to die,

Be háppy and resigned as I.”  
She sáid, and páused; then lánguidly  
Her eýes uplifting, gázed at mé  
A móment’s spáce; then dróoped her héad,  
Ánd in a trémulous whisper sáid:—  
“And if thou éver chánce to wéd,  
All bléssings fáll upón the héad  
Óf thy new bríde, and máy’st thou bé  
Háppy with hér as ónce with mé.  
And nów all ’s dóne, but tó resign  
Ínto the hánds that máde it míne  
This ring, to kíep while thóu hast bréath,  
And give, when stíkes thine hóur of déath,  
Tó our dear chíld, our Kátharine,  
Memórial óf thy lóve and míne.”  
Fálfating she sáid, and ón her chéek,  
Whíle she continued yét to spéak,  
Whíle from her hánđ the ring she dréw,  
Séttled death’s pále and áshy húe,  
Ánd her exténded hánđ fell cóld,  
The ring upón the pávement rólled,  
And Ánn Jane is — a tálę that ’s tóld.  
Where Álmonds scátter théir perfume,  
And Péaches shéd their éarly blóom,  
Within the sóund of Sárca’s wáve  
We láid her ín her lónely gráve,  
Till bigotrý should céase to ráve;  
For Árco’s bigots, tó the sháme  
Of áll who béar the Christian’s náme,  
Agáinst her clósed their chúrchyard gáte;  
Áh! if thou hádst but héard them práte  
Of fáith, and créed, and héresý,  
And hów no córpse should búried bé  
In fáithful córpse’s cómpaný,

That hád not, ére it died, conféssed  
Tó the same crédence ás the rést.  
Twice thirty dáys we visitéd  
On Sárca's side her lónely béd,  
And by it ón the gréen sward láy,  
And wépt the móurnful hours awáy;  
But whén the Péach its blóom had shéd,  
And Ápril's látest dáys were spéd,  
And pétty Árco's bigotry  
Begán to rámp less fúriously,  
We cóme with spádes at déad of night,  
And with the lántern's flickering light,  
And córpse and cóffin fróm the cláy  
Raise silently, and béar awáy  
To whére on lónely Céole's hill  
Gáped the tile búnner's blázing kíln.  
Two hours before the rising sún,  
The héat inténsé its wórk has dóne,  
Ánd with the rélicas in an úrn,  
Sáfe to óur lódgings wé return.  
Spéedy and shórt our lást adieu  
To Árco ánd its zéalot créw.  
Forgive them héaven; and if their créed  
The ónly trúe one bé indéed,  
Téach them the wáy its trúth to próve  
By déeds, not óf ill will, but lóve.

SÉVEN — is the túrret's áwful cry;  
Lónely widower whý not die?  
Why live where óthers smile to sigh,  
And móurn thy dáys of jóy gone by?  
A widower, bút not lónely, í,  
So pléasant is my cómpany:  
A bróther ánd dear sisters thrée

Péople this wildernéss for mé,  
Ánd my loved child, my Kátharine,  
If é'er to sádness I inclíne,  
Bíds me fór her déar sake chéer,  
And kisses fróm my lids the téar.

The túrret's áwful vóice cries — ÉIGHT.  
Eárly lét it cóme or láte,  
Cálm and conténted I awáit,  
The arrival óf the appóinted dáte,  
Last límit óf my hópes and féars,  
And áll my sád or jóyful yéars.

NÍNE — is the túrret's áwful cry:  
Kátharine, my chíld, thou tóo must díe;  
And Óh! when I think ón 't I sigh,  
Perháps without one kínd hand nígh,  
Thy líps to wét, or clóse thine eýe.  
Éven while thy púlse of lífe beats hígh,  
And fár off yét thine hóur to díe,  
Kátharine, my chíld, let nót thine eýe  
Too fóndly rést on vánity;  
Lóve not too múch this wórlد of strífe;  
At bést a dóubtful bóon is lífe:  
And whén at lást thine hóur draws nígh,  
Héir of thy móther's énergy,  
Awáy from lífe thy clósing eýe  
Túrn, and without a single sigh,  
Díe, as thou sáw'st thy móther díe:  
Remémbering wéll that déath 's the clóse  
Nót of joys ónly, bút of wóes.

The túrret's áwful vóice cries — TÉN.  
Whó would live ó'er his hóurs agáin ?

Agáin the unéqual cóntest wáge  
With páin and sickness, grief and áge;  
See, óne by óne, his pléasures fly,  
See, óne by óne, his lóved ones díe,  
See Vice triumphant, Virtue pór,  
The próud man's scóffs and scórns endúre,  
Ánd in the ántechámber wáit,  
Swélling the págeant óf the gréat;  
Writhe under wróngs unmérited,  
Ánd to the týrant bów the héad;  
Ór for sórrows nót his ówn  
Héave the sýmpathétic gróan,  
Ánd for griefs he cánnott héal  
Únaváiling ánguish féel;  
Whó is hé, so fónd of páin,  
Thát would live ó'er his hóurs agáin?

ELÉVEN — 's the tûrret's áwful cry:  
To cóunt my sórrows lét me trý;  
False friends, vain hópes, declining áge;  
O! láy me in some hérmitage,  
Fár from the wórlđ's discórdant járs,  
Beyónd its énvies, feúds, and wárs;  
Beyónd the bigot séctaries' réach,  
Whó, when they óught to práctise, préach.  
Thére on the dial I'll fix mine eýe,  
And cóunt the hóurs as théy go bý;  
One, twó, three, fóur, five, sít, and séven;  
Fóllowed by éight, nine, tén, éléven;  
The hóurs shall bé my hómilies,  
On évery hóur I'll móralise,  
Ánd to the héart a lésson réad  
Far trúer thán the séctary's créed.

Twélf — is the túret's áwful cry:  
The midnight móon is riding high,  
I héar the fitful night-breeze sigh,  
I héar the móping ówlet cry;  
Visions óf the dáys gone by  
Flít before my hálf-closed eýe;  
With my néw-betrothed I róve,  
In the whíspeting áspen gróve,  
Ánd our tálk is áll of lóve;  
My right arm 's clásped abóut her wáist,  
Her léft arm 's ón my shóulder pláced;  
But whénce that shriek, that súdden stárt?  
Whý that convúlusive béat of héart?  
My lóve, my life, what dóst thou féar?  
Cóme to my bósom, cóme more néar;  
Good Gód of héaven, what clásp I hére?  
A winding shéet wrapped róund dry bónes;  
And thén I stúmble ón tomb-stónes;  
And fáll intó a néw-made gráve;  
Chínléss skúlls its bótton páve;  
Strings of téeth festóon its sídes;  
Whóse the béck'ning hánd that guídes  
Thróugh the chárnel-hóuse my wáy?  
“Make háste, my Jámes, why dóst thou stáy?  
Tomórrow is our wédding dáy;  
Héar'st not the túret clóck strike Óne?  
Pút this ring thy finger ón;  
Hást forgót ‘*Auf ewig dein*,’  
Thíne I ám and thóu art míne;  
Cóme, my Jámes, and lét us síng  
The scróll upón our wédding ring;  
Thíne I ám, and thóu art míne;  
Cóme let's sing ‘*Auf ewig dein*.’

Háste, my Jámes, and lét 's awáy,  
Tomórrow is our wédding dáy."  
I wóke, and I was áll alóne;  
The móon in át the window shóne;  
I réad the scróll upón the ring,  
But nóné was thére the scróll to sing;  
And ás I sát there áll alóne,  
The túrret's áwful vóice cried — ONE.

Written while travelling on foot between MILAN and BOTZEN  
from Sept. 22<sup>nd</sup> to Oct. 1<sup>st</sup> 1852.

Crauersied  
für den 13. December 1852.  
Aus dem Englischen des  
Dr. James Henry  
in's Deutsche übertragen von  
B. Carneri.

Mit ernster Stimme ruft's vom Thurme: Eins!  
Roch eine Stunde hat ihr Werk vollbracht  
Und ist entflohn, unsichtbar wie die Lust;  
Wer weiß, ach, wer, wo man sie wieder fände?  
Schömal neun Jahre sind dahin gerollt,  
Seit ich an diesem Tag, um diese Stunde,  
Ein hilflos neugebor'nes Knäblein, lag,  
Bon einer Mutter Liebesarm umschlungen,  
In Ruh' gelüstt von einer Mutter Stimme,  
An einer Mutter Brust genährt.

Des Thurmes ernste Stimme rufet: **Zwei!**  
Wie schnell verrinnet eine Stund' im Lebenssand!  
Fünfmal fünf Jahr' sind über mich gegangen,  
Seit todt mein Kind in diesen Armen lag;  
Um diese Stunde ward von allem Schmerz,  
Ach, Mary Jane<sup>1</sup>, mein erstes Kind, befreit;  
Vier Monde peinlich athmen, dies war alles,  
Was sie gekannt von dieser düstern Welt.

Bom Thurme ruft's mit ernster Stimme: **Drei!**  
"Bon mir" — spricht's — "lerne, was du bist: ein Schwing  
"Ein Schall, ein flücht'ges Glockenspiel, —  
"Im Zeitenstrom ein Wellenschlag."

Mit ernster Stimme ruft's vom Thurm: **Vier!**  
Mir rieselt's bis in's Innerste des Herzens!  
Es war derselbe Ruf, als Ballitore  
Das Zügenglockchen meines zweiten Kindes  
Die grauen Berg' entlang erschallen ließ,  
Als trüb' und langsam meine Thränen sanken  
Auf meine todt'ne Anna Isabell.

Des Thurmes ernste Stimme rufet: **Fünf!**  
Herzloser Sohn, du konntest 's überleben,  
Dass ew'ge Nacht die lieben Augen schloß,  
Die stets mit immer sich erneuerndem  
Entzücken über dich ihr Licht ergossen,  
Ach, über dich, der Mutter Freud' und Hoffnung,  
Das erstgeborene Kind, den meistgeliebten Sohn.  
Langsam und schwer hinschwanden sieben Jahre,  
Seit ich geseh'n ihr letztes Athmen,  
Seit im Gemach, wo einst ihr Vater starb,  
Die Kinder weinend ihr zur Seite,  
Sie mild gelispelt: "'s ist der Tod" —

Und uns gesegnet mit dem letzten Athmen.  
Sieben und siebzig Jahre waren über  
Ihr Haupt dahin gerollt: jedoch  
Wer hätte meine Mutter alt genannt!  
So klar war ihre Stimm' und hell ihr Blick,  
So voll von Würde war ihr Gang,  
Und, oh, ihr Herz so warm als je  
Und gegen ihre Lieben stets dasselbe!  
Wir legten sie, mit Harz umgossen, Dem  
Zur Seite, der in seiner Jugend  
Rate<sup>2</sup> seine Braut genannt,  
Die Mutter der fünf Kinder sein,  
Die Königin in unserm Immenseum.  
Robert und Rate<sup>2</sup>, sechsmal sechs Jahr'  
Habt Einer Ihr des Andern Furcht und Hoffen,  
Einer des Andern Lust und Schmerz getheilt;  
Doch Furcht und Hoffen, Lust und Schmerz entchwanden,  
Ruh't endlich, Rate<sup>2</sup> und Robert, ruhet,  
Beglückt von Eurer Kinder Segen,  
Auf ewig Euch zur Seite!

Vom Thurme ruft's mit ernster Stimme: Sechs!  
Und mahnet All', daß Alle müssen sterben  
Und lassen von der süßen Lust, vom Licht,  
Vom Leben, — um sich hinzulegen  
In ew'ge Nacht. Doch mich mehr als die Andern  
Mahnt dieser Ruf, daß Alle,  
Die leben, sterben müssen;  
Denn diesen Ruf vernahm ich jene Nacht  
Von Arco's Thurm, als meine Seligkeit,  
Als meine Ann Jane<sup>1</sup> mich der Trauer überließ,  
Hingehend, woher Niemand wiederkehrt.  
Kein Tag' und Nächte hab' ich ihren Pfuhl bewacht;  
Am zehnten Tag, es war am Abend, sprach sie:

“Ich sterbe, theurer James<sup>3</sup>, und bin's zufrieden;  
“Hab' drei und zwanzig Jahr' mit Dir verbracht,  
“Beglückte Braut und Weib und Mutter, —  
“Die glücklichsten der Jahre meines Lebens.  
“Leb' und sey glücklich und von Zeit zu Zeit,  
“Wann Du des Thurmes Glockenspiel vernimmst,  
“Gedenk' an Die, die nun es mit Dir hört  
“Zum letzten Mal; oh, mögest Du,  
“Wann es Dir kündet Deine letzte Stunde,  
“So glücklich und ergeben sehn, als ich!” —  
Sprach's und hielt inne; drauf den matten Blick  
Erhebend, sah sie mich ein Weilchen an;  
Dann senkte sie das Haupt und lispelte mit Beben:  
“Und sollt' es jemals wieder Dir begegnen,  
“Dich zu vermahlen, möge jeder Segen  
“Herniederträufeln auf die neue Braut,  
“Und mögest Du mit ihr  
“So glücklich sehn, wie einst mit mir.  
“Und nun ist's aus; und was mir bleibt,  
“Ist, diesen Ring in Deine Hand, die einst  
“Zum meinen ihn gemacht, zurückzustellen,  
“Auf daß Du ihn bewahrst, dieweil Du atmest,  
“Und, wann die Stunde Deines Scheidens schlägt,  
“Du unserm theuern Kinde,  
“Du unsrer Katharine<sup>4</sup> ihn gibst,  
“Ein Angedenken Dein und meiner Liebe.” —  
Sprach's mit gebroch'ner Stimm', und während sie  
Noch sprach und sich den Ring vom Finger zog,  
Festsetzte sich des Todes blasse Farbe  
Auf ihren Wangen;  
Erfaltet sinkt die ausgestreckte Hand,  
Der Ring rollt auf den Boden nieder  
Und Ann Jane<sup>1</sup> ist — ein Sang, der ausgesungen. —

Wo ihren Duft die Mandelblümi' ergießen,  
Des Lenzes Rah'n die Pfirsichblüte kündet  
Und wohin noch des Sarca Brausen reicht,  
Versenkten wir sie in ihr einsam Grab,  
Bis Frömmelei zu wüthen aufgehört;  
Denn vor ihr hatten Arco's Frömmiger,  
Zur Schande Aller, die sich Christen nennen,  
Des Friedhofs Thore zugeschlagen.

Oh, hättet Ihr sie nur gehört  
Von Reuer und Glaube faseln,  
Und wie man Reinen, der sich nicht vor'm Sterben  
Zum Glauben all' der Nebrigen bekannt,  
Begraben dürfe neben glaub'gen Leichen! —

Durch zweimal dreißig Tag' besuchten wir  
An Sarca's Ufer ihr verlass'nes Bett,  
Und vor dem Grabeshügel,  
Gelagert auf dem Rasen,  
Verweinten wir die trauervollen Stunden.

Und als die Pfirsichblüte war gefallen,  
April zu Ende war, die Frömmelei  
Des winz'gen Arco minder wüthig ras'te,  
Da kamen wir, bei flackerndem Laternenlicht,  
Mit Schaufeln, in der Todtenstille

Der Nacht, und hoben schweigend aus den Schollen  
Leichnam und Truhe, brachten sie hinan,  
Wo von des stillen Gelehrten Hügeln  
Des Ziegelbrenners Ofen lodern gähnte.

Zwei Stunden vor Sonnenaufgang hatte  
Die Glut ihr Werk vollbracht, in einer Urne  
Die Überreste, langten ungefährdet wir  
Zu Hause an, und sagten kurz und eilig  
Arco und seiner Frömmigerschaar Fahrwohl.

Bergieb, o Himmel, ihnen; und wenn wirklich  
Ihr Glaube der alleinig wahre ist,

So lehre sie durch Thaten ihn bewahren,  
Die nicht von Bosheit, doch von Liebe zeugen.

Mit ernster Stimme ruft's vom Thurm: Sieben!  
Einsamer Wittwer, warum stirbst du nicht?  
Was lebst du, wo die Andern lachen,  
Zu seufzen nur und deine Tage  
Entschwund'ner Freude zu betrauern? —  
Wol bin ich Wittwer, aber einsam nicht  
Im trauten Kreise Derer, die mir bleiben:  
Ein Bruder und drei theure Schwestern  
Bevölkern diese Wildniß mir;  
Und wann ich je zur Trauer neige,  
Dann bittet mein geliebtes Kind,  
Dann bittet meine Katharine,  
Daß, ihr zu Lieb', ich mich erheit're,  
Und führt von meinem Augenlied die Thräne.

Des Thurm's ernste Stimme rufet: Acht!  
Läßt früh sie kommen oder spät, ich harre  
Befriedigt, ruhig, auf die Ankunft  
Der festgesetzten Stunde,  
Der Grenze meiner Hoffnungen und Angsten,  
All' meiner freudigen und düstern Jahre.

Vom Thurm ruft's mit ernster Stimme: Neun!  
O Katharine<sup>4</sup>, mein Kind, auch Du mußt sterben!  
Muß seufzen, wann ich denke, daß vielleicht  
Dir keine liebe Hand wird nahe sehn,  
Die Deine Lippen neige, Deine Augen schließe!  
Wenngleich noch voll des Lebens Puls Dir schlägt  
Und weit entfernt noch Deine Sterbestunde,  
Läßt, Katharine<sup>4</sup>, mein Kind, Dein Auge nicht  
Zu glühend auf dem Giten ruhen;

Lieb' diese Welt des Streitens nicht zu sehr;  
Im besten Fall ist dieses Leben  
Ein zweifelhaftes Gut.

Und wann auch Deine Stunde endlich naht,  
Dann, Erbin Du der Stärke Deiner Mutter,  
Wend' ab Dein brechend Aug' vom Leben,  
Und ohne einen einz'gen Seufzer  
Stirb, wie Du Deine Mutter sterben sahst,  
Gedenkend, daß der Tod nicht nur der Freuden,  
Rein, auch der Leiden Abschluß sey.

Mit ernster Stimme ruft's vom Thurme: Behn!  
Wer möchte seine Stunden wieder leben  
Und wieder kämpfen den ungleichen Kampf  
Mit Schmerz und Krankheit, Alter und Verdruß,  
Und seh'n, wie seine Freuden nach einander flieh'n,  
Wie seine Lieben nach einander sterben,  
Und Laster im Triumph  
Und Tugend tief im Elend seh'n;  
Des Stolzen Spott und Hohn von neuem tragen  
Und in der Antichambre harren,  
Der Großen Hoffstaat zu vergrößern;  
Sich krümmen unter unverdientem Unrecht,  
Das Haupt vor dem Thrannen beugen; oder  
Für Schmerzen, die nicht seine eig'nen sind,  
Des Mitleids Aechzen wieder ächzen,  
Für Kummer, den er nicht vermag zu heilen,  
Fruchtlose Todesangst empfinden;  
Wer ist in's Leiden so vernarrt, daß er  
Noch einmal möchte seine Stunden leben?

Des Thurm's ernste Stimme rufet: Eils!  
Läß mich versuchen, meine Leiden aufzuzählen:  
Treulose Freunde, eitle Hoffnungen,

Sinkendes Alter . . . legt, oh, legt in eine  
Einsiedelei mich, ferne von der Welt  
Mistönender Entzweiung, ferne  
Von ihres Reiches Fehd' und Krieg,  
Aus dem Bereich der frömmelnden Sektirer,  
Die, wo sie handeln sollten, predigen;  
Dort will auf eine Sonnenuhr  
Mein Aug' ich heften und die Stunden zählen,  
Wie sie vorüber zieh'n:  
Eins, Zwei, Drei, Vier, Fünf, Sechs und Sieben  
Und darauf Acht, Neun, Zehn und Elf,  
Die Stunden werden meine Kanzelreden sehn;  
Will über jede Stund' moralisiren,  
Dem Menschenherzen lesen einen Text,  
Weit wahrer, als der Glaubenszünftler Credo.

Vom Thurm ruft's mit ernster Stimme: Zwölf!  
Hoch fährt der Vollmond durch die Mitternacht;  
Die Nachtluft seufzt und seufzt,  
Der Uhu schreit, der Freund des Dunkels,  
Und Bilder aus vergang'nem Tagen schweben  
An meinem halbgeschloss'nem Aug' vorüber.  
Mit meiner Neuverlobten wandle ich  
Durch einen Hain von Zitterpappeln;  
All' uns're Reden drehen sich um Liebe;  
Um ihre Mitte schlinget sich mein rechter Arm,  
Ihr linker Arm auf meiner Schulter ruht.  
Doch woher dieser Schrei,  
Dies plötzliche Zusammensfahren?  
Was schlägt das Herz so krampfhaft?  
Mein Leben, meine Lieb', was fürchtest Du?  
Komm an mein Herz, komm näher — Großer Gott  
Des Himmels, was umarm' ich hier!

Ein Leichentuch, umhüllend dürre  
 Gebeine!  
 Und über Grabgesteine strauchle ich  
 Und stürze in ein frisch gegrab'nes Grab;  
 Kinnlose Schädel pflastern seinen Grund  
 Und angereihte Zahne kränzen seine Wände.  
 Weß ist die Hand, die winkend leitet  
 Durch dieses Beinhaus meinen Weg?  
 "Eile, mein James<sup>1</sup>, was zauberst Du?  
 "'s ist morgen unser Hochzeitstag!  
 "Horch! Hoch vom Thurm schlägt es Eins.  
 "An Deinen Finger stecke diesen Ring.  
 "Hast Du vergessen das 'Auf ewig Dein?' —  
 "Dein bin ich, Du bist mein!  
 "Oh komm, mein James<sup>2</sup>, und laß uns singen  
 "Die Inschrift un'sres Eherings;  
 "Dein bin ich, Du bist mein!  
 "Komm, singen wir 'Auf ewig Dein!'  
 "Eile, mein James<sup>3</sup>, und laß uns fort,  
 "'s ist morgen unser Hochzeitstag." —  
 Ich wachte auf und war allein,  
 Zum Fenster sah der Mond herein.  
 Ich las die Inschrift auf dem Ring;  
 Doch da war Niemand, sie zu singen,  
 Und wie ich saß so ganz allein,  
 Rief's hoch vom Thurm mit ernster Stimme: Eins!

Bien, November 1852.

- (1) Jane ist nach englischer Weise einsilbig auszusprechen.
- (2) Kate ist nach englischer Weise einsilbig auszusprechen.
- (3) James ist nach englischer Weise einsilbig auszusprechen.
- (4) Katharine ist nach englischer Weise dreisilbig auszusprechen.

## WHAT I SAW MOST CURIOUS IN ALL MY TRAVELS.

Í have róamed the wórlد abóut,  
Séarching each cúrious óbject óut;  
Whatéver thíngs have máde a róut,  
Whéther théy be gréat or smáll,  
Í have hád a péep at áll.

In Éngland í have séen the Quéen;  
In Íreland í 've Killárney séen;  
In Scótland í 've seen Hólyróod,  
And cút a stick in Bírnam Wóod,  
And cárried it to Dúnsináne  
Ánd the cástle óf the Tháne  
Whose crúel lády shéd the blóod  
Of Scótland's king, Duncán the góod.

In Bélgium í 've to Brússels béen,  
Ánd admíred the city cléan,  
Strólled in its párks and álleys gréen,  
Ánd Vesálius' státue séen;  
And ón the mónumént óf the bráve  
Who died their fátherlánd to sáve,  
Ánd lie móuldering ín one gráve,  
The náme of évery héro réad,  
And whére he féll, and hów he bléd.  
Whéther he 's búrgomáster béen,  
Or dúke, or prince, or bárber méan,  
Éach has éarned his wréath of fáme,  
Ánd stands thére an hónored náme,  
If áll, like mé, had tíme to réad,  
And trávelled with so líttle spéed.

Out of Bélgium into Fránce;  
Nót to stáy, but táke a glánce  
Át the éver réstless nátion,  
That lóves to spréad such cónsternátion  
Ámongst Éurope's lórds despótic,  
Yét by áll its pránks Quixótic  
Hás but gót a strónger máster,  
And rivetéd its fétters fáster.  
Lóuis Náp, I thóught thee éver,  
Éven when óthers did not, cléver;  
And thóugh I wish thou hadst béen more lóth  
To bréak the sánction óf an óath,  
I thánk thee fór thy cástigátion  
Of pópulár représentátion,  
That quíntessénce, by sublimátion,  
Óf the worst fóllies óf a nátion;  
And thát thou hást a-pácking sént  
The jób they cáll a párlíamént;  
That vást club óf etérnal práters,  
That Pándemónjum óf debáters,  
That séll their véry sóuls for pláces,  
And chéat like jóckies át the ráces.

In Switzerlánd I 've séen Mont Blánc  
Híding his héad the clóuds amóng;  
Dined on cold Mont Ánvert's tóp,  
And púrchased knick-knacks át the shóp  
Just ópened ón the shivering síde  
Óf the mighty glácier wide  
By trávellers cálled the Mér de Gláce,  
And thére they gót me ón an áss,  
That bróught me, úp the dizzy páss  
Of Cól de Bálme, to thé Valáis,  
Where snúg in Gémme's báths I láy

And stéwed mysélf the livelong dáy,  
And dined on chéese and dránk goat's whéy;  
Then óver Simplon máde my wáy,  
Like Hánnibál, to Ítalý,  
Ónce the lánd of the bráve and frée.  
And thére I sáw the fámous rópe-  
Dáncers in Génoa, ánd the Pópe,  
Ánd Vesúvius' bürning cráter,  
Ánd the hóuse of thé man-háter  
In Vénice, ánd the Góndolétta  
In which he rówed his Guicciolétta,  
Ánd the tómes whence hé compiled  
Licéntious Júan ánd The Childe.

I 've séen in Flórence thé Bargéllu;  
Ánd, of márble bláck and yéllow,  
Thé Cathédral's Cámpañile,  
A wónderfúl tall bél fry réally;  
And Sánta Cróce's áisle alóng,  
The mighty búried déad amóng,  
Háve with an Énglish swágger wálked,  
Ánd with Énglish ímpudence tálked  
Of Mácchiavél and Mágalótti  
And Míchel Ángelo Búonarótti;  
Wóndered at Giotto's wánt of sháde,  
Ánd why Címabúe máde  
The Vírgin's fáce so róund and flát:  
Is 't trúe she fór the likeness sát?

Pisa, thy Dúomo 's móre than fíne;  
Its véry gáateway hálf divine;  
But whý its tówer should só inclíne  
Out óf the pérpendicular líne,  
And yét not tópple héadlong óver,

Áfter pains-tákking tó discóver,  
And éndless béating óf my bráin  
Some thrée long súmmer-dáys in váin,  
I túrned abóut in shéer despáir,  
And, ás I fóund it, léft it thére,  
A cólumn léaning ón the áir,  
To púzzle árchitéctural ságes  
As lóng as stóne-masóns get wáges.

Shóuld I begin to téll of Róme  
I 'd scárce end ére the dáy of dóom:  
Besides I have given to Róme befóre  
Twénty five páges, léss or móre,  
Ín that gáthering óf Windsálls,  
Which évery grúbbing wit so máuls,  
Scrátches and scrápes and cláws all óver  
With his crów-foot, tó discóver  
Some cráck or fláw to péck and bite at,  
Ánd, to éarn a pénný, write at.  
Só if a skéetch of Róme contént ye,  
Ín my Windfalls yé 'll find twénty;  
If móre ye wánt, bid Gód keep hóme;  
And óff acróss the Álps to Róme.

Three wéeks I wás in Náples í  
Scarce tóok my éyes off thé blue sky.  
How sóft, how swéet, how límpid cléar  
The Néapolitan átmosphére,  
Ye cánnott háve a nótion hére,  
Upón whose héads so héavy lówers,  
Chárged with fógs and mists and shówers,  
This árctic hémisphére of óurs.  
Thrice lóvely Náples, whén I die,  
Lét me, benéath thy violet sky,

Sómewhere néar the Mántuan lie,  
Ór in the spréading pálm tree's sháde  
Clóse by the fisher hút be láid,  
Beside the simple fishermáid,  
Whóm the coldhéarted Fránk betráyed.  
By no Frénchman's fóot be tród,  
Gráziélla, thy grave-sód;  
But thére let Crócus éarliest péep,  
And bénding Willow ó'er thee wéep,  
And Bája's máidens cúrse a náme  
That Gául takes pride in, tó her sháme.

Had Mílan nótning bút her Dóme,  
Mílan were sécond scárce to Róme;  
I knów it wéll, each flág and stóne;  
But bést where thróugh the stáined-glass shóne  
The évening súnbeams sóft and méllow  
Tínging the clústered cólumns yéllow,  
That cróss the lóng aisle's cólonnáde  
Flíng their déep and sólemn sháde,  
And stréaming, with soft lústre méek,  
On mány a brúnette's lovely chéek,  
Lówly amóngh the knéeling crówd  
Befóre the féstooned áltar bowed.

In Gérmany, as áll agrée,  
Are mány cúrious things to sée:  
Lét us óur beginning máke  
At dirty Hámburg, fór the sáke  
Of éase and pérspicuity,  
For thére my ill fate länded mé  
Óut of clean Éngland; grievously  
Thróugh my nérves olfáctory  
Hámburg's dirt offénded mé;

Nór less shócked mine eýes to sée  
The inky flóods that dówn the stréet  
Rán in the driest súmmer héat,  
When sólstice súns baked mé alive  
And Réaumur stóod at thirty five.  
Escáped from Hámberg's filth and smoke,  
Ánd its keen commércial fólk,  
Tó the Hártz I take my wáy,  
To lét the móuntain bréezes pláy  
Abóut me frée, and blów awáy  
Fróm my frésh-washed skin and shírt  
The ódour óf the Hámberg dirt.

In Léipzig, néxt, I 'm tó the fáir,  
Ánd at the lóng and bláck beards stáre  
Óf the Jew mérchants; ánd déclaré,  
That wére I not a Christian bórн,  
Í would endúre the Christian's scórн  
For Ábrahám's and Jácob's séed,  
And Ísrael's únbelieving créed,  
To win the privilége to wéar,  
Ón my own chin, my nátive háir.

In Múnich thé grand Glyptothék  
Ánd still gránder Pinacothék  
Bég you 'll not one fáult discóver  
In Lóla Móntes' róyal lóver:  
And gréat Bavária, giant táll,  
Stánding in frónt of Glóry's Háll,  
In stréngth of yóuth and báauty's pride,  
With the grim Lion át her side,  
Hólds the wréath of hónor fórth  
Tó reward the highest wórth.

In Cónstance I 've seen Húss's céll,  
Ánd the Hál where he spóke so wéll,  
Fór his cónscience ánd his life,  
Agáinst the fágot ánd the knife.

In Drésden I 've the highly prized  
Sístine Madónna criticized,  
Ánd pronóunced the dráwing trué,  
Bút the cólor áll too blúe,  
Ánd the two líttle ímps belów  
Fit ónly fór a ráree-shów,  
With their duck's wings, and fóolish grín,  
And élbows própping úp their chin.  
The réason whý I só admíre  
The Drésdenérs, if yóu inquire,  
It is not thát they 're óver cívil,  
Ór less úgly thán the Dévil,  
Ór that their hóuses dó not stínk  
Like ány chárnel-váult ər sink;  
Bút, in one wórd, its fór the sáke  
Óf their right róyal Bibliothék,  
So nóbly tó me ópen thrówn,  
To úse as íf it wére my ówn,  
And 'rével thére, the whóle day lóng,  
Dear Léarning's tréasured swéets amóng,  
Till, tired, I túrn for récréation  
To Klémm, and tálk of Civilisátion, \*  
Oft wóndering how sáusage-fúll  
Of knówledge is the Gérman skúll.

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\* Dr. Klemm, the learned Oberbibliothekar of the King's Library in Dresden, has just completed, in 10 vols. 8<sup>vo</sup>. his Cultur-Geschichte, the labor of twenty five years.

In Prágue I 've seen the Clémentinum,  
Laurénzibérg and Cárolinum,  
And Dálibórk'a's dónjon táll,  
And Ládisláus' góthic háll,  
Ánd the thrice sáinted, pickled tóngue,  
That high up in the Hrádschin 's húng,  
In hónor óf the Quéen's conféssor,  
That silent tóngue quondám posséssor,  
Whó in the Móldau's midnight tide,  
Thé conféssional's mártyr, died.

And, lást and gréatest, I have seen  
The Káiser-Stádt, impérial Wien;  
With its San Stéphan's Thúrm so high,  
And Práter lów, and gáy Bastei,  
And Eisenstóck, and Góttés-ácker;  
And hád my tóe by á Fiácre  
Run óver ón the flágway, thóugh  
Néar to the wáll as I could gó.  
So clóse and nárrow — whát a pity! —  
The crówded stréets of thát great city,  
Such jóstling in them, crushing, striving,  
Such cárting, whéelbarro'ing and driving,  
You néither cán get ón, nor stóp;  
But will-ye, n'll-ye, in must pón  
Into pórte-cochère or shóp,  
In óne street's léngth ten times at léast,  
If yóu 'd not give work to the priest  
And nótary and úndertáker,  
And lóng farewell bid to the báker.

And now I 've cóme home, sáfe and wéll,  
Áll these curiouse things to téll,

Thére 's a thing more curioust still,  
Which, if I can describe, I will;  
Tóo many wórds mar séns, 'tis said,  
So whát I méan 's a Gérman béd.  
A wóol-stuffed pincushión, I wéen,  
Géntlest réader, thóu hast séen;  
Quadrángulár, wood ón each side,  
And twice as long as it is wide.  
Sét this pincúshion ón four féet,  
And, ón its óne end, pillows néat  
Some hálf a dózen togéther pile —  
Náy, gentlest réader, dó not smile;  
True Gérman néver *lies* in béd,  
But *sits*, and léans his wéary héad  
Báckwards agáinst such stéep inclíne  
As gives exáctly éighty nine  
For the ángle's méasure which his spine  
Mákes with the hórizontál líne.  
With his one shéet benéath him spréad  
Thus sits the Gérman in his béd,  
And ón his two knees stréched out stráight  
Suppórts his *Féderdeéckbett's* wéight,  
That léaves his féet and ánkles báre  
To shiver in the mid-night áir:  
Yet nót one wórd will hé compláin,  
Intó whose métaphýsic bráin,  
Of blánket ór of cóunterpáne,  
With áll his tóil and áll his swéat,  
No cléar *Begriff* has éntered yét.

So, ás I 've súng or ráther said,  
Agáinst the Glácis óf his béd  
The Gérman léans supíne his héad;

And sléeps with héedful cáution nice,  
While on each side a précipice  
Four féet down pépendicular,  
Forbids one wéary jóint to stir  
Either to léft side ór to right,  
Thróugh the whole livelong winter night;  
And thréatens évery déviátion  
From réctilineal récipitation  
Alóng the middle óf the crib,  
With bróken héad or bróken rib.  
Your Gérman, whó admirer wárm is  
Of whóle bones, swéars "*tutissimus dórmis*"  
Ís the true réading, ánd your "*ibis*"  
The intérpolátion óf some scribe is,  
Who knéw not 'twás a Gérman béd,  
Good fáther Sól had in his héad,  
Whén he admónished his rash són,  
Fidgetty, résless Pháëton,  
Right in the middle tó keep stráight,  
Íf he disliked a bróken páte.  
The góod advice did bút annoy  
The silly, sélf-concéited bój,  
Who, tired of thé exáct straight líne,  
Fidged to the side of thé inclíne,  
And túmbling dówn, as schóolboys knów,  
Ínto the bróad, o'erflówing Pó,  
Wás by his wéeping sisters móurned  
Till ínto póplars théy were túrned.

Réader, shóuldst thou éver bénđ  
Thy stéps to Gérmány, a friend  
Than Cóléridge móre expérienced, wóuld  
Persuade thee, if he dúrst and cóuld,

To bring with thée, not óne poor páir  
Of blánkets, fróm the midnight áir  
Thy hips, sides, shóulders tó defénd;  
But bring with thée, so sáys thy friend,  
Bédstead and bédding áll compléte,  
Six féet in léngth and wide five féet;  
So sháll the astónished *Kéllnerín*,  
Whén at daybréak shébrings thee in  
Thy cúp of cóffee, find thee wárm,  
And sáfe escáped all nightly hárñ  
Of dámp or fróst or súdden fáll;  
And wónder hów it cómes at áll,  
There shóuld be in the wórlí a rúg,  
So fléecy sóft, so cózy snúg,  
Yét of the vást, unhéard-of size,  
A mán to cóver ás he lies  
Strétched at full léngth, and háng down wide  
Belów the béd on éither side.

Réader, farewéll; and párdon mé,  
Some winter's night in Gérmány  
If scánty cóverlet, stéep high béd,  
And frózen tóes or bróken héad  
Máke thee remémber whát I 've sáid.

Written while travelling on foot from BOTZEN, to INNICHE  
in the PUSTERTHAL, October 1. to October 4. 1852.

## MY JOURNEY

IN THE AUTUMN OF 1852 FROM MUNICH THROUGH THE BAVARIAN HIGHLANDS UP THE VALLEY OF THE INN AND OVER THE STELVIO INTO LOMBARDY.

With shirt fresh wáshed, and crávat néat,  
And wórsted sócks upón my féet,  
And shóes half wórn and newly sóled,  
And dóuble póckets lined with góld,  
And ón my héad brown Wide-awáke  
Cócked on one side for fáshion's sáke,  
And gráy Alpácha light and wárm  
Hung lóosely óver thé left árm,  
To wéar in cáse of cóld or stórm,  
And sílk umbrélla in my hánd,  
Behóld me in a fóreign lánd.

Let thóse who lóve their déar-bought éase,  
Bring rúmbling with them, if they pléase,  
Valise and trúnk and équipáge,  
Ánd, at Boulógne, courier engáge,  
To sit upón coach-bóx in státe,  
And fór Milórd inside transláte;  
Or, fórmal sént, annóunce the appróach  
Of Énglish géntlemán and cóach,  
And át the Póste bespéak reláy,  
Thát there may bé no stóp nor stáy  
Ín the impátient tráveller's wáy  
Pást every óbject wórth the viéw  
Ín the strange lánd he jóurneys thróugh:  
But í proféss anóther créed,  
And different fár my ráte of spéed,  
And féw and smáll the hélp I néed;

Trunk, bóx, or équipáge, I 've nóne;  
And ás for cóurier — I 'm my ówn:  
And yét I gó not áll alone,  
For át my side is álways óne  
Whose swéet compánionship more swéet  
Makes évery óbject which I méet;  
More sóft the áir, the sky more blúe,  
Each field and flówer more bright of húe,  
The mórn more frésh, less gráve the éven;  
And whére she bréathes there is my héaven.

An hóur befóre the mátin chime,  
I héar a vóice:— “To rise it 's tíme;”  
And thén I féel a dáughter's kiss —  
“The mórníng hóur we móst not miss;  
No móre of sléep; the sky is bright;  
We 've twénty miles to máke ere night;  
Make háste, Papá.” And thén she brings  
Those ítems which the séx call things,  
And mén their clóthes; cravát and vést,  
Coat, shírt and stóckings — ánd the rést;  
And whíle, with éver ánd anón  
Her hélping hánd, I pút them ón,  
Remínds me hów the mínutes páss,  
And mákes brief tóilette át the gláss. . .  
Dréssing achieved, we húrry dówn  
Tó the *Gast-Stübe*; móddy brówn  
Whose náked tábles, wálls and flóor,  
Cúshionless séats and óft-turned dóor;  
Our cóffee in all háste despátc'h,  
Dischárge our réckoning, ráise the látch,  
And, whíle aróund the whole hóusehold cry  
‘*Glückliche Réise*,’ bid good byé,  
And óut upón our róad agáin,

Along the valley, 'cross the plain,  
Through village, hamlet, city, town,  
Now up the mountain and then down.

Now by the side of rippling lake,  
Lingering, slow, our way we take;  
And watch with ever new delight  
The freaks of the reflected light;  
How from wave to wave it glances,  
How it shivers, how it dances;  
Here spread out so warm and mellow  
Under some soft cloud's morning yellow,  
There wrinkling black beneath the frown  
Of yon overhanging mountain brown.

Now our way leads through the shade  
By sycamore and walnut shade;  
Where the beech spreads overhead,  
And the rowan berries red  
Droop graceful from their slender stalk:  
Pleasant indeed it is to walk  
Under this ever-varying screen,  
This twinkling canopy of green,  
And watch the timid squirrel spring,  
And hear the shy wood thrush sing;  
Or peering down some dim-lit aisle  
Of plane or poplar, see file  
Out of the thicket and the shade  
Into the sun-illuminated glade  
The red deer's stately cavalcade;  
Like train of monks from the dark door  
Of sacristy or cloister hoar,  
Forth issuing into the bright,  
Illuminated chancel's light.

And now with lightsome footstep free,  
We're bounding o'er the mountain lea  
With euphrasy and daisy pied,  
Along the murmuring brooklet's side,  
Where a thousand nibbling sheep  
Such a tinkle tinkle keep;  
And see the shepherd on a rock  
Seated tend his woolly flock;  
Round his neck his whistle's hung,  
'Cross his back his wallet's slung;  
Emblem and engine of command,  
His seven-foot crook's in his right hand;  
In vain, bold ram, that threatening look,  
Thine hind leg's in the merciless crook;  
Submit, proud ram; thy struggle vain  
Does but to torture turn thy pain.

And now, "whee! whée!" his whistle shrill  
Commands his dog down from the hill  
To turn, with bark and well-feigned bite,  
The sturdy wédder, that in spite  
Of showers of clay from the crook's scoop  
Has dared to straggle from the troop.

A rougher scéne salutes us now;  
Lean over yonder rock's steep brow;  
Hear what an uproar reigns below;  
See how the headlong torrent rushes,  
How it eddies, foams and gushes,  
How from rock to rock it tumbles,  
Hear how the ground about thee rumbles:—  
"Take care my child, come fast away,  
Thy face and hair are wet with spray."  
"Do stay, Papá, a moment stay;  
Though with somewhat boisterous play,

The wáters spírt and sóam and hiss,  
As they plúnge intó the abyss,  
Ánd with spráy have wét my háir,  
Ánd with dámptness filled the áir,  
See yónder whát a lóvely Bów  
Spáns the áwful chásm belów,  
Wárm red and yéllow, blént with blúe,  
Ánd the violet's ténderer hue;  
Bridge búilt for thé new-wédded bride  
Óf some fáiry king to ride,  
By her róyal cónsort's side,  
Ón her práncing pálfrey pied,  
Sáfe acróss the stéep ravíne,  
To the cástle néver séen  
By presúmptuous mórtal eyé,  
Till midnight's páll has wrápped the sky,  
Ánd from báttlement and tówer  
The phántom wáatch have cálled the hóur:  
Then súdden ón the astónished sight  
Búrst the cástle blázing bright  
With a thóusand tápers' light;  
Ánd on the éar peals fróm within  
The Mándolin's right mérry din,  
And sóng and dánce and révelry  
Lást till the phántom wáatch cry — THRÉE;  
Whén in a trice the lights are out,  
Hushed in a trice song, dánce and shóut,  
Ánd the enchanted cástle 's góne,  
Léaving no rélic, stóck nor stóne,  
To márk the site it stóod upón:  
Till at the sáme hour thé next night,  
With its thóusand tápers bright,  
It búrst agáiñ upón the sight;  
And sóng and dánce and jóllity

Agáin last till the wáatch cry — THRÉE;  
When áll at ónce from mórtal kén  
Vánish the fáiry tówers agáin;  
And the éarly tráveller thróugh the wóod  
Gáthers múshrooms whére they stóod."

The mídday sún has scáled the sky;  
Our páth leads úp a móuntain high; •  
Grádual at first, then stéep and shéer;  
How dwíndled dówn to mice appéar  
The shéep, that ón yon hílls belów  
Grázing we léft two hours ago!  
Our fórest friends have óne by óne  
Léft us to táke our wáy alóne:  
Soft Willow first begán to wáil  
And wéep that shé had léft the vále;  
Then Póplar tired, and céased to climb,  
Sáying he 'd cóme anóther tíme,  
But nów would ráther stáy with Lime:  
Next stúrdy Oák stopped fár belów,  
And Wálnut cóuld no further gó,  
And Cýpress shívered with the cold,  
And Chésnut wás too stiff and óld,  
And sáid that úp the stéep inclíne  
We néeded bút stout hárdy Píne  
For cómpany; for hé was lóng  
Inúred to dwéll those héights aimóng,  
Ánd would néither tire nor stóp  
But keep close by us to the tóp.  
Sweet wórds of cómfort, Chésnut blánd,  
And fálse as swéet, thou hast still at hánd;  
Móre than a góod half hóur ago  
Stout Píne grew tired, and stáid belów,  
Gásping for bréath: and sáid that hé

Was lóth to párt good cómpany,  
But cóuld not béal an áltitúde  
Abóve the spót whereón he stóod.  
Só, while thou tóil'st up life's steep hill,  
Thou 'rt léaving friends behínd thee stíll;  
And óne is wéak, and óne is slów,  
And, bréathless, óne stops fár belów;  
And tén are fálse, and twénty die,  
That tó thy yóuth gave cómpany:  
And thóu, ere hálf the stéep thou hast wón,  
Look'st róund, and ló! thou stánd'st alóne,  
Unléss, for mútual shield from hárñ,  
Thou hast linked thee in a bróther's árm,  
Or sóme dear sister wálks beside,  
Or kind Heaven 's bóund thee tó a bride  
In háppy fétters; ór a mild  
And dútiful dáughter, like my child,  
Mý belovéd Kátharine, hóvers néar,  
Thine áge's fáinting stéps to chéer.

Stárk desolátion wóuldst thou sée,  
Úp to the high móuntains, úp with mé;  
Belów thee léave the shéltered glén,  
Dótted with the abódes of mén;  
Belów thee léave the shépherd's pén;  
Fár belów in the dístance dím,  
Léave the chárcoal-búrner grím,  
With his dun óxen ánd his lóad  
Lúmbering dówn the dángerous róad;  
Fár belów leave the lást green spót  
Ánd the highest Sénner's lónely cót;  
Ánd with unwéaried límb and bréath  
Press úpwards 'cróss the dámp brown héath,  
Whose mátted fibres' slów decáy,

Yéar after yéar, day áfter dáy,  
Clóthes with a déeper quággier móld  
The móuntain grável wét and cóld.  
Springing from túft to túft acróss, •  
Thou hast léft behind bog, héath and móss,  
Ánd with no jót of vigour léss  
Toilst úp the stóny wildernéss  
From whénce, a thóusand yéars agó,  
Tórrents and ráins and mélting snów  
Have wáshed down tó the vále belów,  
And thénce borne tó the séa awáy,  
The finer débris sánd and cláy,  
Léaving the grósser stónes behínd  
Bléaching in súnshine ráin and wínd,  
Till gráin by gráin awáy they 're wórn,  
And grádual dówn the sáme path bórne.

Look róund; what óbjects méet thy sight?  
“Stónes, only stónes, left hánd and right;  
Befóre, behínd, stones, ónly stónes,  
Thick stréwn as déadmen's móuldering bónes  
Upón some chárnel-hóuse's flóor.”

Look úp abóve thee; whát see'st móre?  
“The gáunt cheeks óf the móuntain hóar,  
By mány a tórrrent rávined déep,  
Each rávine énding ín a stéep  
Délta of grável, fróm the crówn  
Óf the ever crúmbling súmmit dówn  
Bróught by the wáters, ánd outspréad  
To bé their wáste and rúggéd béd.”

Still higher lóok; what sée'st thou nów?  
“Crówning the táll cliff's clámmy brów  
I sée the éverlásting snów,  
Like the white cáp that wráps the héad

Of cold corpse in the coffin láid,  
Or outstretched on the funeral béd;  
Light on the déadcap résts the shróud,  
And light upón the snów the clóud,  
Whose thick impénétráble háze  
Shields the highest pinnacles fróm the gáze,  
Ánd, by no ráy of sún pierced thróugh,  
Shuts in all róund the úpward view."

A móuntain circus cápped with snów,  
Dark mists abóve, grey stónes belów,  
No living thing, no speck of gréen,  
No print to márk where life has béen,  
The déathlike silence ónly bróke  
By the torrent's róar or fálling róck —  
Háste, thou that life hast, háste awáy;  
Great Náture súffers not thy stáy  
In thése her óutskirts; in the wáste  
And hórrible wilderness shé has pláced  
Ón her extrémest fróntier's édge,  
Ón her vast glóbe's most próminent lédge.  
Stárk desolátion if there 's hére,  
What is there quite beyónd the sphére?

Tó the vast glácier lét us nów  
Descénd alóng this slóping brów;  
With stéady footstep, súre and slów,  
Dównward in broad zigzags gó;  
Ínto the grável press hárd thy héel,  
Thy tóe the gróund must scárcely féol:  
And nów upón thine *Álpenstóck*  
Thrów thy whole wéight, and tó yon róck,  
As *Gémsen-Jáger* fárelesslý,  
Acróss the wide chasm spring with mé.

Well dóne — Is 't nót a glórious sight  
Th' untródden glázier's dázzling white,  
Wáve beyond wáve spread éndlesslý,  
Frozen billows óf a frózen séa?  
Look dówn this fissure, twó feet wide  
And fifty déep; on éither side  
Light pierces fár intó the máss  
Of sólid, gréen, crystálline gláss,  
That fills the móuntain rávine wide,  
From tóp to bótton, side to side;  
Benéath dissólving grádually  
And éver dráining tóward the séa;  
Abóve repláced continually  
By snowslips fróm the súmmits high,  
And ón its súrface, tóward the vále,  
Down wáfting in perpétual sáil  
Its fréight of thóusand, thóusand tóns  
Of fállen-down grável and bóulder-stónes.

Móuntains and snóws behind us lie,  
Abóve us spréads a sóft blue sky;  
Wárm in the sún the lándezcape glóws,  
A fréshening zéphyr róund us blóws,  
Fánnig us with the rich perfúme  
Of órange and acácia blóom.  
Cast róund thine eyés; on évery side,  
Through áll the rólling chámpaign wide,  
Éxtend in mány a párallel líne  
The póllard próppings óf the vine;  
Fréely between from línk and nóose  
Háng the broad flóating féstoons lóose  
Óf the wónder-wórking júice,  
That ópen láys the héart of mán,  
Tó his bróther's eyés to scán,

And láic, clérgy, súbjects, kings,  
To óne and thé same lével bríngs;  
That chéers the sick-bed ánd inspires  
The póet's ánd the láver's fires,  
And húes of héaven, odóurs of róse,  
Round lífe's exháusted pílgrim thróws.  
Let Céres bóast her gólden shéaves,  
And Flóra hér enámelled léaves,  
Let Pállas kíep her ólive wánd,  
The myrtle still grace Vénus' hánd,  
And Mórpheus róund affliction's béd  
Still wáve his drówsy póppyhéad,  
Déarer to mé than flówer or shéaf,  
Or ólive bráncb or myrtle léaf,  
Or póppy's bléssed ánodyne,  
Déarer to mé and móre divíne  
One téndril, Bácchus, óf thy víne,  
One spárkle óf a cúp of wine.

Abóve, the wine festóons float frée;  
Belów, wide-spréading like a séa,  
Waves státely ó'er the gólden pláin  
The Kúkuritz' sun-lóving gráin,  
Chéquered with mány a vérdant spót,  
Where róund the péasant's wóodroofed cót  
Gay Búckwheat shéws his búskin réd,  
And Millet dróops her pénsive héad.

But wéstering Sól bids ús make háste,  
And nót our précious mínutes wáste  
In tóo contémplatíve a gáze  
On várious Náture's wóndrous wáys,  
Whén on night quárters wé should think,  
And sómething gét to éat and drink;

And hints that thóugh his sister Di  
May dó for lóvers tó swear bý,  
She 's nót to bé depénded ón  
By twó who, bý themisélves alóne,  
Trável on foot a länd unknówn.  
With Sól I 'll nót the point dispúte,  
For Sól 's not éasy tó confúte,  
And í mysélf shrewdly inclíne  
To súpper ánd a pint of wine,  
Snug párlour, sófa, ánd warm béd  
With thrée down pillows át the héad  
And óne alóng the footboard láid,  
Thére to repóse my wéary bónes  
And léave hills, valleys, rócks and stónes,  
Vines, buckwheat, millet, Túrkish córn,  
To shiver in the cold till mórn:  
Then ére the sún has léft his béd,  
Or tipped the upland pínes with réd,  
We rise refréshed and óut agáin  
'Cross móuntain, valley, hill and pláin,  
Through cópse and thicket, láwn and gláde,  
In súnshine nów, and nów in sháde;  
Léaving to óthers éase and wéalth,  
And gáthering, dAILY, stréngth and héalth,  
And swéet conténtment, dáughter fáir  
Of éxercise and ópen áir;  
Ánd, with discóurse various and frée  
On áll the novitàes we sée,  
Bréaching the thick walls óf the céll  
Whére our blind ignorance lóves to dwéll,  
With her ill-fávored chíldren thrée,  
Pride, préjudice and bigotry,  
And létting in warm ráys of light  
To illúmináte our méntal níght.

## SPEND AND SPARE.

Twin bróthers in old times there wére,  
The óne called Spénd, the óther Spáre;  
And thús, once in the mórrning réd,  
Togéther ás they láy in béd,  
One bróther to the óther sáid:—  
“Good bróther Spáre, it bréaks my héart,  
Bút from each óther wé must párt;  
Two ópposites cannót agrée,  
And thóu 'rt as ópposite to mé  
As wét to dry, as hót to cold,  
As high to low, as yóung to óld:  
So téke which wáy thou likest bést,  
To Nórth or Sóuth, to Éast or Wést,  
And í will téke the ópposite wáy,  
Ánd at the énd of a yéar and dáy  
We 'll méet upón this spót agáin,  
And cálculáte our lóss or gáin.”  
Agréed: they kiss, shake hánds, and gó,  
At fírst with thóughtful stép and slów,  
Óne to the éastward úp the hill,  
Wéstward the óther dówn the ríll  
That túrned the óld, patérrnal míll;  
And óft, with wáve of hát and hánđ,  
A stép or twó returning, stánd  
In múte farewéll a móment still —  
And nów between them lies the hill,  
And éach, his childhood's hélpmate góne,  
Is léft to téke his wáy alóne.

Fór a húndred dúcats góld  
These bróthers, ás the stóry 's tolđ,

Hád the míll ancéstral sóld,  
Ánd, for better ór for wórrse,  
Fifty dúcats ín his púrse  
Each bróthier hád upón the dáy  
He sét out ón his séparate wáy.

As sóon as Spénd was óut of sight,  
Spare tóok his púrse, and tied it títight  
With thrée hard knóts, and tucked it in  
Betwéen his wáistband and his skín;  
Then wént and éarned a gróat that dáy  
Beside free lódgíng, and did páy  
A quárter gróat for bréad and bérer,  
And fire his évening héarth to chéer.  
Next dáy he éarned anóther gróat,  
Anóther quárter páid his scót,  
And Spáre that évening át his fire  
Was háppy tó his héart's desire,  
Ánd, as he láy down ín his béd,  
Thús to himsélf, conténted, sáid:—  
“The fifty dúcats yéllow góld,  
For which my hálf the míll I sóld,  
May wéll with góod ecónomý  
A húndred gólden dúcats bér,  
Befóre the dáy and twélvemonth's énd,  
Whén I 'm to méet my bróther Spénd.”  
And só Spare éarned a gróat a dáy,  
And still three quárters bý did láy,  
Augménting still his wéll saved stóre,  
Ánd to his dúcats ádding móre.  
Indústrious, frúgal and contént,  
Áfter the dáy in lábor spént,  
He 'd sháre his fire and évening chéer  
With sóme dear friend or néighbour néar,

And smóke his pipe and cráck his jóke  
Like óther sprúce, well dóing fólk;  
Thén like a tóp sleep, rise at light,  
And lábor till retúrning night,  
And think, as hé tied úp his púrse,  
How wáste brings wánt, and wánt brings wórse.

Meantime Spend éarned his dáily gróat,  
And spént it tóo; — why shóuld he nót?  
With fifty dúcats in his púrse  
Why should Spénd his éarnings núrse?  
Abstáin from innocent récréation  
And práctise sélf-mortificación?  
Whó but a miser wóuld take pléasure  
In héaping úp a úseless tréasure?  
Besides to spénd, some wise men sáy.  
Ís, to be gréat, the shórtest wáy,  
And Cáto, cáreful óf his pénce,  
Múst to the vást munificénce  
Of glórious César yield the dáy,  
Ánd, at the lást, sore réckoning páy  
For pitting ágainst mighty ‘*Dándo*’\*  
Ánd still mightier ‘*Súblevando*’,  
Ánd magnétic ‘*Ígnoscéndo*’,  
His stingy ‘*Nihil lárgiéndo*’.  
“And só to máke the wórld my friend  
I ’ll úse my cásh,” thought máster Spénd,  
“And thús at ónce two óbjects gáun.  
Pléasure and prófit bóth attáin;  
And, ás philósophers récomménd,  
The *útile* and *dulce* blénd.”

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\* “Caesar dando, sublevando, ignoscendo; Cato nihil largiendo, gloriām adeptus.” SALL. *Catil.* 54.

So Spénd lived éasy, frée, and gáy,  
And tó no bórrowér said náy,  
And thóught no mán did éver wórse  
Than tie a tight string róund his púrse,  
And whén at night he wént to béd  
Self-grátulátинг thus he sáid:—  
“I éarn with éase a gróat each dáy,  
And thóugh two gróats be my outláy,  
Or sómething móre, I dó not fíar  
Bút that I sháll within the yéar  
Be twice as rích, at léast, as Spáre,  
Ánd with one hálf the tóil and cáré.”

The yéar and dáy 's come tó an énd;  
Mét are the bróthers Spáre and Spénd:  
In ráptures éach to séc the óther:—  
“Dear bróther, hów dost?” “Hów dost, bróther?”  
Éach has a thóusand thíngs to sáy,  
To éach it is his háppiest dáy:  
Éach will the óther tréat to wíne  
And dinner át the Gólden Víne;  
Bóth order dinner, bóth will páy:—  
“Nay”—“Yés, dear bróther”—“Náy”—“Yes”—“Náy”—  
The wórld ne'er sáw a mérrier páir  
Than wére that évening Spénd and Spáre;  
Good dinner, wíne, a déar loved bróther;  
Éach talked lóuder thán the óther,  
Told how the whóle year hé had fáred,  
This, how he had spént; that, hów he had spáred;  
And éach grown rích a different wáy:—  
“And dóst thou méan, dear Spénd, to sáy,  
Withóut one dúcát in thy púrse,  
Thou art áll the bétter ánd no wórse?”  
“Góld is but trásh while in purse pént;

It gáins its wórd by being spént;  
And mine 's spent fór the best of énds,  
To win me plásure, pówer, and friends:  
With rich, with poor, with high, with low  
I 'm wélcome whéresoé'er I gó;  
On évery side I ám caréssed;  
I 'm évery whére an hónored guést;  
I méet no man but is my friend,  
Réady to give me, ór to lénd — ”  
“Then páy the réckoning, bróther Spénd.”

The lándlord 's cálled; makes óut the bíll;  
Spend dóubts not bút he kindly will  
Óver till néxt week lét it lie;  
Fór he had been unlúckily  
Preváiled upón, that mórn, to lénd  
His lást pair dúcats to a friend,  
Who had prómised páymént thát day wéek,  
Ánd by no chánce his wórd would bréak.  
“Nay, don't look gráve, thou wilt and must;  
Thóu 'rt the first man I 've ásked for trúst,  
Trúst for one wéek till cásh comes in —  
Dámn it! he lóoks as bláck as sín.  
Spare, páy the féllow, and let 's gó;  
So múch for á few dáys I 'll ówe  
Tó my dear bróther. Whý, thou art slów!”  
“And whát else mákes me háve, this dáy,  
A chókeful púrse our bíll to páy,  
Bút that I' m álways slów to spénd,  
Lóth to give, more lóth to lénd?  
Áh! if thou wóuldst but léarn from mé,  
What háppy bróthers wé might bé,  
While éach his sávings wéll did núrse,  
And nórish in a clóse-watched púrse!”

He said, and under his waistbánd  
Felt for his púrse; first with one hánnd,  
And, missing it, then with the óther,  
And félt and gróped; then át his bróther  
Full in the fáce stared, and turned pále  
As cándle hánging fróm a náil,  
Or nún just dráwing ón the véil,  
Or schóol-girl, whó first tíme the tálé  
Drinks in of hápless Léonóre,  
And thinks she héars knock át the dóor  
That stéel-cased wárrior grim and gráy,  
Who is, before the dáwn of dáy,  
Behind him ón his stéed awáy  
To báer her with him, áll alóne,  
Full gallop óver stóck and stóne  
Ínto his spéctral réalms unknówn:—  
“They ’ve cút my púrse, the thíeves!” he sóbbed,  
“And óf my éarnings I am róbbed,  
My hárd, hard éarnings fór the yéar,  
Beside the fifty dúcats cléar,  
For which my hálf the mill I sóld,  
In áll a húndred dúcats góld —  
Purse, éarnings, cápital, in one swoop!  
Ah, fáithless wáistband; knót, and lóop!”

Spend láughed, and róse up fróm his cháir,  
And kindly préssed the hánnd of Spáre:—  
“Our cáses áre alíke, dear bróther,  
And óne ’s no wiser thán the óther.  
Each tóok to wéalth a different wáy,  
And éach has fáiled. Some fúture dáy  
We ’ll méet upón this spót agáin,  
To cóunt, perhaps, not lóss, but gáin.  
“Máy it be só!” said Spáre, and sighed;

“It máyn’t be só!” the lándlord cried;  
“Enóugh once in my hóuse to méet” —  
And púshed both óut intó the streeet.

Begun at POERTSCHACH in CARINTHIA, Octob. 12. 1852;  
ned between KINBERG and LANGENWANG in UPPER STYRIA,  
. 24; and finished at VIENNA, Nov. 4.

## Unbeschrieb'ne Blätter.

Unbeschrieb'ne Blätter gleichen  
Wolkenlosen Himmelreichen;  
Wenn ich ihre Reinheit sehe,  
Fühle ich der Wehmuth Ráhe.

Wolken kommen bald gezogen,  
Dúster wird der Himmelbogen;  
Thránen bald den Blick umhüllen,  
Um der Blätter Weiß zu füllen.

B. Carneri.

## BLANK LEAVES.

GESTED BY THE “UNBESCHRIEB’NE BLAETTER” OF B. CARNERI.

O'er áll yon clóudless sápphire sky  
Roams únrefreshed the pígrim's eýe;  
Túrn where it will, North, Sóuth, East, Wést,  
No spéck it finds, no spót to rést.  
Cóme, rainbow elóuds, come báek agáin,  
Thóugh ye should dréñch him with your ráin.

So ó'er my páper's spótless white  
Roams únrefrèshed my áching sight,  
Till with her füll pen Phántasy  
Cómes, and fills the blánk fór mé  
With misty visions, hópes and féars,  
Oft énding in a flóod of téars.

VIENNA, Nov. 6, 1852.

## Der Großvater.

Komm zu mir, geliebter Knabe,  
Seze dich auf meinen Schoos.  
Wie du frisch bist, schlank und feurig,  
Für dein Alter stark und groß!

Gib den Arm um meinen Nacken,  
Spiele mit dem Silberhaar,  
Das wie deines, junger Knabe,  
Einst so schwarz und üppig war.

Wann du Mann bist, wirke, handle,  
Schaffe, deiner Kraft bewußt;  
Doch in Abendstunden denke  
An des Alters stille Lust.

Scheue nicht das müde Alter,  
Ist es doch die Zeit der Ruh'.  
Der dem Alter zugelächelt,  
Lächelt einst dem Tode zu.

B. Carneri.

## So war es einst.

So bald es getagt,  
Stürmte die Jagd  
Bei Hörnerklang  
Und Jubelgesang  
Den Strom entlang;  
Über Berg und Thal, durch Wiesen und Wald  
Hinriß mich der Jugendglut Fiebergewalt.  
So war es einst!  
Hast Recht, mein Herz, wenn du zu brechen meinst.

Mein Lebensmarkt  
War gesund und stark;  
Das freie Feld  
Unterm Himmelszelt  
War meine Welt;  
Ich kannte den nagenden Trübsinn nicht  
Und heiter und froh sah mein frisches Gesicht.  
So war es einst!  
Hast Recht, mein Blick, wenn du zu Seiten weinst.

Bin frank und matt,  
Wie lebenssatt,  
Und geben muß  
Ich den Abschiedsgruß  
Dem gewohnten Genuss;  
Gehemmt ist der Jugend begeisterter Flug,  
Muß betteln um jeden Athemzug.  
So war es einst?  
Hast Recht, mein Hirn, wenn du zu wanken scheinst.

B. Carneri.

## A G E.

WRITTEN AFTER READING "DER GROSSVATER" AND  
"SO WAR ES EINST" OF B. CARNERI.

Cóme, little child, sit ón my knée;  
Hold úp thy héad, and lóok at mé;  
Náy, thou canst nót sit still for glée;  
Then gó, my chíld, I sét thee frée:  
Ónce on a tíme I wás like thée,  
And skipped and láughed and frólicked só;  
Áh! it is lóng, long lóng agó.

Come hére, young mán, and sit by mé;  
And téll me trúly whó was shé  
That árm in árm so lóvingly  
Wálked with thee lást night ó'er the léa,  
Nóne but the móon in cómpany.  
Náy, if thou blúshest, téll not mé;  
Ónce on a tíme I tóo blushed só,  
Áh! it is lóng, long lóng agó.

Wídower, come hére, and drý thine eýe;  
Lét thy breast héave no móre the sigh;  
Thínk no móre of the dáys gone bý  
And bónes that in the cold earth líe.  
Náy, if thy téars but fáster flów,  
Í 'll not bid them stóp; no! nó!  
There wás a tíme my téars flowed só;  
Áh! it is lóng, long lóng agó.

Childless father, weep no more;  
Death 's but, to- repose, the dōor;  
Thy children are but góne before;  
Over that úrn no lónger pōre.  
Nay, fróm it if thou wilt not séver,  
I 'll not bid thee; néver! néver!  
I to my children's úrn clung só;  
Ah! it is lóng, long lóng agó.

Come báck, sweet child, sit ón my knée;  
Hold úp thy héad, and lóok at mé;  
If but thy life 's spared, thóu shalt bé,  
In áll things, súch as thóu see'st mé,  
And to some swéet child ón thy knée  
Shalt talk as now I talk to thée,  
And sáy thou didst the óld man knów,  
With héad like thine as white as snow,  
And báck bent quite intó a bów,  
And toothless gúms, and dripping nóse,  
And shánks too smáll for his wide hóse,  
And jóints swelled with rheumátic páins,  
And blótched hands ribbed with lárge black veíns,  
And, if thou wért not stiff, thou 'dst gó  
And his grave in the chúrchyard shéw,  
Whére in thy yóuth they láid him lów,  
Ah! it was lóng, long lóng agó.

VIENNA, Nov. 6. 1852.

## THERMOMETER AND BAROMETER.

“Good mórning, Thermómeter, hów dost todáy?”

“I thánk thee, Barómeter, múch the same wáy;

Sometimes hot, sometimes cold, not two mínutes the sáme;

In the wórld there 's no rést for this sénsitive fráme.

Ah! how háppy 's my friend that the difference knows not

Between lúke warm and bóiling, betwéen cold and hot,

To whóm ice and fire differ ónly in náme,

And fréezing and búrning are óne and the sáme.”

“Do téll me but hów to relieve thy sad cáse;

Let me think — stay — I háve it now — Lét us change pláce —

Just for twénty four hóurs — one dáy and one níght — ”

“That indéed is true friendship” — “There — nów we 're all rig

From the Sóuth-west that níght came the wíld hurricáne

With thúnder and lightning and tórrents of ráin;

Sound, sóund slept Barómeter áll the night thróugh —

Such a sléep such a níght was to him something níew —

And awáking next mórning, as lárk fresh and gáy,

His respécts to Thermómeter hástened to páy

With “My déar friend, how dóst thou? feel'st bétter todáy?”

Such a gróan as Thermómeter dréw from his bréast,

By páinter poétic may not be expréssed;

Such a gróan in this wide world has néver been héard

Since to sléeping Enéas dead Héctor appéared,

And cried:— “O Enéas, the city 's on fire;

Awáke, save thysélf and thy Góds and thy síre.”

Such a gróan heaved Thermómeter ás he replied:—

“Than have pásseg such a night, better fár to have died.  
Oh! hádst thou foreséen, honored sire Fahrenhéit,  
That thine óffspring belóved was to pásseg such a night,  
Thou ’dst have dásched him to pieces the day of his birth,  
And scátttered his frágments through áir, sea and éarth.  
Oh, hów my heart sánk when the thúnder begán!  
What a thrill, what a trémor through áll my blood rán!  
Befóre each blue flásh how my whóle soul did quáil,  
And how óften I énvied the tóo happy snáil,  
Who, when dánger apprójaches, can dráw himself quite  
Back into his búlb, and be áll safe and right;  
But the lówer *I* sánk, and the móre *I* drew in,  
Only blúer the fláshes and lóuder the din,  
The stórm only fiercer shook céiling and wáll,  
And in óne ruin thréatened to bury us áll.  
So, Barómeter déar, let us quick change agáin;  
Take thóu back thy stórm, thunder, lightning and ráin,  
And I will retúrn to my cold and my hot,  
And live for the fúture contént with my lót.”

Every óne has his tróubles; keep thóu to thine ówn:  
Only léss seem thy néighbour’s, becáuse they ’re unkñown.

Written while walking from VIENNA to SCHOENBRUNN and  
back, Nov. 7. 1852.

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“Put no trúst in this wórlد,” wise men téll you and sigh;  
“It ’s a hóllow delúsion, a chéat to the eyé,  
Unréal, unsubstántial, the sháde of a sháde —”  
What wónder? this wórlد out of nóthing was máde.

VIENNA, Nov. 19. 1852.

THE PRECEDING TRANSLATED INTO GERMAN BY B. CARNEI

“Seß’t in die Welt kein Vertrau’n,” — so sagen die Weisen und seufz’  
“Hohle Täuschung nur ist sie, ein Trug für das Aug’,  
Unwahr, ohne Gehalt, der Schatten von einem Schatten —”  
‘s ist kein Wunder; die Welt ist ja erschaffen aus nichts.

Wien, 25. Nov. 1852.

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Man looks up to the sky, and sees plainly the sun  
From the East to the West his immense journey run:  
Man looks down to the ground, and sees plainly it 's so  
He feels it — it 's steady, deny it who will.

Upon his own inward self man casts his view,  
And distinctly a will sees to do or not do,  
Distinctly a will feels unfettered and free;  
Deny it who will, a free agent is he.

VIENNA, Nov. 8. 1852.

THE PRECEDING TRANSLATED INTO GERMAN BY B. CARNEI

Himmelwärts blickt der Mensch und sieht wahrhaftig die Sonne  
Gehen von Ost nach West den unermesslichen Gang;  
Blickend zur Erde, gewahrt er diese vollkommen in Ruhe,  
Fühl's, daß sie stille steht — mag es verneinen wer will!  
Und in sein Inn'res hinab versenkend die Blicke, ganz deutlich  
Eine Willenskraft steht er zum Lassen und Thun;  
Deutlich den Willen fühlt er, den fessellosen und freien; —  
Mag es verneinen, wer will! — selbstthätig handelt der Me

Wien, 26. Nov. 1852.

## UNCERTAINTY.

For the Cértain and Sûre let philósophers seek;  
Oh! give me Uncertainty, ére my heart bréak.  
Sure and cértain 's the past, but it 's áll dead and cold;  
The gráve has closed óver it, ánd the knell tolled;  
In the fúture's long vista what sées my sad eyé?  
Nothing súre, nothing cértain, but thát all must die:  
While with visions of háppiness, prómise of jóys,  
Dear Uncertainty ónwards our tired steps decoys,  
In bóth hands holds óut to us long life and héalth,  
Power, friends, pleasure, hónor, and wisdom, and wéalth;  
And, clóthed in the stár-spangled mántle of Fáith,  
Triúmphantly points through the pórtals of Déath  
To a bright world beyónd, where with áll we loved éver  
We shall live reunited, to párt again néver.  
For the Cértain and Sûre let philósophers seek;  
Oh! give me Uncertainty, éré my heart bréak.

VIENNA, Nov. 9. 1852.

## CERTAINTY.

Let Uncertainty fláttter the timid and wéak,  
And lúre the wretch ónward until his heart bréak;  
I háte the deceíver and áll she can give,  
And awáy from her túrn; with thee, Knówledge, to líve.  
Though to prómise thou 'rt slów, thou art súre to perfóm,  
With thee súnshine means súnshine, with théic storm means stórm.  
Thou art cándid and téllest me whére thou hast béen,  
All thy cómings and góings, and whát thou hast séen;  
Thou art hónest and déal'st not in púff or grimáce,  
And hidest no falsehood behind thy plain fáce;

When thou sée'st me awáy from the múltitude túrn,  
To wéep in despáir by the cýpresa and úrn,  
Thou cóm'st and with stróng arm awáy from my side  
Pushest ignorance, sélfishness, folly and pride;  
And áskest me, if I could, wóuld I the rést  
Everlásting distúrb of the friends I love bést,  
And not ráther prefér by their side to be láid,  
In the bróad weeping willow and cýpresa sháde,  
Sure and cértain that néver while tíme lasts, shall páin,  
Trouble, sickness or sórrow, come néar us agáin.

VIENNA, Nov. 24. 1852.

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I knów not whéther it be stréngth or wéakness,  
But óft, toward évening, whén all róund is still,  
And whén that dáy my mind has nót been stirred  
By ány óf the unhólier gústs of pássion,  
I féel mysélf in thé immédiate présence  
Of sómething áwful, yét most fáir and lóvely,  
And véry déar, that, without sign, or áction,  
Or spéech, commúnicáting fréely with me,  
Infúses á sweet péace intó my sóul,  
And fills it with a séntimént of jóny  
And háppinéss, that lásts till, fróm withóut,  
Some sóund alárms me, ánd I stárt, and find  
The pícture óf my déad Love in my hán:  
And théy that háve to dó with mé, those évenings,  
Obsérve, for sóme hours áfter, in my fáce,  
And vóice, and mánnen, án angélic áir  
Of swéet contént, and plácid résignátion.

VIENNA, Nov. 17. 1852.

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n that dárk, dismal night, which you áll may remémber,  
etwéen the eightéenth and ninetéenth of Novémber,  
s, the lights all put óut and her órisons sáid,  
ur lády the Quéen lay asléep in her béd,  
ie árm round Prince Álbert, one únder her héad,  
háppened — “What háppened?” Nay, dón’t interrúpt —  
stóry ’s worth nóthing that ’s tóld too abrúpt —  
ie clóck in the ánteroom júst had struck “Twó!”  
id the clóck on the mántle-piece swórn it was trúe,  
hen the Quéen in the árm that lay únder her héad  
súdden cramp félt, and turned róund in the béd,  
id from únder Prince Álbert the óther arm dréw,  
ho, sóund as a tóp sleeping ón, nothing knéw  
the grim, grisly ghóst that on púrpose that night  
ose up óut of the gráve our loved Quéen to affright.  
blue light in his hánad he threw ópen the dóor,  
id, with a field-máralshál’s step cróssing the flóor,  
alked up stráight to the bédside, and:— “Mádam,” he cried,  
Be so góod as to lóok up, and nót your head hide  
íder blánket or quílt: you have séen me beforé,  
have léctured you óften, and nów one word móre.  
xt time that that gréatest of cónquerors, Déath,  
a cónqueror and státesman like mé stops the bréath,  
id Éngland ’s left minus the bést of her sóns  
the móment her néighbours are lóading their gúns,  
’s áll the same whéther by fit epileptic,  
cápnon he ’s mówed down, or stróke apoplectic,  
mémber he ’s nót like a chíld to betréated,  
id with flipflap and flám and tomfóolery chéated,  
ith gilding, and gingerbread-núts, and paláver,  
id móuths running óver with twáttle and sláver;

He cárēs not — what cárēs he? — for fúnēl or páll,  
Who could sléep his last sléep without cóffin at áll;  
But if you must give him a búrial in státe,  
And máke living pride on dead róttēness wáit,  
Then dó it in éarnest, and nót in a shám,  
And stánd there chief móurner, my róyal Madáme.”

“I protést I was quite unprepáred, my Lord Dúke,  
To receive from your Gráce’s lips súch sharp rebúke;  
But my cóncience acquits me, Sans péur sans repróche,  
For I sént to atténd you my cónachman and cónach,  
And six spanking báys; and my Álby todáy  
From his bést Durham’s cálving I máde stay awáy,  
To dó you more hónor; and óut at the shów  
Looked mysélf from the wíndows of Búckingham Rów;  
And I hópe that my péople all sáw in my eyé  
The téar that stood glittering there ás you went bý.”

In the Bélvedere pálace in fár distant Wíen,  
Mephistópheles’ pícture perháps thou hast séen,  
And márked how, like spárks from eléctrical wíre,  
From ánkle and shóestring leaps fórth the blue fíre;  
Such fíre from the Dúke’s eyes shot lívid and blúe,  
As with vóice that the Quéen’s bones and márrow thrille  
thróugh:—

“Words enóugh, and too mány; and só, ’twas for yóu  
I wón, on the éighteenth of Júne, Waterlóo!  
Nay, I knów what you ’d sáy; go to sléep, and remémber  
The éighteenth of Júne and éightéenth of NovéMBER.”

He sáid, shook his héad, grinned, and bléw out the ligh,  
And léft the Queen lyíng there ín the dark níght.  
Yet thóugh he was góne, and the róom still as déath,  
And no stir to be héard but her ówn Alby’s bréath,  
The Quéen twenty times in the cóurse of that níght

Thought the Dúke was still stánding there with his blue líght,  
Twenty tímes quilt and blánket drew óver her héad,  
And twénty times, Áve María! had sáid,  
Had it nót been for féar what the góod Earl Shaftesbúry  
And Bishóp of Glóster might dó in their fúry,  
When they héard that the héad of the Prótestant Chúrch  
Had turned Pápist, and léft all her flóck in the lúrch.  
So she láy still as might be until the daylíght,  
Whien she wóke her dear Álby, and tóld him her fríght.  
He yáwned, and half sléeping said, ánd awake hálf:—  
“Have you séen it, dear Vicky? and is 't a fine cálf?”

VIENNA, Nov. 24. 1852.

## THE LOVER AND SUNRISE.

WRITTEN AFTER READING THE “SONNENAUFGANG” OF B. CARNERI.

'Tis the móment of súnrise the bright and the gáy,  
All náture with rápture salútes the new dáy,  
Mists and dárkness have fléd with the dámp night awáy;  
The róse her cup ópens, the lárk tunes her sóng,  
And práttling and láughing the bróok trips alóng.

What áils the young mán whom I sée passing by?  
His stép why so héavy, so dówncast his eye?  
With the night he has bid to his Trúelove good bye;  
The mórníng to him 's come a céntury too sóon —  
Set, sét, hateful sún, and rise quick, friendly móon.

VIENNA, Nov. 29. 1852.

“A Busserl a-n a-g’schreckt’s,  
Ah! dös war’ ja a Graus —  
Non! wann ’s Läut’n vabei is,  
Aft busselt ’s as aus!”

SEIDL.

A yóuth and a máid  
Sat únder the sháde  
Of a wide spreading béech;  
I will téll you of éach.

Each was hándsome and fáir,  
And had lóng, flowing háir,  
And an ínnocent héart,  
Withóut guile or árt.

Each was tímid and shý,  
And, withóut knowing why,  
Would trémble and sigh  
When the óther came nigh.

Had it nót been their glánce  
Was downcást and askánce,  
You ’d have thóught them no óther  
Than sister and bróther,

As they sát there togéther,  
In the wárm summer wéather,  
Undernéath the deep sháde,  
By that spréading beech máde.

How long they sat so,  
I don't certainly know;  
But, without knowing why,  
They grew less and less shy,  
And drew more and more nigh,  
Till, by some chance or slip,  
They touched lip to lip.

Surprised and amazed,  
At each other they gazed,  
And half pleased, half afraid,  
Said the youth to the maid:—

“And if that be a kiss,  
’T wouldn’t be much amiss,  
If we tried it again;  
Doesn’t give any pain.”

So they leaned their mouths over  
Till you couldn’t discover,  
Between the two faces,  
The breadth of two aces.

But they hadn’t touched quite,  
When, in sudden affright,  
Both sprang back with a start,  
And stood two feet apart.

So great a rebound  
You have seen from the ground  
Or the side of a wall  
Seldom made by a ball.

The two are at prayer;  
For they 've heard through the air  
The boom of the bell  
All good Christians know well,

And "Hail Mary!" sung  
By the great iron tongue,  
Warns to turn thought and eye  
From the earth to the sky.

As two soldiers at drill  
Ground their arms and stand still,  
At the word of command;  
So the youth and maid stand,

Till the peal has rung out;  
When, quick turning about,  
Says the maid to the youth  
In all sweetness and truth: —

"It was never a crime  
To make up for lost time,  
And a kiss away frightened  
Isn't hard to be righted."

So they turned each to each,  
In the shade of that beech,  
And finished their kiss  
Without ill luck or miss.

Dec. 2. 1852, on the way from VIENNA to PRAGUE.

## HALF AND HALF.

“Why are ángels so háppy?” said óne of the léast Little bóys at the schóol to his máster the priest.

‘They are púre, perfect spirit, my prómising bój;  
Of púre, perfect spirit perpétual the jój.”

“But béstas are all bódy, yet théy ’re happy téo;  
Calves, kittens and lámbs, all déclare I speak trúe.”

“Just becáuse they ’re all bódy, they ’re happy and gáy,  
Just becáuse they ’re all bódy, they spórt all the dáy.”

“But í am unháppy, and crý half the dáy,  
Though í am both bódy and spirit you sáy,  
And shóuld therefore bé twice as háppy at léast  
As bódiless ángel, or spíritless bést.”

“You don’t wórk the sum right,” with a smíle said the priest;  
“To bé twice as háppy as ángel or bést  
You must bé both all bódy and áll spírit téo:  
Try it óver agáin; your first óffer won’t dó.”

“One hálf of me ’s spírit — yes, nów I am right —  
And entítled to óne half the ángel’s delight;  
And one hálf of me ’s bódy, and shóuld have at léast  
One hálf the delight of the périshing bést:

“Two hálfes make one whóle up; and só — let me sée —  
Once as háppy as ángel or bést I should bé;  
And yét I ’m unháppy, and crý half the dáy:  
What ’s the réason, good máster? do téll me, I pray.”

“Befóre you ’re as háppy as ángel or bést,  
You must áll spirit bé, or all bódy at léast;  
All spírit ’s the ángel, all bódy the cálf;  
But yóu ’re one half spírit, and bódy one hálf.”

“Ah, whý did God give me, unsórtunate bói!  
A béing he wéll knew I cóuld not enjóy?  
Ah, whý did he só mix me úp half and hálf,  
And not máke me whole ángel at ónce, or whole cálf?”

“’Twere a fine story thát,” said the priest to the bói,  
“To make úrchins like yóu to have nóthing but jóy,  
As pérfect, as háppy, as ángel or bést;  
No léssons, no flóggings, no wórk for the priest.

“I ’ll téach you — your hánf out — one, twó, three and fóur—  
Begóne now, and dróp down behínd the school dóor  
Upón your bare knées, with your fáce to the wáll,  
And práy to that Gód who so góod is to áll,

“To dríve Satan’s whíspéring s óut of your héad,  
And fill you with pious and góod thoughts instéad;  
And thén get your léssons, and thén go and pláy;  
You ’re well óff if you gét any dinner todáy.”

The bói went and drópped down behínd the school dóor  
On his báre knees, and práyed as he ’d óft prayed befóre:  
“Dear Gód, do but máke me an ángel or cálf,  
Some óne thing or óther, and nót half and hálf.”

DRESDEN, Jan. 3. 1853.

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Earth's mightiest Queen thróned sits in high hall of státe;  
To salute her, comie crówding, the rich and the gréat,  
Her lórds and her ládies on éither side stánd,  
Peers, bishops, and cómons, the élite of the lánd.

Coach sets dówn after cóach at the gréat Northern dóor,  
Till you 'd say that for cómpany thére was no móre  
Róom in the sálon or róom in the háll,  
Or róom any whére in the pálace at áll.

'Tis a brilliant réception; look néar or look fár,  
The diamond cross blázes, the áigrette, and stár;  
Feathers wáve, satins rústle, and beauty and gráce  
Condescéndingly smile on red cóats and gold lace.

"Now, Gentleman-úsher, what is it you méan?"  
With a stárt and a frówn it was thús said the Quéen; —  
"Had you órders from mé to make róyalty wáit  
In the midst of the rábble, outside the court gáte?"

"Please your Májesty," thén said the Úsher in bláck; —  
"She is stárk mother náked, no shréd to her báck,  
No cárrige, no hórses, no footmen, she stánd  
In the hóoting crow's midst — Shall I háve your commánds?"

“Let my róbing maids fór her a white mantle chóose,  
The bést in my wárdrobe, white stóckings, white shóes,  
And a white skirt of sátin, with blónd trimmed all róund,  
And three ládies to hóld up her tráin from the gróund.”

“A fúll blown white róse let her báar in left hánd,  
And put into her right a long white lily wánd,  
Let a white veil envélop her shóulders and héad,  
And só let her énter. Begóne! I have sáid.”

The Géntleman-úsher the Quéen’s commands báars:—  
“Clear the wáy, clear the wáy there, on lóbbey and stáirs  
For the gréat foreign Príncess, arráyed all in white.”  
Lords and ládies fall báck in two files left and right.

And évery eye túrns, as, arráyed all in white,  
A white róse in her léft hand, white lily in right,  
Walks up stráight to the Quéen that veiled lády unknówn,  
And sinks dówn on one knéé at the fóot of the thróne: —

“Rise úp, royal síster, for néver to mé  
Shall my fáther’s child súe upon lów bended knéé,  
Rise úp, throw your véil back, and lét all here sée  
How I lóve my dear síster, and hów she loves mé.”

“Mighty Quéen” — it was thús to Queen Fálsehood Truth sáid,  
As she róse, and threw báck the white véil from her héad: —  
“Fear nót, mighty Quéen, I am cóme here tonight,  
To cláim with an ill-timed petition my right;

“Fixed and séttered far báit from mé to undó;  
The wórlid has decided betwéen me and yóu;  
With mé it has vówed ’twill have nóthing to dó,  
And for Quéen with unánimous vóice chosen yóu.

“Live lóng and reign háppy; but, gránt me one bóon;  
And remémber that 's gránted twice thát 's granted sóon: —”  
“I plédge you my róyal troth, sister, before  
All these lórds and these ládies; what néed I say móre? ”

“Send fórth, then, your héralds, and lét them proclaim  
That to évery thing hénceforth be given its own náme,  
Good hénceforth be góod called, and bád be called bád,  
White be white, and black bláck called, wise wise, and mad mád.

Then Queen Fálsehood turned pále, and from héad to foot shóok;  
And cowered, and shrank báck before Trúth's steadfast lóok,  
And wished in the gáping earth súnk were that háll,  
Hersélf and her sister; lords, ládies and áll.

“A dóctor, a dóctor; what cán the Queen áil?  
What mákes our loved lády and mistress so pále? ”  
“Help! hélp! ” is the cry; “Queen Truth 's sick unto déath;  
Air, wáter, a fán here — yes, nów she draws bréath.

“And whó 's this impóster, dressed óut in her clóthes,  
With the Quéen's own white líly, and Quéen's own white gróse?  
Hah! Hah! it's that vágabond Fálsehood that hére  
In Truth's ówn royal háll 's not ashámed to appéar.

“Tear her fálse emblems fróm her, the clóthes off her báck;  
And óut of doors túrn her, pinched and cuffed blue and bláck;  
We 'll téach her, the strúmpet, what bóon waits her hére,  
In this présence agáin if she dáre to appéar.”

So they féll upon Trúth there, lords, ládies, and áll;  
And kicked her, and cuffed her abóut the great háll;  
Under fóot trod her émblems, her dréss and hair tóre,  
And spat twice in her fáce each, then thróugh the street dóor

Pushed her out to the mob, who the whole city through  
Pursued her with stones, dirt, and mad-dog halloo;  
And threw rotten eggs at her wheréver she fled,  
And thought nothing done till they left her for dead.

To Queen Falsehood meantime has returned the free breath,  
And the blood to her cheeks that were just now like death.  
And: — “I thank you, my lords and my ladies,” she cried,  
“For this proof that I’ve not without reason relied

On your loyal attachment to me and my throne,  
And that at your hearts you’ve Truth’s interests alone.  
My unfortunate sister — But no, I’ll not shame  
The blood of my sire by pronouncing her name. —

“Detest her; or, if you can, blot her out quite  
From your memory, and with her the events of tonight.  
And now cry, ‘Long live Truth, and long may she reign.’”  
And they cried, “Long live Truth”, till the hall rang again.

DRESDEN, Jan. 8. 1853.

Past twélf at night; upón my béd  
I láy once móre my nightcapped héad,  
Stretch óut my lázy limbs to rést,  
And dráw the clóthes tight róund my bréast.  
The lights are óut; no búsy féet  
Distúrb the silence óf the stréet;  
Éven the late kitchenmáid to scóur  
Has céased, and snátches hér brief hóur.  
In the whole néighbourhóod there 's nóné  
Still wáking bút mysélf alóne —  
“And whý don't yóu sleep, Sir, I pray?  
Háve yóu dozed by the fire all dáy?  
Or háve you drúnk gunpówder téa?  
Or áre you máking pójetry?  
Or is your cóncience sin-oppréssed,  
Thát you can't like your néighbours rést?”  
Júst as you pléase — perhaps all fóur;  
But óne thing 's súre, two hóurs or móre  
Hére on my béd I túrn and tóss,  
Now lyíng alóng, and nów acróss,  
And nów diágonal, fór my héad  
Séeking a cóol place — áll in váin —  
Lívely and áctive is my bráin,  
And, will-I nill-I, stáys awáke —  
What cán I bétter dó than téke  
A túrn out óf her fór a rhýme?  
'Twill hélp to while awáy the time.  
The subject? Sélf — stay, lét me sée —  
My ówn sweet sélf's biógraphy.  
It cán't but pléase — mysélf at léast;  
Sélf is for sélf alwáys a féast.

With the whole wórld though Býron quárelled,  
He still kept friends with déar Childe Hárold;  
And Wórdsworth céases tó be dull  
When ón the pivot óf his skúll  
Sir Áss turns róund his lóng, left éar,  
And bráys his bráy out, lóud and cléar.  
Wórthy exámples! thé rewárd  
Témpting they hóld out tó the bárd  
To fóllow in the brilliant wáke,  
Ánd for his héro himself táke.

An hóur befóre the sún this mórn  
Náked and húngry I was bórн,  
Agáinst my will dragged óut of night,  
And fórced intó the nóise and lighT.

Wéll I remémber hów I móaned,  
And rúbbed my eyés, and strétched and gróaned,  
And shrúnk and shívered fróm the cold  
Ére I was yét one minute óld.

Wéll I remémber the grim bánd  
Of Cáres I sáw abóut me stánd  
Éager to póunce upón their préy,  
And plágue and pínch me the whole dáy.

Alóud one tó a cómrade cried:—  
“Sée what a gréasy, dirty hide;  
Gállons of wáter ón him dash —  
Anóther júg here — splash — splash — splash.”

“Well dóne! well dóne!” the óther sáid;  
“Now rúb him till he ’s ráw and réd,  
Thóu with a hémpen clóth rub, rúb,  
While I with stiff pig’s brístles scrúb.”

“Don’t kill him outright,” said a third;  
It’s my turn now;” and, with the word,  
Came up behind me by surprise,  
And slipped over my head and eyes

A bag at both ends open wide,  
And tight the upper opening tied  
About my throat, and laughed to see  
It reached scarce half way to the knee.

“The mending of that fault,” with glee  
Giggled another, “leave to me.  
Here I’ve got something like a Y  
Turned topsy turvy; come, Sir, try:

Your right leg first — there — push it through;  
Your left leg now; yes, that will do.  
Now stand up straight, till you are braced  
Over both shoulders, tight round waist.”

“Right about face” then all cried out;  
And then all shouted “Left about”;  
Then through the chamber to and fro  
They made me pace three turns or so,

And vowed that I looked jimmy quite,  
And the Y not a hair too tight,  
And, let me sit down when or where  
I pleased, would neither burst nor tear.

“But stay — see here —” another said;  
“What is it’s the matter with his head?  
There’s not a hair but’s on an end;  
Where did you this great mop get, friend?

“Racks, shéars and tóothcombs hére; sit dō  
With súch a shággy, shóckdog crówn  
Whó but some rústic, clódpoll clówn  
Would think of vénturing into tówn?

“There; yóu begin upón the right,  
And í 'll the léft take; whát a fríght!  
Was éver héad in súch a plíght!  
Some ców 's been licking it all night!”

“In ván we lóse our swéat and tóil,  
And bréak our cómbs' teeth; óil here, óil;  
Íf we can't máke his háir lie stráight,  
We 'll give him at léast a frízzled páte.

“The tóngs here; áre you súre they 're hot?  
Stéady, Sir, stéady; nót a jót  
Éither to léft or right hand búdge:  
Brávo! you 'd máke a cápital júdge.

“Hótter tongs hére; anóther twírl;  
This lóck must háve a stiffer cúrl —  
What mákes you fídge, Sir?” “Óh! ma'am, C  
Géntly; you búrn me —” “Déar Sir, nó.

“You múst wear pápers if you wón't  
A little héat bear —” “'Sblóod, ma'am, dón't  
I 'm nót a stóck or stóne my háir  
Óut by the róots to lét you téar.”

(sings) “The Múses thát Hypérion cúrl  
Not hálf so déftly the tongs twírl,  
And Dian's máids with hánds less líght  
Wréath the lócks of the Quéen of níght.”

“Hell’s Fúries, Mádam! Stóp, I sáy —  
I ’ll nót be tréated in this wáy.”

“It ’s dóne, Sir, nów; and in this wórlد  
There.’s nót a périwig bétter cùrled.”

In jóy I júmped up ánd delight;  
But twó of thém with stróng arms tight  
Cáught me, and fórced me dówn agáin,  
And tóld me it was áll in váin,

I cóuld not, ánd I shóuld not, gó,  
To bé a láughing stóck and shów  
With thát black stúbble ón my chin:—  
“Submit with gráce, and lét ’s begin.”

They tóok a lárgé white tábleclóth,  
And spréad it ón me; cóvering bóth  
Shóulders and bódy, légs and féet;  
Ánd its two cónners dréw in néat,

Ánd with a móntroñous córking pin  
Fástened behínd me; thén my chin,  
And bóth cheeks quite up tó the cýes,  
Óne of them with a thick soap size

Láthered all óver, while her friend,  
Cáching me by the nóse’s énd,  
Héld my face stráight up tóward the light,  
And féll to scráping léft and right,  
And néver dréw breath till she ’d quite  
Swépt away cléan, from chéeks and chin,  
Láther and bristles ánd some skin.

I knów not whéther ’twás the páin  
Of só much scráping, ór a gráin

Of sóap intó my nóse that gó,  
Ór that the rázor wás too hot,  
Ór that it wás not hot enóugh,  
But néver yét mixed Lúndy snúff  
That só convúlsed the húman fráme:  
Súdden and vást the explósion cáme;  
“Schnee-itx, schnee-itx” three times I cried,  
“Schnee-itx” three times the wálls replied.  
“What is ‘t ‘s done this?” I wóuld have sáid,  
But — “itx — schnee-itx-itx” cáme instéad;  
“Schnee-itx — a hánkerchief — schnee-itx” —  
“A hánkerchief won’t stóp his fits.”  
Óne of them sáid — “Schnee-itx, schnee-itx” —  
“Sisters, you ‘re évery óne as crúel  
As Priessnitz’ sélf. Get him some grúel —  
You ‘ve given him cold; I ‘ll nót sit by  
And sée you chill him till he die —  
Warm whéy — warm téa — his óther stócking —  
How white his líps, and whát a shócking  
Bláck and blue círcle róund each eýe!  
Hat, cóat and müffler — cóme, Sir, trý,  
Óver this cháir leap, ónce — twice — thrice —  
Well dóne! his lífe ‘s still ón the dice.  
Now róund the róom run — quicker — quicker —  
Óne of you bring a dróp of líquor —  
Some cúraçoa, or chérry brándy,  
Or lávender dróps and súgarcándy.  
He ‘s grówing wárm — he ‘s cóming tó —  
Under the eýes he ‘s fár less blúe;  
I think this time perháps he ‘ll dó  
Withóut a Dóctor. — Sir, no fréttинг;  
Néver was cùre yet without swéating.”  
“Má’am, I ‘m *not* fréttинг; I ‘m half déad;  
I wish you ‘d lét me gó to béd.”

“Nó, by no méans: sit by the fire,  
Drínk barley wáter, ánd perspire;  
Recéive no visitors; réad the néws,  
Or drówsy Wórdsworth — which you chóose —  
Sléep, if you cán.” And with the wórd  
She took the póker, thé fire stírred,  
Wheeled óver to it the élbow cháir,  
Bólstered me úp, and léft me thére.

“Care-éasing Wórdsworth, cóme,” I sáid,  
“Hóver somniferous róund my héad;  
Dim, dárkling, lánguid, listless, dúll,  
Éssence of nóthing, fill me fúll  
Óf thine own sélf.” Scarce hád I sáid,  
Ánd the first Dúddon sónnet réad,  
When niddy nóddy wént my héad,  
And dówn my eyelids sánk like léad,  
Ánd I fell into a sound sléep,  
As déath itsélf profóund and déep,  
Plácid and dréamless. Whén I wóke  
’Twas night; the clóck was ón the stróke  
Of nine or téen; the hóuse being stíll  
I dózed on óver Wórdsworth till  
The fire went óut, and í grew chill,  
And wént to béd; but cóuld not sléep;  
And só, my phántasy to kíep  
Amúsed, and while awáy the time,  
I sét abóut to spin this rhýme.  
And nów I ’ve spún till dáwning líght,  
Ánd a nap ’s cóming — só, good night.

•  
LUETTICHAU-STRASSE, DRESDEN, Jan. 14. 1853.

## NOTHING AND HIS SON.

Nóthing, one mórrning, éarly róse  
Óut of his béd, put ón his clóthes,  
Took hát and stick, and wálked out stráight,  
Sáying, he 'd nót be báck till láte.

Now whíther think'st thou Nóthing 's góne?  
Guéss. “No, I cán't.” To sée his són  
Sómething, who 's sick and líke to díe:  
Make háste, make háste; fly, Nóthing, fly.

Nóthing 's in tíme. Not yét quite déad,  
Sómething turned róund his héavy héad,  
Ánd, with half glázed and swimming eýe,  
Lóoked:— “Heartless síre that létt'st me díe!”

Nóthing unmóved sat; nót hand stírred;  
Hélped not his són with lóok or wórd;  
Like stóck or stóne sat, till he díed,  
And nót even thén shed téar, or sighed.

Some sáy he néver lóved his són,  
Some sáy the són was nót his ówn,  
And sóme déclaré and vów 'tis trúe  
That Nóthing his own óffspring sléw,

A pójisonous dóse gave him each dáy  
Slówly to éat his life awáy,  
Ánd, on the mórrning Sómething died,  
Was séen, when léaving the bedsíde,

The úseless dóse awáy to thrów  
Ínto the fire. It may be só,  
Ór it may nót, for áught I knów —  
Strange things have háppened lóng agó —

Bút, the son déad, and the day spént,  
Nóthing retúrned the wáy he wént,  
Ópened with látchkey the back gáte,  
And sát up ín his stúdy láte;

Whén, growing tired, he wént to béd,  
And slépt sound till the mórníng réd;  
Then róse, put ón his súrtout wárm,  
And sáuntered óut to view his fárm.

AISENHAUS - STRASSE, DRESDEN, May 9. 1853.

#### INSCRIPTION ON THE GATE OF HELL.

Those énter hére by Gód's commánd  
Whom Gód made só they cóuld not stánd;  
For éver hére they lie in páin —  
God's will be dóne! amén, amén.

#### INSCRIPTION ON THE GATE OF HEAVEN.

Free éntrance thróugh this gáte for áll  
Whom Gód made só they cóuld not fáll;  
For éver hére in jóy they dwéll,  
And think upón dear friends in héll.

AISENHAUS - STRASSE, DRESDEN, May 18. 1853.



## TO SELINA.

As the róse among flowers,  
So art thóu among wómen;  
As the móon in the héavens,  
So art thóu among wómen.

As the diamond among péarls,  
So art thóu among wómen;  
As the vine among ólives,  
So art thóu among wómen.

As the pine in the fórest,  
So art thóu among wómen;  
As the White Móunt among Álps,  
So art thóu among wómen.

As Éden among gárdens,  
So art thóu among wómen;  
As Érin among islands,  
So art thóu among wómen.

As thy vóice amid músic,  
So art thóu among wómen;  
As my love to óthers' love,  
So art thóu among wómen.

LOWER BUCKINGHAM-STREET, DUBLIN, July 22. 1823.

TO MISS SHERIDAN,

ON HER HAVING MADE COFFEE FOR THE AUTHOR THE  
PRECEDING EVENING;

*composed the following Morning while breakfasting alone.*

coffee it was very strong, bright-eyed Miss Sheridan,  
like a subtle spirit through all my veins it ran,  
ing me feel more like a god than a mortal man,  
sat on the sofa beside you, bright-eyed Miss Sheridan.

coffee it was very sweet, silken-haired Miss Sheridan,  
sweeter than the famous honey that once flowed in Canaan,  
he nectar quaffed of yore in celestial divan,  
no wonder, for it was you made it, silken-haired Miss Sheridan.

coffee it was very hot, linnet-voiced Miss Sheridan,  
warmed the heart's cockles of a chilly old man,  
ing him home to bed warmer than if he had had a  
warming-pain,  
ink of nothing but you all night, linnet-voiced Miss Sheridan.

coffee was more fragrant, ruby-lipped Miss Sheridan,  
*Eau de Millefleurs* or *Parfum de Jasmin*,  
ny perfume ever thought of since the world began,  
pt the perfume of your own sweet breath, ruby-lipped  
Miss Sheridan.

coffee I have this morning, lily-armed Miss Sheridan,  
different from last night's as Drogheda from Japan,

Or the cóarsest sole-léather from the finest cordován,  
Just because you are not here to máke it, lily-árméd Miss  
Sheridán.

My tóast is burnt to a cínder, rosy-fíngered Miss Sheridán,  
My bútter is only fit to be put into the frying-pán,  
And my milk would water the gárden, if it were poured through  
the watering-cán —

Hów could it be ótherwise, when you are far awáy from me,  
rosy-fíngered Miss Sheridán?

Essy\* télls me it's a sunny mórnинг, kind-héarted Miss Sheridán,  
And wónders why I look as gráve as a Bráhmin or Musselmán,  
But she little dreams I am thinking of yóu and your coffee-cán —  
Oh! whén will you make cóffee for me agáin, kind-héarted Miss  
Sheridán?

FITZWILLIAM-SQUARE, DUBLIN, March 14. 1841.

TO MISS SHERIDAN,  
ON HER HAVING PRESENTED THE AUTHOR WITH A PIECE OF  
GRIDDLE-CAKE.

The cake you sént me was detéstable  
And pérfectly indigéstible;  
I never tasted ánything so abóminable;  
Its sméll was intólerable,  
And its very lóok was hórrible.  
It was as hárd as a piece of máple,  
As tóugh as a ship's cáble,

---

\* The author's maid, celebrated also in "Verses on a Griddle-Cake."

As bláck as a muff of sáble,  
As óld as the Tower of Bábel,  
'And as ugly and sharp-cónered as the gáble  
Of Mr. Pénnesather's stáble.

To swallow a second bit of it I wasn't áble;  
So I told Essy to take it off the táble.

I would rather have éaten a police-cónstable,  
Or a straw bónnet from Dúnstable,  
Or any óther combustible.

You must have tákén me for a cánnibal,  
Or sóme such ravenous ánimál,  
Or the fáther of young Hánníbal,  
To whom all filling stuff is pálatable,  
And who can digést a black bóttle or a rébel  
As easy as a bárn-door fowl a pébble.

Ever since I tásted your cake I have been miseráble,  
With áppetite inconsiderable,  
Sick, giddy, and irritable,  
Shivering, quivering, and to stánd unable,  
Despónding, inconsolable,  
With héad-ache uncontróllable,  
And stómach-ache deplóráble.  
My condition 's unendúrable,  
My lífe 's uninsúrable,  
And, what 's worse, I 'm incuráble,  
For the dóctor, who you know 's infállible,  
Says the cáse is most lámentable,  
And the sýmptoms so fórmidable  
That it 's mórrally impóssible —  
Oh dear! oh déar! I wish I 'd made my will;  
Oh, cruel, crúel fate, inéxorable!  
Why doesn't sómebody bring in a Bill  
To put a stóp to baking cákes upon a griddle?

But then to meet my death from such a belle,  
So graceful and agreeable —  
It 's utterly inconceivable,  
And the whole story, from beginning to end, never-believe-a-belle.

FITZWILLIAM-SQUARE, DUBLIN, March 16. 1841.

## THE DEVIL AND OWEN O'CONNELLY,

OR

## THE NEW IRISH CHANCELLOR.

It was in an Irish churchyard where the bones were lying bare,  
The Dévil walked out one mórning to take a móuthful of fresh áir,  
And as he was musing upon a héap of skulls, the thought  
occurred to him suddenly,  
"It was sómewhere near this spót," says he, "they buried the  
fámous Owen O'Connelly."\*

Then taking up the skúlls one by óne, and exámining them  
phrenologically,

It was not lóng before the Dévil found out the skull of fámous  
Owen O'Connelly;

And having contémplated it some time with an air thóughtful  
and mélancholy,

He put it in his coat pócket, saying, "I 'll make a man of you  
agáin, my fáithful Owen O'Connelly."

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\* See Sir John Temple's History of the Irish Rebellion.

"Lord Maguire and some others of the nobility were appointed to head  
the attack upon Dublin. The plot however was betrayed the preceding day  
by his servant Owen O'Connelly." — M'GEOGREGAN'S *History of Ireland*.

• Dévil took the skull home with him, and as it hadn't a morsel of hair,

an old brown scratch of his own on the top of it, to give it a janty air;

stuck a face in front of it, broad, impudent, and leering, mouth as mealy and servile, as the brow was proud and domineering.

stuffed the skull inside with the brains of a lawyer, it upon a pair of shoulders he had made for a sawyer; and balanced it below with a tail that was long and flexible, and the creature round three times, and vowed he looked quite respectable;

fitting a pipe in his mouth, and giving him a basin of soap and holy water,

, “Counsellor O’Connelly, go and blow bubbles for the people to run after.”

nsellor he blew the bubbles just as the Devil ordered him, red white, green and yellow, thick and thin, great and small, all sorts o’ them.

nil he stood by, and christened every bubble before it left the basin,

the largest green and yellow one he called Catholic Emancipation.

llor,” says the Dévil, “this green and yellow bubble pleases me to my heart’s content;

st the tool I ’ve been looking for, to pull down the Protestant Establishment;

least I can give you for it, is a perpetual seat in the Imperial Parliament.”

His success and the Devil's praise made Counsellor O'Connelly  
bolder,

• And he bléw a bubble up like a ballóon, that startled évery behólder;  
The Devil, when he sáw it, gave a shóut that was heard as fár as hell,  
And signing it with the sign of the cróss, he christened it  
THE REPÉAL.

Then clápping the Counsellor on the báck, he says:— “Mý  
apprentice cléver,  
You have ónly to keep this búbble up, and your fórtune 's  
made for éver;  
Under my direction and mánagement, it will yield you an  
income cléar,  
After deducting all expénses, of ten thóusand pounds a yéar.”

“That 's just hálf my calculátion,” says Counsellor O'Connelly,  
looking innocent;

“If the Repéal 's worth one pénný, it 's worth dóuble that rént;  
But be it less or móre I am ready to séll you the whóle of it,  
Both the Rént and the Repéal, both the bódy and the sóul of it.”

“

“That 's no móre than I expécted from the blóod of an O'Connelly,  
But you háven't named your price yet,” says the Dévil, looking  
sólemnly.

“There 's the Irish cháncellorship,” says the Cónsellor; “it 's  
in the Devil's gift —  
Here 's the Rént and the Repéal,— and you ówe your friend a líft.”

“It 's a bárgain,” says the Dévil, “and you wón't have long to wáit,  
For I was tálking with Old Hannibal yésterday, and he 's bút in  
a crazy státe.

**He 's a dainty bit I have been nūsing ever since the day of  
Emmett's trial,**

**And I have nō compunction in taking him now, after so long  
a self-denial."**

**"It 's a bárgain," says the Cóunsellor, with this clear méaning  
and intént,**

**That the móment I 'm Lord Cháncellor, the Devil may take  
Repeal and Rént."**

**Then the Dévil and the Cóunsellor shook hands, and called each  
other, bróther,**

**Each revólving in his own mind how he bést might cheat the óther;  
And then going báckwards, with great politeness, that néither  
might see the óther's tail,**

**They séparated until the next day, crying "Hurrá for THE  
REPEÁL!"**

**FITZWILLIAM-SQUARE, DUBLIN.**

### **THE POOR-LAW GUARDIAN'S SONG.**

**Says Póor-law Guardian Róbbery  
To Póor-law Guárdian Cháritу:—  
"What if yóu and I should agree  
To rób our néighbour industry,  
And divide his ill-gotten próperty,  
Amóng our dear children thrée,  
Impróvidence, Slóth, and Béggary?"**

**Says Póor-law Guárdian Cháritу  
To Póor-law Guárdian Róbbery:—  
"I like your propósal mightily;**

I always hád an antipathy  
To that stúrdy féllow Índustry;  
He 's quite too indépendent for mé;  
So róbbed and plúndered hé shall bé,  
And his góods divided among our children thrée,  
Impróvidence, Slóth, and Béggary."

Says Póor-law Guárdian Róbbery  
To Póor-law Guárdian Cháritý:—  
“I cáannot expréss my jóy to sée  
How réady you áre to combine with mé  
Agáinst our cómmon énemy,  
That stickler for the rights of próperty,  
That fóe to ‘*Général Commiunity*’, —  
Stúbborn, uncómpromising Índustry.  
So róbbed and plúndered hé shall bé,  
And his góods divided among our children thrée,  
Impróvidence, Slóth, and Béggary.”

“We had bétter próceed cáutiously,”  
Says Póor-law Guárdian Cháritý,  
“For a pówerful féllow is Índustry,  
And his hóuse he 'll defend manfully,  
With the hélp of his wáatch-dog Hónesty;  
But róbbed and plúndered hé must bé,  
Or whát will becóme of our children thrée,  
Impróvidence, Slóth, and Béggary?”

“I 've a crow-bár,” says Róbbery;  
“Six húndred and éight and fifty  
Jóbbing smiths forged it for mé,  
And I cáll it my Legáility;  
It will bréak in his dóor though stróng it be,  
And knock óut the bráins of his dog Hónesty.”

“And whén we are in,” says Cháritý,  
“We ’ll bind hand and foot Master Índustry,  
With this rópe of injústice and crúelty,  
Which Públic Opínion has lénkt to mé,  
And we ’ll séize upon áll his próperty,  
And divide it amóngh our dear children thrée,  
Impróvidence, Slóth, and Béggary.”

Then awáy went the Gúardians in cónpany,  
And a pléasanter sight you cóuld not sée  
Than Róbbery linked with Cháritý.  
And they took the crow-bár Legálity,  
And the rópe of injústice and crúelty,  
And broke ópen the dóor of Índustry,  
And knocked out the bráins of his dog Hónesty,  
And bound himself like a thief for the gállows-tréé,  
And blinded his eyés, that he might not sée,  
While they plúndered his hóuse of his próperty,  
To divide amóngh their dear children thrée,  
Impróvidence, Slóth, and Béggary.

FITZWILLIAM-SQUARE, DUBLIN, April 3. 1841.

SENT TO SELINA ON HER BIRTH-DAY, WITH  
A BASKET OF CHERRIES.

Chérries frésh, and chérries fáir!  
Préttier chérries néver wére;  
Gréat grand-dáughters, évery óne,  
Óf that fámous chérry-stóne  
By Lucúllus bróught, you knów,  
Móre than two thóusand yéars agó,

Fróm its Míthridátic hóme  
Ín old Póntus, tó new Róme,  
And plánted ín his villa thére,  
And chérished, án exótic ráre,  
Tíll it bórē its blúshing bérries,  
And Rómans éal dessérts of chérries.

Chérries frésh, and chérries fáir!  
Lóvelier chérries néver wére;  
Blóod-red ás pomegránate flówer,  
Or fúchsia péndent fróm the bówer  
Where Márs met Vénus át high nónon;  
Ánd whispered, Vúlcan wás a lónon.

Chérries frésh, and chérries fáir!  
Júicier chérries néver wére;  
Mélting swéet as ápricot,  
Or citron péar, or bérgamot,  
Or dówny péach, or néctarine,  
Ór green gáge, of frúits the quéen;  
Ór the ámber déw bees síp  
From flówering lindens, whén they drip  
Frágrant shówers in hot Julý,  
Under the fláring sóuthern ský,  
And évery flóweret is alive,  
Ánd the whole trée 's one búZZing híve.

Chérries frésh, and chérries fáir!  
Ríper chérries néver wére:  
Will ye óf my chérries sháre?  
Púlled this mórníng wét with déw,  
With mine ówn hand púlled for yóu,  
Pácked with léaves in básket néat,  
And sént you fór your birth-day tréat.

Birth-days mány may you sée,  
As chérries ón my chérry trée,  
And évery birth-day háppier bé;  
Me lóving móre, more lóved by mé;  
Untouched still by blight or blást,  
Sweetening, ripening, till at lást,  
Drópping noiseless fróm the trée,  
You 're gáthered to etérnity.

LKEY LODGE, DALKEY, June 20. 1841.

### WORDSWORTH'S HORSE.

Will Wórdsworth wás a stéady mán,  
That lived near Ámbleside,  
And much he lónged to háve a hórse,  
Which hé might éasy ride.

It chánced one dáy a hórse came by,  
Of púre Arábian bréed,  
Géntle though próud, and stróng of límb:  
It wás a gállant stéed!

Full mány a nóbble ríder bold  
This gállant stéed had bórne;  
And évery óne upón his brów  
The láurel wréath had wórn.

Those nóbble riders déad and góne,  
And in the cold earth láid,  
The gállant stéed by Wórdsworth's dóor  
Without an ówner stráyed.

No móre adó; the stéed is cáught;  
Upón him Wórdsworth géts;  
The génerous cóurser páws and réars;  
And 'gáinst the bridle fréts.

“He 's téo high-méttled,” Wórdsworth sáys,  
“And shákes me in my séat;  
He must be bálléd, and drénched, and bléd,  
And géét much léss to éat.”

So bálléd, and drénched, and bléd he wás,  
And pút on lówer diet;  
And Wórdsworth with delight obsérved  
Him grów each dáy more quiet.

And first he téok from him his óats,  
And thén he téok his háy;  
Until at lást he féd him ón  
A single stráw a dáy.

What háppened néxt to this poor stéed  
There 's not a chíld but knóws;  
Death clósed his eýes, as í my sóng,  
And énded áll his wóes.

And ón a stóne, near Rýdal Móunt,  
These wórds are pláin to sée: —  
“Here líe the bónes of thát famed stéed,  
High-méttled Póesý.”

FITZWILLIAM-SQUARE, DUBLIN, April, 1840.

## WORDSWORTH AND THE PIG.

Wórdsworth walked ónce near Ámbleside,  
Upon a súmmer's day,  
And, upward gázing, strúck his lyre  
To this majéstic láy:—

“There 's póetry in évery thing,  
In smáll as wéll as big” —  
But just as hé had gót so fár,  
He tród upón a pig.

“Hóorch!” quoth the pig, with súch a grúnt,  
As yóu might wéll excúse,  
If éver yóu had séen the náils  
In the great póet's shóes.

“Hóorch!” quoth the póet, “thére it is,  
As pláin as pláin can bé;  
Éven in this pig's grunt í do héar  
The vóice of póetry.

“There 's póetry in évery thing,  
In smáll as wéll as big;  
In Goody Bláke and Harry Gill,  
And in this grúnting pig.

“There 's póetry in évery thing  
We héar, or sée, or sméll;  
You háve it hére in ‘hóorch! hóorch! hóorch!’  
And thére in Péter Béll.

“For póetry 's but náatural thóught  
In náatural sóunds expréssed,  
And thát which háth the léast of árt  
The trúest is and bést.

“Of póets, thérefore, wé 're the firſt,  
Thou grúnting pig and I;  
For whére 's the póet thát with ús  
In ártlessness can víe?”

Eláte he sáid: then ónward pássed,  
And báde the pig adieu;  
And thén his lýre he strúck agáin,  
And sáng with rápture néw:—

“There 's póetry in évery thíng,  
In smáll as wéll as big;  
In Góody Bláke and Hárry Gill,  
And in yon grúnting pig.”

FITZWILLIAM - SQUARE, DUBLIN, June 28. 1842.

ANSWER TO MRS. JANE HOPKINS'S INVITATION  
TO DRINK TEA WITH HER,

JULY 15, 1842.

The mínute I gót  
Your bít of a nóte,  
Says I to my wife:—  
“My déarest lífe,  
Will ye or nó  
To áunt Jenny gó,  
To-mórrow night,  
At hér invite,

To drink your tea  
In her company?"  
Says my wife to me:—  
"I can't but agree;  
For the offer 's good,  
And 'twould be rude  
To say her no,  
So we will go;  
But what will you  
With Katharine\* do?"  
"She 's not forgot;  
See, here 's the note;  
It 's I and you,  
And Katharine too;  
So say no more,  
For at her door  
We 'll be by eight,  
In spite of fate;  
And you and she  
Will drink your tea.  
And Mrs. Stanley  
Will make coffee  
For the doctor and me;  
And we 'll laugh and chat  
About this and that,  
And happy we 'll be,  
As formerly;  
And I 'll lay you a bet,  
That of the whole set,  
Aunt Jenny will be  
The most merry,  
Though, between you and me,

She 's fóurscore and thrée;  
And I héar people sáy,  
She 'll go ón the same wáy  
Till she 's fivescóre,  
Or máy-be móre,  
And évery dáy,  
Like wine or háy,  
With áge improvíng,  
More lóved and lóving  
Will be grówing;  
So lét 's be góing,  
Gáy and héarty,  
Tó her pártv,  
To - mórrow night;  
And í will write  
To sáy we 'll knóck  
At éight o'clóck."

FITZWILLIAM - SQUARE, DUBLIN.

### L I N E S

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL UNDER A FLATTERING PORTRAIT OF  
A COUSIN OF THE AUTHOR.

Wónderful ártist! whát a chárming gráce  
Líves in these línes, and pláys o'er áll this fáce!  
These eýes how bright! how rósy réd this chéek!  
And hów these líps, half párted, álmost spéak!  
Hów this chin dímples! this gold-bráided háir  
How glóssy smóoth! how smáll and whíte this éar!  
Wónderful ártist! thát could éven to Éllen  
Give Vénus' féatures, ánd the áir of Hélen.

FITZWILLIAM - SQUARE, DUBLIN, 1844.

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF A LADY,  
WHO HAD GIVEN THE AUTHOR, FOR SUBJECT, "A CAPTIVE'S LAMENT  
FOR THE LOSS OF HIS LIBERTY."

Dóst thou but móck me, whén thou bid'st me sing  
The cáptive's gúshing téars for líberty?  
Or dóst not knów thou hast bóund me with a cháin,  
From which I wóuld not, if I cóuld, be fréé?

VIRE, IN NORMANDY, Jan. 5. 1846.

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM.

The scúlptor, ere he tákes  
The chisel in his hánd,  
Draws the ínkleing of his thóught  
On pásteboard or in sánd:  
So tó thine Album í  
The sécret first impárt,  
Which my trúe love burns to write  
On the márble of thy héart.

VIRE, IN NORMANDY, March 5. 1846.

## THE STRANGER AND THE VAUX DE VIRE.

WRITTEN AT VIRE, IN NORMANDY, EARLY IN THE SPRING OF  
THE YEAR 1846.

### VAUX DE VIRE.

Stáy, stranger, stáy: why léav'st the Váux de Vire?  
'Tis the sweet spring-time, júst the ópening yéar;  
Have wé done áught to hárñ thee ór displéase?  
Ór in France fínd'st thou lóvelier fields than thése?

### STRANGER.

Swéet is the spring amón̄g the Váux de Vire,  
And swéet the ópening óf the néw-born yéar;  
Nóught have ye dóne to hárñ me ór displéase,  
Nór in France séek I lóvelier fields than thése.

### VAUX DE VIRE.

Then whý, O stránger, whý so sóon awáy,  
Ánd thy back túrned upón our cóming Máy?  
With sófter bréath each mórn the zéphyr blóws,  
With brighter tínts each éven the súunset glóws.

### STRANGER.

A lánd there ís beyónd your nórthern séa,  
More déar than éven the Váux de Vire to mé;  
A lánd of hill- and -dále slope, flówer, and tréé,  
And rúddy súunset ánd bird-mélody.

### VAUX DE VIRE.

Far óff *that* lánd, far óff beyónd the déep;  
Rócks rise betwéen, waves róll, and témpests swéep;  
Óur spring is nigh; thou sée'st the violet péeping;  
In yónder búsh 'tis Philomel that 's chéeping.

STRANGER.

In thát far lánd, .beyónd that stórmý séa.  
Are friends that lóve me, knów me, think of mé;  
Benéath its sód my bábies twáin are láid,  
Ánd its long gráss waves ó'er my móther's héad;

Waves ó'er that móther's héad who só oft bléssed me,  
Ánd to her bating bósom só oft préssed me;  
That nóble móther tó whose lóve I ówe  
Áll that I ám, or hópe, or séel, or knów;

That wónt so óft, on súch an éve, to léan  
Her árm on míne, and póint to súch a scéne,  
To súch a glówing héaven and sétting sún;  
Then túrn and sée the night come slówly ón;

And thén the flush upón her fúrrowed chéek  
Would téll the thóught she vénutured nót to spéak,  
That *her* night, tóo, was cóming, *her* day pást,  
Ánd from her lóved ones shé must párt at lást.

Ánd she is párted; in that fár lánd láid;  
Ánd its long gráss waves ó'er my móther's héad:  
Then fáre ye wéll, sweet fields, I stáy not hére;  
Bléssing and péace be with the Váux de Víre;

Be with those órchard wálk and cóppiced bráes,  
Where hápless Básselin póured his úntaught láys;  
Lóng shall your mémory tó my héart be déar;  
Bléssing and péace be with the Váux de Víre.

## THE TRAVELLER AND THE NORTH-WEST WIND.

WRITTEN AT VIRE, IN NORMANDY. MARCH, 1846.

### TRAVELLER.

Now whére hast thou béen, thou Nórth-west Wind,  
Now whére hast thou béen, tell mé?

### NORTH-WEST WIND.

I have béen far awáy in the Írish lánd,  
And beyónd the Írish Séa.

### TRAVELLER.

And whát hast thou séen in that fár Irish lánd,  
And whát hast thou séen, I pray?  
Hast thou séen a low hóuse near the édge of the róad,  
As by Dálkey thou took'st thy wáy?

### NORTH-WEST WIND.

And is it a hóuse with its side to the róad,  
And its fáce to a láwn so gréen?

### TRAVELLER.

Ah! thát is the hóuse, my déar North-west Wind,  
My sister's hóuse thou hast séen.

### NORTH-WEST WIND.

And hás it a wicket, that láwn so gréen,  
In the sháde of an óld sycamóre;  
And thrée steps úp to a grávelled cóurt  
In frón of that low cabin-dóor?

TRAVELLER.

**h!** thát is the wícket that éach Sunday éve  
So joyfully ópened to mé,  
; I and my lóved ones the lóved ones sóught,  
That dwélt by that sýcamore tréé.

NORTH - WEST WIND.

**I**d hás that low cabin a window that lóoks  
To the sóuth on a gárden fáir,  
hère the vérvain leans úp to the window-páne,  
And the églantine scénts the áir?

TRAVELLER.

**I**! thát is the window, where shé used to sit  
That will né'er in that window sit móre,  
láy up agáin for dear children or friend  
The láef of that vérvain in stóre.

NORTH - WEST WIND.

**I**t still in that window a lády there sits,  
And gáthers the vérvain leaf gréen —

TRAVELLER.

**A**h! thát is her dáughter — coíne kiss me, dear Wínd —  
Ah! thát is my sister thou 'st séen.

**W**ad díd she look mérry? or díd she look sád?  
Or didst thou her vóice chance to héar?

NORTH - WEST WIND.

**H**! sád was her lóok, and pláintive her vóice,  
And I thóught in her eýc stood a téar;

**W**énd thése were the wórds I héard her sing,  
As I dróoped my wing by the páne:—  
How lóng and slów the móments gó!  
Shall I é'er see my bróther agáin?"

And fár within accómpanied  
A piáno in sóftest stráin:—  
“How lóng and slów the móments gó!  
Shall I é'er see my bróther agáin?”

TRAVELLER.

Fly báck, fly báck, thou Nórth-west Wind,  
Fly báck to that gárdén agáin,  
And sóftly bréathe in the vérvain léaves,  
And whíspér át that páne:—

“Anóther half-yéar, and hé will be hére,  
That bróther we lóve so wéll,  
I héar his fóot, and I knów his púll  
Upón the wicket béll.

“But wé ’ll not wait hére anóther half-yéar,  
For the stórmý wínter ’s góne;  
And the wind that soft bréathes in the vérvain léaves,  
Will wáft us to Fránce anón.

“Then the tíme that hangs nów with nightmare wéight  
On bróther and sisters párted,  
Will seem shórt as lark’s sóng, or a Midsummer Dréam  
Of Shákespeare the ángel-héarted.

“And whén the pléasant half-yéar is fléd,  
And the dáys grow dárk agáin,  
We ’ll retúrn with him to this lów-roofed hóuse,  
This window ánd verváin;

“And róund the téa-table, róund the héarth,  
Bróther and sisters once móre  
Will gáther, and sit, and láugh, and chát,  
As on Súnday éves of yóre;

“As oft on Súnday éve we gáthered,  
Sisters lóving, lóving bróther,  
Róund the téa-table, róund the héarth,  
Children of a living móther.

“That móther déad we 'll lóve the móre,  
We 'll lóve the móre each óther;  
And, ónce we have mét, ne'er párt agáin,  
Sisters lóving, lóving bróther.”

## P A R I S.

Páris! huge Páris! before me exténding,  
her spíres, and her dómes, and her streeets never-énding;  
her bóulevards, gárdens, and óbelisks tall,  
the blúe summer sky looking dówn upon áll.

Páris! gay Páris! soft pálace of pléasure,  
re to joy there 's no énd, to refinement no méasure;  
cáfé and théatre, sálon and báll,  
the stárs' midnight-wáatch looking dówn upon áll.

Páris! wise Páris! staid city of léarning,  
éúnion, and cércle, and sávant discérning,  
cademy, cóllege, and ínstitute-háll,  
Mólière's calm spírit looking dówn upon áll.

Páris! strong Páris! that róse in her might,  
crushed with one héel-stamp earth's kings' divine right,  
ke sleeping nátions with fréedom's trump cáll,  
shook Gód on his thróne, looking dówn upon áll.

'Tis Páris! mad Páris! red city of blóod,  
On whose stónes scarce dry yét her sons' stréaming life-flóod;  
Scarce silent the túmbril's lourd róll, and the fall  
Of the guillotine-áxe looking dówn upon áll.

'Tis Páris! throng Páris! warm bée-hive of life,  
Of bústle, and íntrigue, and pólitic strife,  
Of démocrat émeute and Cálist cabál,  
And sly Louís Philippe looking dówn upon áll.

'Tis Páris! bride Páris! arráyed in her bést;  
For the brídegroom is wáiting, and só is the féast:  
The féast, 'tis laid óut in chill Père-la-Chaise háll,  
And the brídegroom 's grim Déath looking dówn upon áll.

'Tis Páris! huge Páris! before me exténding,  
With her spíres, and her dómes, and her stréêts never-énding;  
With her búlevards, gárdens, and óbelisks táll,  
And the blúe summer sky looking dówn upon áll.

PARIS, June 11. 1846.

JOURNEY FROM TRENT, TO RIVA ON  
THE LAGO DI GARDA.

JUNE 7. 1847.

At five leave Trént,  
In cóach and páir,  
For Riva bést,  
And cóoler áir,

My wife and í  
And dáughter táll,  
And Maéstro Mónti,  
Fóur in áll.

Good company

In sooth are we,  
And for six hours  
May well agree,

If quarrels come,  
As poets teach,  
From to free use  
Of the parts of speech;

For we no word have  
Of Italian;  
No English he,  
Nor cramp Germanian;

And has not even  
The acquaintance made,  
Of Mamselle French,  
That common jade,

That walks at ease  
Wide Europe's streets,  
And laughs and chats  
With all she meets.

Pleasant the view is,  
As our carriage  
Rolls smoothly down  
The Vale of Adige:

Toward southern suns  
And genial skies,  
Gently sloped  
That valley lies.

From wintry blásts,  
North, éast, and wést,  
Álpine stéeps  
Defénd its bréast;

Ánd with a thóusand  
Íce-fed rills  
Wáter its fields,  
And túrn its mills;

And cóol the súltry  
Súmmer áir,  
And pláy sweet músic  
Tó the éar.

Hére the clíffs  
Are bléak and báre,  
With pine fórests  
Cóvered thére;

Ór with várious  
Cárpet spréad,  
Of férn and héath,  
The bláck-cock's béd.

Here míca schist,  
Red pórphyry,  
And gránite péaks,  
Inváde the ský.

There slúmbering márble  
Wáits the hánd  
That bids it into  
Life to stánd.

Lówer dówn  
The sándstone róck;  
Át our féet  
The bóulder blóck.

Pléasant the view is,  
Ás our carriage  
Rolls smóothly dówn  
The Vále of Ádige:

Tréllised vines  
Stretch fár and néar,  
Through fields of léntil,  
Máize, and béré;

Chésnut and wálnut  
Státely stánd,  
Flánking the róad  
On éither hánd;

And géntler willow  
Lénds its sháde,  
And dróops and árches  
Óverhéad;

And súnburnt péasants'  
Hánds rapácious  
Cúll the múlberry's  
Fóliage précious.

The sácks stand fúll,  
The cárts are lóaded,  
The táwny óxen  
Yóked and góaded;

The máster héars,  
With éars of pléasure,  
The áxle gróan  
Benéath the tréasure.

Let six weeks páss,  
The wórk is dóne,  
The wórms are féd,  
The cócoons spún,

The chrýsalis killed,  
Its íntricate clúe  
Unrávelled nice,  
And spún anéw

Ínto a firm,  
Tenácious líne,  
Yéllow as góld,  
As góssamer fíne;

Párent óf  
The bómbazine,  
Rústling sársnet,  
Sátin shéen;

Óf the sófa's  
Gáy brocáde,  
Óf the lútestring  
Quilted béd;

Óf the flág  
That flóats on high,  
Defiance tó  
The énemý;

Óf the gárter,  
Óf the pall;  
Wónd'rous thréad  
That mák'st them áll!

Pleasant the view is,  
Ás our cárriage  
Rolls smóothly down  
The Vale of Ádige:

Ón our right hand  
Thé broad river.  
Gráy and cléar,  
And spárking éver;

Ín its stóny  
Chánnel dáshing,  
Ráving, fréttng,  
Fóaming, spláshing.

Whát though still  
Its cóurse is fóward,  
Whát though still  
It rúshes ónward,

Dównward still  
Althóugh its mótion,  
Tóward the vást  
Absórbing ócean,

Sée, each wávelet  
Báckward cúrls;  
Sée, revérsed  
Each éddy swirls;

Sée, it cássts  
Its língering lóok  
Toward the scénes  
It háth forsóok,

Toward its náttive  
Órteler móuntain,  
Toward its párent  
Glácier fóuntain.

Life's tráveller só  
Casts báck his view  
Ón the dear scénes  
His chíldhood knéw.

With fáce revérted,  
Só is bórne  
Dówn the rough róad  
Whence nó retúrn,

And plúnged at lást  
Intó the séa,  
By fíntes cálled  
Etérnity.

Pléasant the view is,  
Ás our cárriage  
Rolls smóothly dówn  
The Vále of Ádige:

We thréad the górgé  
Where Lágerthál  
In báttle sáw  
Sanséverin fáll;

Leave on the right  
Old Cástelbárco,  
And héar thy tówer,  
Hóly San Márco,

Chime night's first wáatch  
In Róveréith,  
Ás we arrive,  
At half- past éight.

Áfter supper,  
Frésh and mérry,  
Wést we turn  
Toward Ádige férry;

And whére, 'twixt báanks  
Of flówery rúshes,  
Deep, silent, smóoth,  
The river gúshes,

Cárrage and áll  
Acróss we flóat  
In bróad, flat-bóttomed  
Lúgger-bóat.

Dárk though it bé,  
Small féar have wé.  
And Maéstro 's still  
Good cómpany;

And, párt by signs,  
And párt by lóoks,  
And párt by wórds  
Picked óut of bóoks,

Contrives to let us  
Understand  
He guides us through  
No unknown land;

Guides us through Móri's  
Village rude —  
'Twere picturesque  
By day-light viewed —

Past Lóppio's lake,  
With islands dotted;  
Past Lóppio's rocks,  
With lichens spotted.

Where our passing  
Lamp-light falls  
On yonder gray  
Time-eaten walls,

Awful from  
The rocky steep  
Frowned, Nágo, once  
Thy castled keep.

Our downward course  
Is fair and free,  
From those drear heights  
To Tórbolé,

Where, snugly moored  
In Mórpheus' arms,  
Lake Gárda's boatmen  
Dream of storms.

Hung on lines

Their nets are drying,  
High on the strand  
Their boats are lying.

Cross we then

Hoarse Sarca's bridge,  
And turn Mont Brion's  
Jutting ridge.

Where scantily may  
The strait road sweep,  
'Twixt the deep lake  
And mountain steep,

Overhead

Hangs drearily  
The glimmering lamp  
Of a Calvary.

From widow's curse  
That lamp is fed,  
A widow's tears  
On that slab are read:—

“Fellow-sinner,  
Bend thy knee,  
Fellow-sinner,  
Pray with me

“For him that in  
The tempest's shock,  
Foundering sank  
By yonder rock.

“Móther of Gód,  
The sáilor sáve,  
Ón Lake Gárda’s  
Dángerous wáve.”

Two shórt miles móre  
Run quickly pást,  
And Riva sáfe  
We réach at lást;

And júst as cócks  
And clócks tell óne,  
At Íl Giardino \*  
Áre set dówn,

Where Maéstro Mónti  
Bids good níght,  
And áll to béd  
In wéary plíght.

---

\* This picturesque and truly Italian hotel (called Il Giardino, from its public garden opening on the lake) has been lately pulled down, to make room for the Austrian fortifications with which the hitherto secluded and peaceful valley of Riva has, alas! at last begun to bristle. — J. H. 1850.

## TRUTH.

ITEN IN FRAEULEIN CLARA ATTLMAYER'S ALBUM, ON LEAVING  
SCHLOSS WEYERBURG.\*

Státelier than Weyérburg Schlóss, I wéen,  
Fairer thán its bówers so gréen,  
Frésher thán the móuntain bréaze  
Whispering thróugh its wálnut trées,  
Cléarer thán the gúrgling rílls  
Trickling fróm its snow-clad hills,  
Sweeter thán the frágrance spréad  
By its gay carnátion béd,  
Lóvelier thán the próspect wide  
Fróm its tówers on évery side,

---

\* Schloss Weyerburg is a castle situated on the first heights of the Alps, where they rise immediately over the city of Innsbruck, in the north. It formerly belonged to, and was occasionally the residence of, the Emperor Maximilian, and is now owned and inhabited by the family of Attlmayer of Innsbruck. It was in the great hall of this castle the Emperor received in state the Venetian Ambassadors. From this hall, or, if you please, from its balcony, elevated from forty to fifty feet above the high and steep rock on which the castle stands, is a prospect not to be surpassed, perhaps, in the world. In the foreground and far below you, on the right, in the distance, are the parks, gardens, and green meadows, the white, open, and clearly built city of Innsbruck, with its famous wooden bridge, its innumerable gilded spires and cupolas glittering in the sun; immediately in front, and at an equal depth below, the rushing and turbulent river, and the valley of the Inn; beyond, on the first

Nóbler thán its ámple háll,  
Strónger thán its mássive wáll,  
Déarer to Gód and ángels fár  
Thán its chápel, thán its práy'r,  
Ís the unvárnished wórd of trúth,  
Íssuing fróm the líps of yóuth,  
The guíleless líps of máiden fáir,  
Clára and Ánna Áttlmáyer:  
Wéll might ripe áge leárn wísdom thére.

June 11. 1849.

---

heights of the opposite or southern range of Alps, the royal cast~~le~~ of Schloss Ambras (larger and statelier than Weyerburg, and out~~of~~ an upper window of which, Wallenstein, when a boy, fell, and e~~sc~~aped unhurt); farther beyond, and above, the lower plateau of the Alps, gently swelling, green, grassy, and studded with whi~~te~~ cottages, chapels, hamlets, and clumps of trees; still higher, a~~nd~~ retreating backward, the rocky sides of the Alps, here and the~~re~~ covered with pine forests; and high above all, the long line of the bleak and snow-clad pinnacles mingling with the clouds; on the l~~e~~ the broad and rapid river again, passing under a suspension-bridg~~e~~ and, garnished with poplars, threading its way along the windin~~g~~ of the valley towards the far off Danube, and finally disappearin~~g~~ behind the market-town of Hall.

Allusion is made in the above lines, and particularly in the l~~e~~ of them, to a circumstance which occurred during the author's re~~s~~idence in this Castle, in the summer of 1849.

## WEYERBURG'S BOWERS SO GREEN.

WRITTEN IN FRAEULEIN ANNA ATTLMAYER'S ALBUM, ON OCCASION OF  
LEAVING SCHLOSS WEYERBURG, NEAR INNSBRUCK, JUNE 11, 1849.

“Tell me, sweet Anna, tell me, pray,  
How many thou hast seen,  
Rich, noble, valiant, grave, or gay,  
‘Mongst Weyerburg’s bowers so green?’”

“Rich, noble, valiant, grave, or gay,  
As many I have seen,  
As are the leaves upon the trees  
‘Mongst Weyerburg’s bowers so green.’”

“How many happy, tell me now,  
Sweet Anna, hast thou seen?”  
“Happy! I never saw but two  
‘Mongst Weyerburg’s bowers so green.’”

“A father and a daughter here  
From Ireland I have seen;  
A parent kind, a dutious child,  
‘Mongst Weyerburg’s bowers so green.’”

“They were not rich, they were not great,  
Far better they, I ween;  
Fond of each other, just toward all,  
‘Mongst Weyerburg’s bowers so green.’”

“Háppy they wére, if háppiness  
Éver on éarth has béen;  
A ténder sire, a lóving child,  
'Mongst Weyérburg's bówers so gréen.

“I lóve to sit and think of théim,  
To bé where théy have béen;  
Ah! dó they éver think of mé,  
And Weyérburg's bówers so gréen?”

TO FRAEULEIN LAURA WIDMANN,  
ON OCCASION OF A SEARCH IN VAIN FOR HER PORTRAIT, LOST ~~IN~~  
MY APARTMENT IN THE HOTEL AT INNSBRUCK.

I séarched my chámber róund and róund,  
The táble, sófa, cháirs, and gróund,  
But nówhere Láura's pícture fóund;  
Till cásting, ór by fáte or chánce,  
Upón my inward sélf a glánce,  
I spied, in sécret nóok remóte —  
Say, Láura, wás it whát I sóught —  
An ángel's pórtrait without náme,  
Dráwn on my héart in strókes of fláme!

June 14. 1849.

## THE FROWN AND THE SMILE.

FOR SELINA'S ALBUM.

“Come, in my álbum write a vérse,”  
Matilda said once to a póet;  
“But mind, no nonsense; for I vów.  
To áll the wórld I ’ll surely shów it.”

He took the pén, and trémbling wróte  
These véry wórds, or nérly:  
“Of áll the máids I knów on éarth  
There ’s nóné I lóve so déarly —”

Matilda, frówning, stópped him shórt:—  
“My álbum, yóu have spoiled it,  
I wóuld not for my bést new gówn,  
Your pén had éver soiled it.”

“Spoiled whát? soiled whát?” the póet cried;  
“Pray, Mádam, lét me finish;  
The bútter ’s hére, but not the bréad —  
The éggs, but not the spinach.”

He took the pén agáin, and wróte,  
Firmly this time, and cléarly:  
“Of áll the máids I knów on éarth  
There ’s nóné I lóve so déarly,

“That í for hére one hóur would lóse  
Of háppy báchelor life.”  
Matilda smiled; and ére a móonth  
The póet called Matilda wife.

LEGHORN, November, 1849.

TO MISS LOUISA GRACE,

WHEN THE AUTHOR WAS LEAVING PISTOJA, WHERE HE HAD BEEN  
PAYING HER A VISIT.

Cease, céase, ye téars, to blót the fárewell línes  
My héart at pártíng tó Louísa sénds;  
Dry them, and with them póst to hér, ye sighs,  
Fáithfullest couriers bétwixt párted friends.

LEGHORN, November 16, 1849.

TO THE SAME,

FROM VILLA STROZZI, ROME.

The téar-drops, fróm our cýelids stártíng,  
So fást upón our páper féll,  
'Twas áll in váin we stróve, at pártíng,  
To write our friend one kind farewéll.

By líme assúaged, our sórrow nów  
Assúmes a sóberer, sófter húe,  
And sighs, not téars, déclaré the páin  
With which we bid our friend adieu.

Adieu! be háppy! think sometimes  
Óf the two friends that lóved thee só;  
Óur hearts still fóndly túrn to thée,  
Thróugh the wide wórld wheree'er we gó.

December 7. 1849.

## PART OF A LETTER FROM THE AUTHOR TO AN ANTIQUARIAN FRIEND IN IRELAND,

GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF THE TOMB OF ATISTIA, WIFE OF EURYSACES,  
RECENTLY DISCOVERED AT ROME, OUTSIDE THE PORTA MAGGIORE,  
ON THE ROAD TO NAPLES BY FROSINONE.\*

\* \* \* \* \*

Or may be you 'd rather I 'd tell you the story  
Of the baker's wife's tomb outside Pórta Maggiore,  
How for fourteen long centuries snugly it lay  
Built up in the works which Honórius one day  
So awkwardly raised at the Lábian gáte,  
And Pope Pius the Séventh demolished of late,  
Bringing back into daylight the móument quéer,  
By the funny old baker erected hére,  
To receive the remains of Atistia, his wife,  
Before him depárted this troublesome life:—  
“A véry good wife was Atistia to mé,  
As áll will obsérve who this móument sée,

---

\* There are two inscriptions belonging to this tomb. The words  
of the first are:—

VIT ATISTIA VXOR MIHEI FEMINA OPITVMA VEIXIT QVOIVS CORPORIS  
RELIQVIAE QVOD SVPERANT SVNT IN HOC PANARO

This inscription has been removed, along with the full-length  
figures of the husband and wife, and affixed to an adjoining wall.

The words of the second inscription are:—

EST HOC MONIMENTVM MARCEI VERGILEI EVRYSACIS  
PISTORIS REDEMATORIS APPARIT

This has been left in situ, simply, as it would seem, because it  
could not be removed without pulling down the entire building.

All the subjects described in the text are actually to be seen on  
the frieze.

Which, in hónor of hér and my báking tráde,  
In the shápe of a báker's panárium I 've máde;  
And the móre to expreß my deep cónjugal grief  
In the frónt I 've set úp the dear créature's relief,  
With my ówn inconsólable sélf by her side,  
In my bést toga dréssed, for rich bákers have pride;  
And abóve on the frieze the whole árt I 've displáyed  
Of the Róman flour-mílling and báking tráde.  
The gráin you see first, then the míll, then the flóur;  
The knéading comes néxt, then the míxing the sóur;  
And thére, in the mídst of the bákehouse, commánding  
How the wórk shall be dóne, the chief óverseer 's stánding;  
And in frónt of the húge, gaping móuth of the óven,  
The jóurneymen réady the néw batch to shóve in,  
Arms náked, legs náked, long shóvels in their hánds;  
And high on the cóunter the státera stánds;  
And cùstomers in at the shóp-door are drópping,  
And sóme into bágs the smáll loaves are pópping,  
While óthers the lárge loaves are cútting and wéighing,  
And the clérk 's taking cóunt of the móney they 're páying:  
Your éar must be dúll not to héar what they 're sáying.  
And nów to the óther side fóllow the frieze,  
And you 'll sée a square bóx—more this wáy, if you pléase—  
There it is, a square bóx, rather lónger than wide,  
Pierced thróugh with round hóles the whole léngth of its side,  
*A jóur*, as the Fránk says, to lét the light thróugh,  
For the óffside would mátch, were it pláced within view;  
The panárium that is, where, accórding to rúle,  
Each fresh bátch from the óven is sét by to cóol;  
That véry panárium — I hópe I don't bóré ye —  
That supplíed the design of the tómb here befóre ye,  
Where to cóol I 've laid by sweet Atistia, my wífe,  
Fresh and crísp from this hót, baking, óven of lífe;  
And whére, kissing crúst to crust, ón the same shélf,

I 'll be láid with her, pléase Jove, some fine day mysélf.  
Eurýsaces, miller and báker, am í,  
And, by letters pátent, monópolý  
Enjóy of the milling and báking tráde;  
And óf this panárium what móre need be sáid?"

VILLA STROZZI, ROME, Dec. 13. 1849.

#### TO MEMORY.

Wizard, begóne! and lét me néver  
Sée thy háted fáce agáin!  
Thou prómisedst a róund of pléasure,  
Ánd hast given me nóught but páin.

Cóuld thy cónjuring ród not cáll up  
The déar scenes óf depárted yéars,  
Bút it must sáme time fróm my pór heart  
Strike a flóod of scálding téars?

Cóuld thine enchanted gláss not shów me  
The rádiant fórms my bóyhood knéw,  
Bút it must thrúst their sépulchres,  
Át the same móment, ón my view?

Cóuld not thy mágic écho sing me  
Nótes from líps of lóve that féll,  
Bút it must same instant bring me  
Their lóng and língering lást farewéll?

Juggling wizard, how I hate thee,  
With thy mágic and thy spélls,  
By black Mélanchóly taught thee  
In her silent, sunless célls!

Foul enhánter, hénce! and drówn thee  
In the dépths of Léthe's wáve!  
Fáir is the wórld God spréads aróund me,  
Thóu wouldest máke it bút a gráve.

VILLA STROZZI, ROME, Jan. 13. 1850.

### L I N E S

SUGGESTED BY THE COMPLETE INTERRUPTION OF MY NEWLY MADE,  
BUT MUCH VALUED ACQUAINTANCE WITH THE REV. W. SCRIBNER,  
OF NEW YORK, BY HIS DEPARTURE FROM ROME FOR NAPLES,  
JANUARY 7. 1850.

Sée the fire, how fást it búnrs!  
Ánd the stréam, how swift it rúns!  
Hów night áfter night retúrns!  
Hów soon sét our brightest súns!

The róse that blóssomed yéster-mórn,  
Todáy upón the stém hangs dýing;  
The bréeze that fánned us yéster-éven,  
Tonight in óther lánds is sighing.

But fár more fléeting friendship's bréath,  
A bréeze from héaven that máy not lást;  
And éarlier withered friendship's flówer,  
And friendship's stréam runs swifter pást;

And quicker friendship's fláme expires,  
And friendship's dáys are sóoner spéd:  
We fáin would stir the áncient fires,  
And stir but áshes cóld and déad.

VILLA STROZZI, ROME, Jan. 7. 1850.

## THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

SONG WRITTEN ON SEEING FOR THE FIRST TIME, IN THE CAPITOLINE MUSEUM, IN ROME, THE STATUE OF THE WOUNDED AND DYING DACIAN SOLDIER, COMMONLY CALLED THE DYING GLADIATOR.

Ah! swéct is the déath of the sóldier bráve,  
And his cóuntry with láurels shall plánt his gráve,  
Histórians and póets his práises shall write,  
And fáir maidens sing them, and gréy-beards recíte.

For his is no língering héctic decáy,  
By slów degrees gnáwing his vitals awáy,  
His vigor consúming, and blánching his chéek,  
Tedium mónth after mónth, and long wéek after wéek.

With hánd locked in his, by his bédside all night,  
No ténder wife wáatches his life's waníng light,  
Hoping, fearing, despáiring, and wéeping by túrns,  
As brighter or dimmer the flick'ring flame búrns.

But his cóuntry commánds him: awáy to the wárs!  
For válor there 's hónor, there 's láurel for scárs;  
His son hánds him his swórd; his wife bückles it ón;  
One kiss, one embráce; the next móment he 's góne.

He 's góne, and has fállen: — abject míinions, forbéar;  
Tis a sóldier that yónder lies stréttched on his bier;  
Keep your síghs, keep your téars, for the déath-fearing sláve;  
They sháll not pollúte the sóldier's gráve.

VILLA STROZZI, ROME, January, 1850.

## R O M E.

From Villa Strózzi, Róme,  
Tó my loved fríends at hóme,  
This vigil óf St. Bláse,  
Whén the wild duck láys,  
And the fáint primróse  
Under the báre hedge blóws,  
And the mezéreon blóom  
Spreads widest its perfúme,  
And mérry bélls are rúng,  
And Cándlemás is súng,  
And dáys begin to bríghten,  
And héarts begin to líghten;  
Fór the winter 's pást,  
And Spring 's cóming fást.

Thóugh most trávellers só invént things,  
And wántonly misréprésént things,  
Thát I have héard it sáid 'twere bétter  
A tráveller néver wróte a létter;  
Yet whát I sáw in Róme, believe me,  
I 'll téll ye trúe, and nót deceíve ye;  
For, ás at times sweet flówers are fóund  
Grówing in únpropitious gróund,  
And ás some pickpockets, they sáy,  
Are mén of hónor in their wáy,  
And nów and thén clear right 's in cávillers,  
Why nót the trúth *sometimes* in trávellers?

Bút that I máy not béfore swíne  
Cást my péarls, or pólur my wine,  
I fáin would máke, with yóur permission,  
Ére I begin, this óne condítion:

That simply, without guile or árt,  
Ye, tóo, perfórin your próper párt,  
Fling far awáy all préconcéption  
Obstrúctive óf plain trúth's recéption;  
And, like an úncorrúpted child,  
Listening tó precéptor mild,  
Méekly your dócile éar inclíne  
Tó the tálé of Róme divine.

With invocátion tó the Nine  
Sháll I begin that tálé divine,  
And húmblly fróm Apóllo súe  
Fire for mysélf, to impárt to yóu?  
Or sháll I seek my inspirátion  
In the old glóries óf the nátion,  
The áir I bréathe, the gróund I tréad,  
Ánd the bright sky hangs ó'er my héad?  
Or ráther turn my nórthward lóok  
Toward the dear scénes my fíet forsóok,  
But nót my héart, — oh! néver, néver,  
From thát loved lánd my héart shall séver —  
Toward the snug cóttage Glénagéary,  
Ánd the warm héarth of bést-loved Máry,  
Toward óld Ballievey Hóuse and Mill,  
Ánd the new fárm of Mútton Híll?  
Nów, indéed, my rhýmes run fréé;  
Nów my thoughts are mélody;  
Cóme, Inspirátion, cóme alóng;  
Bróther and sisters, héar my sóng.

Now, thóugh a póet múch my bétters,  
The véry Beauí Nash óf Belles Léttres,  
Says, póets whó would mérit práise  
Must júmp, slap dásh, *in médias rés*,

Yet I 'm détermined fór this ónce,  
Éven at the risk ye dúb me dúnce,  
On nó man's cóat-sleeve my faith pínnig,  
Tó begin with thé beginning;  
Ánd, procéeding thróugh the middle,  
Nót till the énd hang úp my fiddle.

Só, as I lóve to dó things néatly,  
Ín due órder ánd discréetly,  
And dóubt not thát, as Quákers sáy,  
Fáir and sóft goes fár in the dáy,  
í 'll eschéw the vúlgar tóne,  
Ánd adópt a stýle of my ówn;  
And, singing ín an únder-stráin,  
And chécking my poétic véin,  
Prick on géntly o'er the pláin,  
With my Pégasus tight in réin,  
Spáring the nóbile ánimál's bówels,  
Kéeping the pólish ón my rówels,  
And léaving tó some gréater máster  
Óf the mánage tó ride fáster.

### CHAUNT FIRST.

The Shé-wolf, thén, I cháunt her fírst,  
That Rómulús and Rémus núrsed;  
You 'll sée her ín the Cápitol stánding,  
Whén you 've móunted thé first lánding  
Óf the Háll Consérvatóri,  
Ón whose site Rome's áncient glóry,\*  
Íf you cán put fáith in stóry,

---

\* See Servius on Virgil, En. VIII. verse 1.

Tó the bréaze the flág unsúrled,  
That wáved abóve a cónquered wórlid.  
In brónze she stánds there, Róme's She-wólf;  
Grim, bláck, and dismal ás the gúlf  
On which the sáilor's lóok is cást  
When hópe to sáve his bárk is pást,  
Ánd it 's pláin she 's fóundering fást,  
Ánd he féels her settling mótion  
Ín the middle óf the ócean,  
Ón a stórmý night in winter.  
And, laying hold of spár or splínter,  
Gázes appálled one móment róund,  
Then cléars the táffrel with a bóund:  
Not blácker lóoks the ráging déep  
Ás he tákés his désperate léap,  
Heaven's bléssing ón his Lílla práying,  
Thán that grim and gáunt Wolf báying,  
While, with gáping móuths upturned,  
Squát, beside her thúnder-búrnéd  
And rént hind-lég, sit ón bare bréech  
The róyal cúb, too shórt to réach,  
By góod six inches át the léast,  
The téats of thé ill-fávored bést,  
Túrgid to búrsting with Rome's glóry,  
Cónsuls, Popes, Césars, and my stóry.

#### ● CHAUNT SECOND.

My sécond cháunt — stay, lét me sée —  
My sécond cháunt — what sháll it bé?  
It shóuld have béen the Cúriátii,  
At déadly grips with thé Horátii,  
Hád ye not héard the óther dáy

A thróstle sing that véry láy,\*  
In tónes of such sweet mélodý,  
It wére impértinéce in mé,  
A minstrel óf a róughér gráin,  
To trill one nóté of thé same stráin.

What thén shall bé my sécond cháunt?  
Whó can in Róme a subject wánt?  
Where Brútus strúck, and César féll,  
And Cicero spóke so lóng and wéll,  
And Virgil poured his tide of sóng,  
And Hórace, pláyfullý alóng  
The Lésbian lýre his fingers flinging,  
Ánd his Róman Sápphics singing,  
Neglécted his own rúles of árt,  
And took the stráight way to the héart;  
Whither by some róund I 'll fóllow,  
Without the pássport of Apóllo.  
Let thóse who will, stand by the rúles  
Of crábbéd másters ánd their schóols;  
I 'll léave them in the dusky pláins,  
And túrn my géntle pálfrey's réins  
Ínto some winding páth that léads  
Up the bróoks and cróss the méads;  
And thróugh Imáginátióñ's déll,  
Midwáy 'twixt Réason's frigid céll,  
And Pássion's éver-bóiling wéll,  
And róunding thé heart's citadél, ●  
That still in frónt 's défended wéll,  
Ín at the nárrów póstern-gáte,  
That ópen stánds early and láte,

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\* See Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome."

To lét the fóragérs go óut  
And ránsack áll the cóuntry abóut,  
Énter, únobsérved, unknówn,  
As if I wére of the gárrisón,  
Secúre, once éntered thérē, of líving  
For éver jójous, ánd joy-giving.

### CHAUNT THIRD.

What hinders thát I táké the wórd  
Fróm my sécond chaunt fór my third?  
'Whó can a súbject wánt in Róme?'  
The árchitéct's and scúlptor's hóme;  
Where, póised in áir, thrice fifty métres  
Abóve the pávement, hángs St. Péter's  
Néver tó be équalled dóme,  
Éurope's wónder, pride of Róme;  
So gránd, so beautíful, so bright,  
So sólid, yét so áiry light,  
You gáze and gáze, until your sight  
Áches with thé unmixed delight,  
And túrns to rést on méaner thíngs,  
Ás a bird líghts to rést its wings,  
Then sóars up tó its héaven agáin,  
And léaves belów this wórlد of páin.

Whó can a súbject wánt in Róme?  
The páinter's fóstering, fóstered hóme;  
Where Gúido his Auróra dréw,  
Of súch ethérial, róseate húe,  
So sóft and swéet, so frésh and fáir,  
So frée from taint of éarth or cáre,  
You cáannot knów what ángels áre,  
Unléss you 've hád a sight of hér;

Unléss you háve behéld her rún  
Before the cháriot óf the Sún,  
Scáttéring those déw-besprinkled flowers,  
Followed by those dánçing Hóurs;  
Ah, háppy Sún! ah, háppy Hóurs!  
How jóyous í too, ó'er those flowers,  
Hánd-in-hánd with thóse gay Hóurs,  
Would follow thróugh heaven's chámpaign wide  
The fóotsteps óf that ángel guide!

#### CHAUNT FOURTH.

Wére it fór my húndredth cháunt,  
Cóuld I in Róme a subjeçt wánt?  
Pénétráte yon sánctuary;  
Ásk the márble gróups that sigh  
Óver the rélics óf the júst,  
The wárrior's bónes, the státesman's dús;  
What ánswer cómes from that mássy tómb,  
Dimly sén in the cháncel gloom?  
"Hére the tenth Léo wáits the dóom."  
What sáys that gráve where, his sóns betweén  
Éngland's third Jámés has fóund a scréen  
Agáinst the billows ánd a gále  
Áll too stróng for his véssel fráil? —  
But thére in péace let the shipwrecked lie;  
In silence páss that mónumént by;  
"Lást of the Stuarts" their élegy;  
And cóme and sée where Manútius sléeps,  
And óver Bémbo Léarning wéeps,  
And Frá Giovánni da Fiésolé  
Lies wrápt in immortálity,  
And Rósá's áshes sánctifý  
Saint Máry's Dégli Ángeli.

Pilgrim of Sion, reverent tréad  
Óver thy Tásso's laurelled héad,  
Where lówly in Onófrio's áisle  
It résteth fróm its mórtal cóil.  
Túrn, Nature's vótary, hither túrn;  
Hást thou no wréath for Ráphael's úrn?  
No téar for him that blighted died  
Ín his súmmer's sunny pride,  
Léaving on chúrch and pálace wáll,  
Inscribed in létters mágicál:—  
“Heaven júdged my páintings wére more fáir  
Thán man's dázzed sight might báer,  
And tóok me tó hersélf or ére  
Completé my séven-and-thirtieth yéar;  
Práy that my sin may bé forgiven —  
It wás not éarth I dréw, but héaven.”

#### CHAUNT FIFTH.

A pót whó would láurels wéar  
Must bite his náil, and twirl his háir  
Betwéen his finger and his thúmb,  
Cóaxing the right pat thóught to cóme;  
And, whén it háth come, múst take cáre  
It máke its éntree with the ,  
As fáir from fóward ás from shý,  
Of óne used tó good cómpany,  
Who, thróugh the thickest óf the bávy  
Át the dráwing-róom or lévec,  
Mákes his wáy with an éasy gráce,  
Then bóws politely, and takes his pláce.  
“What 's áll this símilé abóut?”  
Áks your púzzled áir of dóubt;  
So with some móre let 's hélp it óut.

It 's not enough a thought be just,  
Grand, beautiful; it also must,  
Before it can be poetry,  
With its neighbour thoughts agree,  
Like children of one family,  
Like notes of the same melody,  
Like feathers in the same bird's wing,  
Like diamonds set in the same ring,  
Like flowers into one nosegay tied,  
Or embroidered side by side,  
Or colors on one canvas spread,  
Green, yellow, orange, blue, and red,  
Blending in one harmonious whole,  
Warm from the epic painter's soul,  
Some Iliad or some Odyssey  
Of Rubens or Da Fiésole.

The nail is bit, the lock is twirled  
Till scarce a hair is left uncirled;  
The new thought 's come — Lord, but it 's rough!  
And yet at bottom it 's good stuff;  
Off with your coat; set to and scrub;  
It brightens here; another rub;  
Brighter and brighter every minute;  
I knew there was good metal in it;  
There, set it in the proper light;  
I 'm in the way of luck to-night;  
Stay, isn't it too large for the ring?  
That color too 's not just the thing;  
You do not mean to set a beryl  
Between an emerald and a pearl?  
I own it 's a most charming gem,  
Fit for a royal diadem,  
But here it 's wholly out of place;

So láy it by in thé glass-cáse  
With your ámethýsts apárt,  
Till you 're sétting your córal héart;  
For 'tis a sáying óf Vertúe  
Whose sáyings you knów are álways trúe,\*  
Rúby and émeráld with péarl,  
Córal and ámethýst with béryl.

Now cán ye ásk the réason whý  
I 've for some fúture cháunt set by  
The thought that stóod prépared for this,  
Or take its ábsence hére amiss?

R O M E,  
(CONTINUED.)

I lóye to rise betimes  
To héar Rome's mátin chimes,  
And sée the lústy sún  
Begin his ráce to rún,  
These first brighl dáys of Márch,  
Lighting up tówer and árch,  
And pinnacle and dóme,  
Óver the expánse of Róm,  
From Pórtá Pópoló,  
And Mónte Márlo,  
And Sánto Spíritó,  
And frówning Ángeló,  
And immense Váticán,  
Alóng the slóping ván  
Of high Janiculíne,  
On by the Áventíne,  
And róyal Pálatíne,  
And Árch of Cónstantíne,

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\* "Vertue was incommode, he loved truth." — WALPOLE.

And óld John Láterán,  
And ólder Lábicán,  
Quite róund to the Ésquiline,  
And stéep Capitoline,  
And diadem'd Quirinál,  
Ánd my own Viminál,  
Whére, from high balcóny  
O'erhánging dárk Negróni,\*  
Séated in éasy cháir,  
I enjóy the próspect ráre,  
And drink the bálmý áir,  
And médítáte on chánge  
As my wándering eýe doth ránge,  
And from rúined Látian Jóve,  
Long Álba's hills abóve,  
A tímid glánce lets fáll  
On St. Péter's cróss and báll;  
Then túrn my cháir abóut,  
And shút the próspect óut,  
And rést my wéary sight,  
And colléct my wits to write  
The gréetings my heart sénds  
To my fár-off Írish friends.

### CHAUNT SIXTH.

“In hármléss spórt and mérrimént  
At léast this óne day sháll be spént,  
To-night at twélf begins the Lént;  
So túrn the pháëton óut, Giovánni,  
And páck betwéen the séats so mány  
Wide-mouthed bágs of sugar-plúms,  
And cómfits big as my two thúmbs,  
Thát there may bé no róom for féet,  
Unléss we pút them ón the séat.

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\* Villa Negroni, formerly Villa Massimi, is ove  
Casa or Palazzo of Villa Strozzi, from which it is  
by the breadth of the road leading from Santa Maria  
Baths of Diocletian.

Well dóne, Giovánni; óne, two, thrée,  
Four, five, six bágs; there, dón't you sée  
Fór anóther bag thére 's room yé? —  
Bléss me, hów these hórses frét!  
Postilions, cán't you keep them stéady  
Till the Signorina 's réady?  
There 's Ángelá awáy two hóurs,  
And nót come báck yet with the flówers;  
Íf she was yóunger í might sáy  
We sháll not sée her agáin to-dáy;  
Come, Kátharine, put ón your másk,  
And give me mine; well! it 's a táska  
To gét so mány tráps togéther —  
What think'st, Giovánni, óf the wéather?  
I 'm súre I 'm néither sóol nor sót,  
Yét the main thing I 'd nigh forgót —  
The móccoli, the móccoli;  
The mátches ánd the móccoli;  
Less péniténtial fár to mé  
Were bácon without bróccoli,  
Than múmming without móccoli.  
Thánk ye, Giovánni; láy them só;  
And nów we 're réady áll to gó,  
For yónder í see Ángela cóming  
With the nósegays fór our múmming:  
Nósegays frésh! and nósegays fáir!  
Préttier nósegays néver wére;  
Why, Ángelá 's a créature ráre.  
Nów, postilions, áre ye réady?  
Stáy one móment — stéady, stéady —  
Crick-cráck, crick-cráck, and dówn the stréet;  
Nóds and bécks to áll we méet —  
But whát comes in yon cárván?  
Sáve us, Christ! a whóle diván

Of únbelieving Mámelúkes,  
With their hórse-tails ánd chibóuks.  
Cóme, let 's pélt the Móslem créw;  
What búsiness hére has Túrk or Jéw?  
Cómfits, cómfits, lárgé or smáll;  
Lét 's have át them, óne and áll;  
Ha! há! take thát, my Lórd Vizier —  
“Kátharine — child — what dó you féar?”  
“Papá, they 've hít me ón the éar:” —  
“Don't mind it, child, it 's áll in fún,  
Fór the Cárnival 's júst begún,  
Mérriest féast benéath the sún.”  
“Papá, they 're géttинг úp behind:” —  
“It 's áll in pláy, child, néver mind.”  
“Papá, they 're móunting úp befóre:” —  
“Kátharine, I vów you 're quite a bóre.”  
“Papá, they 're clímbing thé coach-dóor:” —  
“Dówn, sirs, dówn! why áll this róut?  
Postilions, whát are yé abóut?”  
“Your Hónor sées how wé are jámméd,  
And hów from side to side is crámméd  
The Córso, chókeful óf pedéstrians,  
Cárs, and cóaches, ánd equéstrians.”  
“Why, Kátharine, we 're in a shówer  
Of snów or dús; no, bút of flóur:  
Hough! hóugh! I 'm chóked; my eyés are blínded;  
“Déar papá, sure yóu won't mind it;  
Fór the Cárnival 's júst begún,  
Mérriest féast benéath the sún;  
And thóugh you 've gótt a miller's hát,  
And my crape 's pówdered, whát of thát?  
'Tís but the frólic óf the séason,  
That móre of rhýme has thán of réason;

And I for my part won't complain,  
If we get home without rain: " —  
"Rain, child! — rain would quite destroy us;  
Nothing could half so much annoy us;  
For, not to speak of colds or fever,  
Our best clothes were spoiled for ever,  
Since Giovanni, that careless fellow,  
Has not given us one umbrella,  
And the first drops of a shower  
Would into paste turn all this flour.  
Rain, child! — rain would quite destroy us,  
Nothing could half so much annoy us —  
Ha! what was that that flashed so bright?  
Postillions, hold the horses tight;  
Why! it 's almost as dark as night.  
Was ever heard such a thunder-crash?  
And there 's another brighter flash,  
And on its heels a louder brattle —  
How the walls shake, and windows rattle —  
And up, and down, and everywhere,  
Into cafe and porte-cochere,  
Under porticos, into shops,  
Flying from the big rain-drops,  
Run the mummers helter-skelter,  
And in the very churches shelter:  
It 's neither hail, rain, fire, nor wind,  
But wind, hail, rain, and fire combined,  
All forms at once of winter weather,  
All the soul elements loosed together,  
As if on this devoted town  
The heavens themselves were tumbling down;  
Or Jove and all his heathen Gods  
Had regained their old abodes,

And ópened ón the arch-énemy  
Áll the báttaries óf the sky.”

“Thóugh our clóthes are míddling wét,  
Déar papá, we 're not drowned yét;  
I wónder yóu 'd so fúme and frét.  
This pórticó 's a pléasant cóver,  
Ánd the shówer will sóon be óver;  
For yónder cómes the blúe agáin,  
Ánd less héavy fálls the ráin;” —

“Míghty pléasant, tó be súre,  
And équal tó a wáter-cúre,  
Dripping wét from héad to tóe,  
Shívering, quívering, hére to gó  
Fór somé twó good hóurs or só,  
Úp and dówn this pórticó,  
Sómetimes quíck and sómetimes slów,  
Blówing ón our finger-énds,  
Wáiting till the wéather ménds,  
Thinking ón the spórt we 've lóst,  
Móurning ó'er our fórtune cróssed,  
Cóunting úp the dámage dóne  
To hórses, líveries, pháëtón;  
Our súgar-plúms to sýrup mélted  
Ére a dózen wéll were pélted;  
Our nósegays withered, tórn, and báttered,  
Clóthes, hands, fáces, áll bespáttered —  
Míghty pléasant, tó be súre,  
And équal tó a wáter-cúre,  
For óne who stréngth has tó endúre,  
And dóes not die at ónce outright  
Of sháme, vexátion, ór mere spíte.”

“Cóme, papá, let 's leave our cóver,  
Fór the stórm 's entirely óver,  
Ánd the sunbeams bréaking óut —  
But whát makes áll the péople shóut?”

“Quick, child, quick, or we 'll lóse the pláce  
We have tákén fór the póny-ráce;  
Quick, child, quick, we must run fást,  
Ór the pónies will be pást:  
Six prétty pónies áre to rún,  
Bláck, white, piebald, gréy, and dún,  
Bút it 's the sórrel I 've bét upón;  
Last yéar it wás the sórrel that wón.  
Well run, Kátharine! — tó the spót  
In good tíme at lást we 've gót,  
Número one húndred twénty-fóur,  
Two pláces, bálcóny first-flóor.”

“Your tickets, sir.” — “Our tickets? whát!  
By Jóve! the tickets I quite forgót  
In the pócket of my wet cóat,  
And hóme they 're góne in the pháëtón —  
Now, Kátharine, what 's tó be dóne?”  
“Come, lét 's run dówn intó the stréet,  
And trý if we can't gét a séat  
Ón a plátfórm or in a shóp.”  
“Yes — nó — stay, child — stop, Kátharine, stóp —  
I 've lóst my púrse, if it 's nót forgót  
With the tickets in my great cóat.  
Stólen it is, I 'm súre it 's stólen,  
Fór my pócket thére 's no hóle in.  
Thieves, sirs, thieves! I 'm róbbed, I 'm plúndered!  
Thieves, pickpóckets, by the húndred!  
Bád as we áre with thieves at hóme  
We 're twénty times worse hére in Róme;

For whíle at hóme there 's nót a mán  
But is as hónest ás he cán,  
In Róme there 's nót a mán but wóuld  
Rób you if he dúrst and cónld,  
Or cút your thróat, no mática which,  
And thrów your bódý ín a ditch."

"Déar papá, don't bé so véxed:" —

"Wéll, child, wéll, what wórse comes néxt?  
In this curs'd tówn anóther dáy  
I wóuldn't, if I could gét awáy,  
No, nót for twénty Cárnivals, stáy.  
For thóugh the póet trúly sings  
That páttience is the bést of thíngs —  
But stóp! what 's thát? — the pónies' féet  
Cláttering, bátttering dówn the stréet;  
The pónies' féet — the pónies' bélls —  
Hów the héavenly músic télls  
On évery fibre óf my héart;  
Óh, that we hád but séen them stárt!  
Then, thén, indéed, could nó one sáy  
Thát we hád misspént our dáy,  
Or láugh at ús when wé get hóme  
For missing the fínest sight in Róme.  
Six lóvelier pónies néver rán  
Since the ráce of time begán:  
Six pónies óf one áge and stréngth,  
One héight, one wéight, one bréadth, one léngth,  
Long-máned, long-táiled, wide nóstrels fláring,  
Broad-hóofed, long-pásterned, eyés red gláring:  
One glóssy bláck, from Bárbarý bróught;  
One péarly white, in Sicily cágught;  
A pieball fróm Majórca ísland;  
A stóut grey shéltý fróm Scotch híghland;

A créamy Árab, néarer dún;  
Ánd the bright sórrel I 've bét upón,  
That cáme from Fránce twelve móonths agó  
With thát great áss of an Óudinót.  
But whát means áll this crówding, rúshing,  
This jóstling, shóuldering, élbowing, crúshing?  
Báck, Sir; stand báck; where áre you púshing?  
Kátharine, hold fást; I 'm óff my féet,  
To múmmy spuéezed, and chóked with héat." —  
"Papá, I héar the cánon firing;  
Papá, the sóldiers áre retiring" —  
"Hurráh! hurráh!" that wás a shóut:  
"Hurráh! hurráh!" what wás it abóut?  
"Hurráh! hurráh! the ráce is dóne."  
"Hurráh! hurráh! the bláck has wón."  
The bláck has wón! I 've lóst my móney;  
Confúsion take that sórrel póny,  
And Fránce, and chánce, and Óudinót —  
But dág it, háng it, lét it gó;  
It 's bút a húndred crówns to páy,  
And háven't we hád a mérry dáy?  
It 's bút a húndred scúdi dówn,  
And thén good-býe to this cursed tówn:  
A húndred scúdi! wéll, no móttter,  
Twon't máke me thinner, nór much fáttter;  
But mind, unléss you 're bén to quárrel,  
From hénceforth néver méntion sórrel.  
There, Kátharine, blów that táper óut.  
And light your ówn: what áre ye abóut?  
Give mé the móttches: whý! they 're wét;  
Run, búy a bóx; stop, dón't go yét;  
The rógue that óf my púrse beréft me  
Not éven a hálf-baióccho léft me.

Whát 's to be dóne? we múst get líght;  
But hów? 's anóther quéstion quite.  
See whére they 're láughing ás they páss,  
And gibing át me: — 'Whát an áss!  
In Róme, upón Shrove-Túesday night  
Másqueráding without líght!'  
I wón't, I cán't endúre it; nó:  
I 'll gét a líght, or hóme I 'll gó:  
For néver wás a trúer sáying  
Than, 'Pláy what yóu see óthers pláying;  
And if you 'd wéll the wórlد get thróugh,  
Just dó in Róme as óthers dó; —  
For Nicholás in Rússia stánd;  
In Gérmaný for Fátherlánd;  
In Túrkey bé a Músselmán;  
In Fránce a stáunch Repúblicán;  
In Éngland á dim Púseyíte,  
Wáiting fór the pérfect líght,  
Sideways tó the Pópe inclining,  
On Sáтурdáys with Wiseman díning;  
Or, bétter stíll, Free-tráder bé,  
And cry, 'Down with Monópolý,'  
Máke her dischárge her ill-got pélf,  
And crám it áll intó yoursélf;  
In Íreland bé a béggarmán,  
Or béggar-guárdian; whát you cán,  
Excépt landlórd or géntlemán;  
And hére in Róme, Shrove-Túesday night,  
Róbber or róbbed, it 's équal quite,  
Provided ónly yóu 've a líght —  
But stáy; what 's this? where áre we nów?  
They 've pút out évery líght, I vów —  
And nót a gás-lamp! — Góths and Vándals! —  
And súch a sténc of snúffed-out cándles!"

The cannon 's booming Shróve-tide's knéll;  
Dear, mérry Carníval, farewéll. —  
And só we jóg home, wét and wéary,  
Tó our Strózzi Villa chéery,  
Thére to refresh us sór the mórrow,  
Dáy of áshes, dáy of sórrow.  
Warm párlour; súpper; óff to béd:  
'Tis a strange róundabóut we tréad.

VILLA STROZZI, ROME, 1850.

### AMONG THE DASHING WATERS RUDE.

Fróm the sea-béach at éven I viewed  
A rócky islet, whére it stóod  
Amóng the dáshing wáters rúde.

For póet ór for páinter wight  
It wás in trúth a prétty sight,  
That islet's bold and rócky héight,  
Whére in the évening light it stóod  
Amóng the dáshing wáters rúde.

No líving thíng was séen or héard,  
Not éven a sail on the séa appéared:  
The lóvelier in its sólitúde  
That rócky islet, whére it stóod  
Amóng the dáshing wáters rúde.

The wáters fóamed and the wáters fláshed,  
And higher still and higher láshed  
The stéep sides of that rócky isle,

So cálm and úndistúrbed the while,  
Methóught, almóst, it séemed to smile,  
And sáy, could it be únderstóod:—  
“Dash ón, dash ón, ye wáters rúde.”

The bréeze blew frésher, ánd the tíde  
Gained still upón that íslet's side;  
And, rólling inwards fróm the déep,  
The billows, with a bróader swéep,  
And héavier still and héavier shóck,  
Búrst upón that íslet róck.

My néver íde phántasy  
Péopled that sólitúde for mé:  
Yon íslet is a citadél,  
By its strong wáll défended wéll  
Agáinst its fóes' beléaguering míght;  
Yon émerald billows gláncing bríght,  
In the évening súnbeams' méllow líght,  
Are wárriors in green ármour díght;  
Séé how they tóss their crésts of white,  
Séé how they rúsh with swórd and shóut  
Ón to the rámpart ánd redóut.  
What thóugh, repélled from thé steep wáll,  
In disórder báck they fáll,  
Short páuse make théy, short bréathing-hált;  
Alréady théy renéw the assáult;  
They 'll die, or win that citadél,  
Thóugh its strong wáll bestéad it wéll.  
Still frésher bléw the bréeze; the sún  
Behind the dárkening séa went dówn,  
And, wrápt in clóuds, the night came ón;  
The lóng bent shivered in the blást,  
The ráck acróss the sky sped fást;  
Each móment 's dárker thán the lást.

I turned me from that dreary shore,  
I turned me from those billows' roar  
And sought the shelter of my door,  
Curtains and shutters fastened tight  
Against the howling storm and night,  
And, drawing my tea-table towards the hearth,  
And mingling in the kitten's mirth,  
Forgot the rocky isle that stood  
Among the dashing waters rude.

That night, as I lay in my bed, the rain  
Battered against the window-pane;  
That night it blew a hurricane;  
I saw the arrowy lightning's flash,  
I heard the pealing thunder's crash,  
And thought of the rocky isle that stood  
Among the dashing waters rude.  
I fear, I fear for that citadel,  
Though its strong wall bestead it well.

Fléd are the clouds, and storm, and night;  
The rocky isle basks in the light  
Of the morning sun so fresh and bright;  
Scarce tipped the emerald waves with white;  
Eye hath not seen a fairer sight;  
My heart flows over with delight,  
And I love that rocky island more  
Than ever I loved an isle before.

Man, too, may a sunny morning see  
Rise on his night of adversity,  
And harmless burst life's billows rude  
Upon the rock of his fortitude.

VIA MAGGIO, FLORENCE, April 26. 1850.

## NIGHT'S CLOUDLESS HEAVEN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF B. CARNERI.

I gáze at night upón the clóudless héaven,  
I pénétráte its déep, ethéreal blúe,  
Where stárry hósts in ríval spléndors glisten,  
Sýstems on sýstems crówd, and wórlds on wórlds:  
Then think withín mysélf:— I 'm bút a spéck,  
A scárcely sénsible pójnt on this great glóbe,  
Itsélf a scárcely sénsible pójnt, compáred  
Éven with the smállest óf those stárs that stúd,  
Éach with its séparate pójnt, th' expánse of spáce;  
And yét I hold withín my swélling bósom  
The bóundless nótion óf Infinity,  
And cómpass with my vást, expánsive thóught  
The illimitáble únivérse itsélf:  
But Límitéd holds nót Illimitáble;  
And Ínfinite is fór Etérnity;  
Ínfinite, thérefore, ánd to live for éver,  
This spéck of thóught, this pójnt, this thinking i.

AUGUSTUS ALLEE, DRESDEN, Dec. 21. 1850.

## WRITTEN AT DRESDEN

DURING THE FIRST FALL OF SNOW IN THE WINTER OF 1846-7.

Sée, in the fléecy müffle with which Náture  
Guárds her fair fáce agáinst the winter cóld,  
An émblem, nót unápt, of mórtal mán:  
Spótless and púre, as thése soft flákes, créated;  
Defiled and sóiled as sóon; as sóon dissólved,  
And ré-absórbed intó Etérnity.

His lóok is sinister; I like him nót;  
Lówering and dárk his brów, his fórehead nárrów,  
His héad between the éars swells bróad and déep,  
His squinting eýes do álmost touch each óther.  
'Twas bút just nów I sáw him, with an áir  
Of ill-dissémbled lévity and éase,  
Dróp a dark whisper in his cómrade's éar,  
Whó with a like mystérious whisper ánswered.  
'Twas bút just nów I sáw him ón his cháir  
Wriggling and fidgetty, then rising súdden,  
And súdden ágain séated, ánd round lóoking  
As thóugh his cóncience told him sóme one márked him,  
And dived intó his púrpose: thén, agáin,  
Stánding stock-still, without more sign of lífe  
Than gláred in thát malignant férret eýe  
That, piercing ánd pursúing áll things, rángeòd  
Incéssant úp and down the gay assémbly;  
And thén, when cóme at lást he thóught the tímé  
To dò the déadly, méditáted déed.  
I sáw, distinctly sáw, the rápid plúnge  
Óf his right hánòd intó his léft breast-pócket,  
In séarch of dírk or dágger thére concéaled,  
Or mürderóus revólver; ánd my blóod  
Ran cóld with hórror át the instant flásh  
And spárkle óf the —— díamond-stúdded snúff-box,  
From which, thrice géntly with forefinger tárped,  
And délicáteiy ópened, fírst his friend,  
And thén himsélf, took éach so vást a pínch,  
So púngent, rich, and ódoríferóus,  
As might have pút their nóses in good húmor.

GLENAGEARY COTTAGE, DALKEY, Sept. 22. 1851.

## P R O G R E S S.

Yés; I 'll believe in prógress whén I sée you  
Báttering old jáils down, ánd not búilding néw;  
Whén I behóld you máke but á beginning  
To sléep with ópen dóors and únbarred windows;  
Whén I obsérve a thinning, nót an increase,  
Óf your policemen ánd constábulary,  
Your jústicés, and córoners, ánd détectives,  
Your pór-law guárdians ánd commissioners;  
Grass grówing ín your láw courts, ánd fell spíders  
There láying snáres for flies, not mén for mén;  
And stámped recéipts, recógnizánces, wríts,  
A tále of thé old, Págan, iron tíme,  
Nót of this cháritable, Chrístian présent.

I 'll thén believe in Prógress whén I héar  
That fáthers féel the blóod mount tó their chéeks,  
What time they crínge, and bow, and líck the shóes  
Éven of the vílest clérk in thé War-óffice,  
For léave to pút a mótleý lívery súit  
Upón their sóns, and sénd them óut as hírelings,  
With gáy cockáde, and dágling swórd at síde,  
To kill and rób and extírpáte, wheré'er  
Kílling and róbbing ánd extírpating  
Ópens a wider field to Brítish cómmerce.

Aye; tálk to mé of Prógress whén you shów me  
Your city bánder, ór East Índia mérchant,  
Áfter his fórtý yéars of cóunting-hóuse,  
And lábor frúitless óf all élse but góld,  
His bágs chokefúl and bürsting with the wéight

Of bills, and bónds, and mórtgagés, and scrip:  
Shów me, I sáy, your wéalthy Lóndon mérchant  
Contént with his full bágs, and nót intént  
To crám with thé like stúff still óne bag móre;  
And cóme and téll me yé are máking prógress.

Lét me obsérve in á full ráilway cárriage  
Some hálf a dózen, aýe, some thrée, some two,  
Some single sólitáry óne that dóes not,  
Éven in the mátter óf front séat or báck,  
Or púlling úp or létting dówn a window,  
Exhibit his invéterate, ingráined,  
And wórse than Phárasáic, sélfishnáss;  
Ánd I 'll begin to think ye are máking prógress.

Here ám I réady tó believe in Prógress  
First tíme I héar your little girls cry "Sháme!"  
"A cóward's sháme!" upón the wréetch that húnts,  
With hórse, and hóund, and cries of sávage jóy,  
For spórt, mere spórt, and nót to appéase his húnger,  
The póor, weak, timid, quivering háre to déath;  
And twice a cóward's ánd an idler's sháme  
On him that skúlks, hours, dáys, beside a bróok,  
Pútting forth áll the tréachery and cúnning  
That lúrk within the dárk den óf man's bráin,  
To entráp the silly trútlings, ánd infix  
Déep in his writhing gílls the sly, barbed hóok.

Thát ye are máking prógress í 'll believe  
The first time í percéive your cóncience twinge ye,  
For ánswering your quéstioning chíld with lies,  
Or chíll evásion óf the lónged-for trúth;  
Denýing him the advántage óf that knówledge  
Ye púrchased fór yoursélves with mány a héartache,

And many an agony and bloody sweat;  
And sending him to sail the wide, wide world,  
As helpless, ignorant, and unprotected,  
On board no compass, no pole-star on high,  
As by your parents ye were sent yourselves,  
To swim, if quick to learn; to sink, if not.

First time I hear ye say that your devotion  
Has not a tide more regular than the sea,  
And seldom is exactly at the full,  
Just as the parish clock strikes twelve on Sunday;  
And that ye count it rank hypocrisy  
To go to church, and there, with heart lukewarm  
Or cold, and damped with worldly cares and business,  
Knell before God, and make pretence of prayer,  
In order that your children, friends, and neighbours,  
May have the benefit of your good example:  
That moment I 'll believe ye are making progress.

When ye no longer backward start with horror  
At sight of gentle Death, and wring your hands,  
And weep, and cry that ye will not go with him,  
Though only he can lead you to your heaven:  
Then, then indeed, I 'll say ye have made some pro

GLENAGEARY COTTAGE, DALKEY, October 1. 1851.

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SIX PHOTOGRAPHS  
OF  
THE HEROIC TIMES.

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- I. The foundation of Carthage.
- II. The fall of Troy.
- III. Voyage in the Mediterranean.
- IV. Loves and cruel death of Dido,  
    Queen of Carthage.
- V. Funeral games.
- VI. Tour in the Under-world.

Begun at 6 Fitzwilliam Square, East, Dublin, in the year 184~~1~~  
and, after many attempts in various measures, and sever~~al~~  
times printing and reprinting different parts of the wor~~k~~,  
completed at Dresden, April 20. 1853.

# I.

I am the same that wárbled ónce  
On óaten réed a slénder sóng,  
Then took my wáy forth fróm the wóods,  
And forced the neigbouring tillage fields  
To obéy the fármer whát though gríping;  
A wórk that pléased the húsbandman.

But now with trúmpet-nóte I chánt  
Mars' bristling árms and thát great mán  
Whom Fáte, of óld, brought résfugée  
From Trójan clíme to Ítalý,  
And ón Lavinium's séa-bord landed.

On lánd and séa sore tóssed was hé  
(Fell Júno's lóng-remémbering ire,  
The might divine against him móving);  
Sórely with wár, too, hé was hárassed,  
Whilst into Látium his Gods bringing,  
And fóunding thére a cápital city.  
From him derived our Látin ráce,  
The Álban sires and high Rome's tówers.

Téll the cause, Múse; the próvocátion;  
For whát offénce against her Gódhead  
The quéen of héaven from tóil to tóil,  
From wóe to wóe so dróve a mán,  
Éminent for évery ténder virtue.  
Is't pósible Góds can bé so ángry?

For many a long year,  
 Impelled by the Fates,  
 They went wandering on.  
 Such a coil was there founding  
 The nation of Romans.

Of the Sicilian land  
 Scarce had they lost sight,  
 And away to the high deep  
 Were joyfully sailing,  
 And with brazen bows dashing  
 The salt sea-foam,  
 When, within her breast nursing  
 The wound everlasting,  
 Thus to herself Júno: —

‘Am I to desist, then, o’ercome  
 And too weak from Itália to turn back  
 The king of the Teúcri?  
 Forbid by the Fates, to be sure!  
 But was the strength wanting to Pállas  
 The fleet of the Argives to burn,  
 And whelm the crews in the deep sea  
 For the single offending of Ájax,  
 Óileus’ mad son?  
 Jove’s rapid devouring flame down  
 From the clouds with her own hands she shot,  
 And turned up the sea with the winds,  
 And scattered their vessels about,  
 And on Ájax, while out of his mouth  
 The fire that had shot him was blazing,  
 With might and main hurling a rock,  
 With its sharp, craggy point pierced him through:

But I, both Jove's sister and wife  
 Whom the Gods, as I walk, salute queen,  
 Must so many years wage war with one single nation.  
 Will any one henceforth adore Juno's godhead,  
 Or lay on her altar the suppliant's gift?

Deep in her flaming breast  
 These thoughts revolving,  
 The Goddess arrives at  
 The country of storms,  
 Eolia, land teeming  
 With raging south-westers;  
 Where king Eolus rules over,  
 And, with barrier and chains  
 In a vast cave restrains  
 The strong-struggling winds  
 And tempests sonorous.

In his castled seat high  
 Sceptred Eolus sits,  
 And softens their passion,  
 And tempers their irs,  
 Else, be sure, they would bear,  
 And away through the air  
 In swift flight sweep with them  
 Lands, seas, and deep sky;  
 But the Father omnipotent,  
 This fearing, stowed them  
 Away in dark caverns,  
 And on top of them placed  
 A mass of high mountains,  
 And gave them a king  
 By the terms of his compact

Bound to hold the reins tighter  
 Or looser, as ordered:  
 Whom Júno addréssed then  
 In thése suppliant wórds: —

‘O Éolus, fór unto théé  
 The Góds’ sire and king of mankind  
 Has given the wáves, to be sóothed  
 Or lifted up high with the wind;  
 A péople with whóm I’m at wár  
 Acróss the sea Týrrhene is sailing,  
 Into Italy cárrying Ílium  
 And Ílium’s cónquered Penátes.  
 With áll thy winds át them, and scáttér them wide,  
 Or down in the séa’s abyss plúnge them,  
 And stréw the whole déep with their córpse;  
 To reward thy desérvings, I’ll give unto théé  
 Of twice seven lóvely nýmphs that are mine,  
 Déiopéia, the lóveliest,  
 To líve with thee álways, thy wédded wife,  
 And máke thee the sire of a báuteous óffspring.’

‘Be it thy task, O quéen, to detérmine thy wish’,  
 It was thús replied Éolus thén,  
 ‘To obéy thy behést shall be mine.  
 For this scéptred commánd, be it less be it móre,  
 And the favor of Jóve I’m indébted to théé;  
 Through thy gráce I reclíne at the féasts of the Góds,  
 Over stórmcloud and témpst through thy gráce I réign.’

Having thús said, he púshed  
 With his lévelled spear’s póint  
 The móuntain’s side hóllow,

And out through the vent,  
As it were in battalions,  
The winds rushed, and blew  
With a whirl the lands through;  
And down on the sea  
Dashed at once and together  
South-east and Sirocco,  
And Africus squally,  
And turned it all up  
From its lowest bottom,  
And rolled to the shore the vast billows.  
What shouting of men then!  
What creaking of cordage!  
From the eyes of the Teueri  
Sudden clouds snatch away  
Both the sky and the day;  
Dark night on the deep broods,  
Loud thunder the poles,  
Ether fast flashes lightning,  
And every thing 'round  
Threatens death instantaneus.  
Chill sudden unstrings  
Enéas's limbs;  
And, with hands stretched toward heaven,  
Deep groaning, he cries:—  
“Happy, thrice happy, they  
Whose lot 'twas to die  
Troy's high walls before  
In the sight of their sires!  
Ah! why could not I  
By thy hand have fallen,  
O Tydides! most brave  
Of the race of the Dánaï?

Ah! whý could not I  
 Have pôured my life óut  
 On the Ílian pláins,  
 Where fell Héctor lies lów  
 By Eácides' spéar,  
 Low, mighty Sarpédon;  
 And Simoïs' wáters  
 Awáy in such números  
 Sweep hélmets, and búcklers,  
 And bráve heroes' córpse?"

In the midst of his ráving,  
 A whistling north-blást  
 Strikes the sáil right abáck,  
 And lífts the waves úp to the stárs;  
 The óars smash; the prów veers,  
 And túrns its side róund  
 To the stéep mountain pile  
 Of the billow that dówn  
 On the tóp of it 's béaring;  
 On the crést of the wáve  
 These hére hang suspénded;  
 The wide-gaping trough  
 Shows those yónder the bóttom;  
 The súrging tide, fúrious,  
 Rolls with it the sánds.  
 Sirócco three sáil takes  
 And whírls on the rócks  
 The Itálians call "Áltars,"  
 That, lúrking a-midsea,  
 Just ráise their huge húmmock  
 To the lével of the wáter.  
 Awáy from the décp

South-east drives other thrée  
To shállows and Sýrtes,  
A pity to sée!  
And ón the banks dáshes,  
And gírdles with dunes.  
Befóre his own cýes  
A huge séa tumbles dówn,  
And strikes on the póop  
The véssel that cárried  
The Lýcians and faíthful Oróntes;  
Out próne on his héad  
The cáptain is tóssed,  
And the véssel itsélf,  
Thrice róund and round whirled  
By the rápid sea-éddy, and swállowed.  
Here and thére in the swéll  
An odd swimmer is sén;  
Armour, pláanks, Trojan tréasure,  
Float wide on the wáters.  
Of Ílioneus' stóut ship  
The stórm now is máster;  
And nów of the ships  
Of Achátes the bráve,  
Of Ábas, and gréat-aged Aléthes;  
Through timber-joint lóose,  
And wide-gaping séam,  
They let ín every óne  
The wátery fóe.

Meantime perceives Néptune,  
With nó small emótion,  
The séas troubled róaring,  
The témpest let lóose,

And the still under-wáters  
 Thrown úp from the bótton;  
 And óver the billow  
 His héad serene raising,  
 And tákking the high sea  
 In próspect all róund,  
 Behólds o'er the whóle deep  
 Enéas' fleet scattered,  
 And the Trójans o'erpowéred  
 By the might of the wáves,  
 And the dówn-rushing sky;  
 When, at ónce recognising  
 The guíle of his síster,  
 The ánger of Júno,  
 He cálls to him Éurus  
 And Zéphyrus stráight,  
 And in thése words addrésses:—

“Cóunt ye so múch on your cláin’s strength, ye winds,  
 That, unármed with my sánction divine,  
 Ye dáre heaven and éarth so to túrn topsy-túrvy,  
 And ráise all this húbbub and póther?  
 I'll téach ye—  
 But thése troubled wáves I must pácify fírst;  
 With fár other pénalty símilar déed  
 Next tíme ye shall rúe.  
 Awáy now, begóne; and thus sáy to your king:—  
 Not his lot, but mine, the domáin of the séa  
 And the térrible trídent;  
 Your wild rócky homes, Éurus, he hólds for his pórton,  
 Théy are his pálace-hall; thére let him blúster,  
 And whén he has shút up the winds in their prison,  
 Tyrannize as he likes, autocrát paramóunt.”

He said; and the swollen waves,  
More quick than he spóke, stilled,  
The gáthered clouds róuted,  
And bróught back the sún.  
At the sáme time Cymóthoë  
And Triton the véssels  
With might and main púshing,  
From the shárp rock heave óff;  
Himself lévers with trident,  
The vást Syrtes ópens,  
The séa surface témpers,  
And on light wheels glides óver  
The tops of the wáves.  
And ás oftentimes,  
When the pópulace müsters,  
A túmolt arises,  
And the lów, vulgar mind  
Is inflámed to a ráge;  
Brands and stónes they are flyíng,  
Fury wéapons supplyíng—  
Should they thén chance a mán  
Of tried weighty mérit  
And piety sée,  
They áll stand by silent,  
And with éars intent listen,  
While that mán with his wórds  
Rules their íres, soothes their bréasts.  
So subsided the whóle  
Crashing róar of the séa,  
As sóon as the sire,  
Looking óut o'er the wáters,  
Gave the lásh to his cónsers,  
And benéath the clear héaven

Flew caréering alónг  
In his fáir-rolling cháriot so frée.

For the néarest shore striving  
The wéary Enéadae  
Toward Libya's coast túrn;  
Defénded in frónt  
And made into a pórт  
By a shéltering íslet,  
On whóse seaward side  
The bréaking waves rún up  
In mány a créek,  
Lies a cóve far retired;  
On eách side vast rócks  
And a cliff to heaven tówering;  
Betwéen, in the glóom  
Of the dárk forest-lándscape  
That clóthes the steep báanks  
And hangs shimmering óver,  
The cóve spreads its wáters  
In sáfety and sílence;  
In the ópposite blúff  
Hanging rócks overárch  
A cáve, with fresh wáter  
And náatural stone séats,  
The háunt of the nýmphs.

Hére, where no áncor's  
Cróoked tooth fástens,  
Where nó hawser binds  
The wéary véssel,  
Enéas with séven ships  
Oút of his whóle fleet

Collected, puts in.  
 The Trójáns, enámoured  
 Of lánd, disembárking,  
 Take posséssion with jóy  
 Of the wished-for stránd,  
 And ón the shore stréch  
 Their bríne-famished límbs.

And first strikes Achátes  
 The spárk from the flint,  
 In fóliage recéives it,  
 Spreads nútriment róund it,  
 And rápidly into flame  
 Géts the dry kindling;  
 Then, sick, sore, and sórry  
 They pút into órder  
 Their séa-damaged córn  
 And implements Céreal,  
 And prepáre for the róasting,  
 And crúshing in quérns,  
 The grain they have sáved.

In the méantime Enéas has clímbed up the cliff,  
 And óver the wide sea all róund cast his view,  
 Any témpest-tossed Ántheus thére to discérn  
 With his Phrygian birémes, or else Cápys,  
 Or the árms of Caícus upón his high póops.

Not a ship is in sight; on the shóre he sees stráying  
 Three stágs, and behind them the whóle trooping hérd  
 Coming brówsing alóng through the vállies:  
 He stópped, and his bów and swift árrows  
 From faithful Achátes' hand snátching,

The leaders thomsélves with their high heads  
 And wide-branching hórns first laid lów;  
 Then the whóle vulgar créw with his sháfts  
 Through the láfy glades dróve in disórder;  
 Nor céased till his victory stréetched  
 Seven cárcases húge on the swárd,  
 For éach ship a cárcase.

Retúrned to the pórт then the préy  
 Amóngst all his cómrades he sháres,  
 And distributing tó them the wine  
 Which in wéll-plenished cásks good Acéstes  
 Had on board their ships pút, when the héro  
 Bade farewéll on the shóres of Trinácria,  
 Their sád breasts with thése words he sóothes:—

‘O yé, not fór the first time nów  
 Compánions óf my wóes,  
 Yé, who have wórse than this endúred,  
 This tóo the Gód will énd.

Close úp even tó the dínníng réefs  
 Of rábid Scýlla yé have sáiled,  
 Éven of the Cýclops’ rócks  
 Tells yóur remémbrance.

Call báck your cóurage,  
 Yóur sad féars dismiss;  
 Perháps even thése woes tóo  
 Ye máy with sátfáctiōn  
 Some fúture tíme remémber.

Through áll these chánces váríous,  
 These mány critical conjúnctures

We tend toward Látium ón,  
 Where to our view the Fátes  
 Hold out a quiet hóme,  
 And whére to rise agáin  
 Troy's émpire is permitted.  
 Endúre, and for good times  
 Kéep yourselves in résérve.'

In such terms he spóke,  
 And with feigned look of hópe  
 His sóre trouble híding,  
 Pressed déep in his héart down  
 His sórrow and cáre.  
 The repást to get réady  
 His cómrades set to then;  
 From the gáme strip the skin,  
 And láy the flesh báre;  
 Then into junks cút it,  
 And spit it still quivering;  
 While sóme in brass cáuldrons,  
 Dispósed on the shóre,  
 Heat wáter for wáshing.  
 Alóng the grass stréetched then  
 Their stréngth they recruít  
 With a héarty regále  
 On the vénison rich,  
 And wéll-seasoned wine.

Then, as sóon as the góod cheer  
 Their húnger had sáted,  
 And the bóard was remóved,  
 On their missing friends túrns  
 Their lóng sad discóurse;

And sómetimes the hópe is  
 They 're líving and wéll,  
 And sómetimes the féar is  
 They 've súffered the wórst,  
 And cánnott the cáll hear  
 That bids them retúrn.

And kéenest of áll is the grief  
 Of kindly Enéas himsélf,  
 As inly he móurns the misfórtune  
 Of gállant Oróntes and Lýcus,  
 And the déstiny cruel of Gýas,  
 Cloánthus and Ámycus bráve.

And nów 'twas all óver, when Júpiter, lóoking  
 From éther's top dówn on lands lyíng belów him,  
 And cóasts, and wide péoples, and ship-traversed sésas—  
 As thús upon héaven's highest tóp he was stánding,  
 With his eýes on the Libyan realms stéadfastly fixed,  
 And cáres such as thése in his bréast was revólving,  
 Behold Vénus with sómewhat of sádness accósts him,  
 And her bright eyes suffúsed with téars: —

‘O thóu, that with etérnal swáy  
 Rúlest th’ affáirs of Góds and mén,  
 And wieldst the thúnder’s térrors,  
 So grievously agáinst thee hów  
 Could my Enéas, cóuld Troys sóns have sinned,  
 That áster áll the déaths they 've súffered  
 The whóle wide wórld agáinst them still  
 On Ítaly’s accóunt is clósed?  
 ’Twás thy sure prómise thát in lápse of yéars  
 The blóod of Teúcer shóuld revive in théim,

And fróm them cóme the Rómans, cóme those chiefs  
 Thát should rule páramóunt o'er lánd and séa;  
 What chánge of séntimént is this? O sire!  
 Fór the sad ruín ánd downfáll of Tróy  
 I fóund my cónsolátion in thy prómise,  
 Ánd the one fáte repáid me fór the óther;  
 But nów the sáme ill-fórtune fóllows still  
 Mén who so lóng by fórtune háve been hárassed.  
 What énd, great king, appóintest óf our tóils?  
 Escáped out óf the midst of thé Achívi  
 Anténor cóuld his Teúcian cólony  
 And city óf Patávium fóund  
 Far úp th' Illýrian gúlf explóred in sáfety,  
 Beyónd the útmost réalms of thé Libúrni,  
 Beyónd where thróugh Timávus' fóuntains nine  
 The séa outbúrsting mákes the móuntain rúmble,  
 And with a róaring déluge whélmcs the fields;  
 The árms of Tróy withál he thére hung úp,  
 The náme of Tróy gave to the státe, and thére  
 Repóses nów in séttered péace and quiet;  
 But wé, thine óffspring, únto whóm thou grántest  
 Heaven's róyal pálaces, are victimised  
 To grátify an índividúal's ire;  
 Have lóst, O hórrible! have lóst our ships,  
 Ánd from Itália's cóasts are wide dissévered.  
 Is this the guérdon thóu awárd'st the dútcous?  
 Is 't thús to thróne and scéptre thóu restór'st us?"

The sówer of Góds and mén, with thát aspéct  
 Which stills the stórms and smóooths the rúffled skies,  
 Touched with his líps his dáughter's líps and smíled: —  
 "Spáre thy fear, Cytheréa," thén he sáid;  
 "Thy Trójan fátes stand stéadfast;

Lavínium's prómised tówers thou shált behóld,  
 Ánd to the stárs of héaven shalt báer aloft  
 Magnánimous Enéas;  
 Nor knóws my séntiment chánge.  
 But since this ánxious cáre so gnáws thee  
 The sécrets of the fúture I'll déclaré,  
 And, fúrther ón, the fátes unróll befóre thee.

“In Ítaly a gréat war hé shall wáge,  
 Crúsh tribes ferocious, fóund a cápital city,  
 And téach his péople cívilizátion's árts,  
 Tíll the Rutúlians, for three winters' spáce,  
 Have cálled him cónqueror, and the third súmmer  
 Behéld him réigning páramóunt o'er Látium.  
 But hé that Ílus wás while Ílium stóod,  
 The bój Ascánius, nów lúlus súrnamed,  
 Thirty great yéars through áll their rólling móonths  
 Sháll with his réign compléte, and from Lavínium  
 To Lónga Álba, máde a fórtress stróng,  
 Transfér the góvernméntal résidence.  
 The dýnasty Hectórean hére shall rúle  
 Three húndred yéars, until queen-priestess Ília,  
 Prégnant by Márs, shall bring twain bürthen fórt.  
 Then wólf-nursed Rómulús, delighted wéaring  
 His tawny wólfskin, shall receíve the nátion,  
 Fóund the strong-fórtified Mavórtlan city,  
 Ánd from his ówn name cáll the péople Rómans.  
 To thém I sét no bóunds of time or spáce,  
 Bóundless the swáy I háve bestówed on thém;  
 Even shé, harsh Júno's sélf, that with her féars  
 Nów in a férment kíeps earth, séa and sky,  
 Shall bétter cóunsel táke, and with me chérish  
 The tógaed Rómans, másters of the wórlid.

Súch my décrée, and só to mé seems fit.  
 Elápsing *lústra* sháll bring ón a tíme  
 Whén upon Phthía and renówned Mycénae  
 Assáracus' hóuse shall fix the victor's cháin,  
 And rúle liege lórd of súbjugáted Árgos.  
 Of Tróy's fair stóck shall César thén be bórн;  
 Whose émpire, ócean, whóse high fáme, the stárs  
 Alóne shall límit; César, Július cálled  
 From thíne Iúlus, his great áncestor.  
 Him tóo, with óriéntal spóils all láden,  
 To héaven secúre at lást thou shált recéive,  
 And héar his náme with vóws and práyers invóked.  
 The sóur-crabbed génerátions of the wórld  
 Shall thén grow méllow, and lay wárs aside;  
 Vésta and hóary Faith shall législáte,  
 Ánd the twin bróthers Rémus and Quirínu.  
 Fást shall be clósed those gátes of iron díre,  
 Those stróng-clamped *Belli Pórtæ*; and withín,  
 Unpitying Fúry, with his hánds behínd him  
 Pinioned with a húndred knóts of bráss,  
 On ínstruments of hávoc shall sit, prisoner,  
 Róaring with hórrid blóody-slávering móuth."

He sáys: and, lést in ignorance óf the Fátes  
 Dido might from her bóunds warn óff the Téucri,  
 Sénds from on high the són of Máia dówn,  
 To ópen to them hóspitábly wide  
 The lánds and cástled fórtress of new Cártage.  
 Hé, through the gréat air óaring, wings his flight  
 Toward Libya's cónfines, and, there quick alighted,  
 Proceeds forthwíth to execute his bidding.  
 The Póeni at the Gód's will lay aside  
 All bitterness of héart, all hóstile féeling;

Especially the Queen accepts a spirit  
Of gentleness and goodwill toward the Teucri.

But, all night through, affectionate Enéas,  
Much pondering, resolves to issue forth  
At noon light's dawn, and the new place explore;  
What coasts be these to which the wind has blown him,  
And, for he sees untilled the champaign lie,  
Who be the tenants, whether man or beast;  
And to his comrades with report return.  
Within a wooded bight he hides his fleet  
Under a steep rock's overhanging brow,  
Where trees of thickest shuddering shadows round  
On all sides close it in: then in his hand  
Grasping two javelins with broad blades of iron,  
Walks forth, attended only by Achates.

To him full in his path his mother  
Amidst the wood presents herself,  
In face and dress a Spartan maid,  
And as Spartan maid accoutred,  
Or like Harpalyce of Thrace  
Whom panting steeds pursue in vain,  
And whose swift flight outstrips swift Hébrus;  
For from her shoulders she had hung  
The huntress' usual handy bow,  
And freely her long tresses given  
To the breezes to dishevel;  
Naked her knee, and in a knot  
Her garment's fullness at the breast,  
Tied, and confined from flowing:—

“What, hó! young mén”; she prior thús;  
 “Sáy, have ye chánced a síster míne,  
 With spótted línx - hide gírt and quíver,  
 This way tó have séen a - stráying,  
 Ór with whoop - whóop - hallóo the cháce  
 Óf the wild fóaming bóar pursúing.”

So Vénus; and thus ánswered Vénus’ són:—  
 “No sister thine have I or héard or séen,  
 O, hów shall I salúte thee, máid? for nót  
 Mórtal those féatures, nór of éarth that vóice;  
 O Góddess cértain: árt Apóllo’s síster?  
 Ór of the nýmphs’ blood? ón us lóok propítious,  
 Ánd our toils lighthen, whósoé’er thou árt;  
 And ’néath what ský we ’re tóssed abóut at lást,  
 In whát world - dístrict, téach us: óf the pláce  
 And péople álike ignoránt we wánder,  
 Híther by winds compélled and vásty wáves.  
 Mány the victim which, in tháns to thée,  
 By óur right hánd shall fáll before thine áltar.”

“Of súch high hónor”, Vénus thén,  
 “I déem me áll unwórthy.  
 ‘Tís the Týrian máidens’ úse  
 To béis the quíver and to lace  
 The mídleg hígh with púrple búskin.  
 Hére thou behóldst the Púnic réalms,  
 A city of Agénor’s sóns,  
 A Týrian cóloný amidst  
 Líbya’s indómítáble tribes;  
 Dido the rúler, fróm her bróther  
 And Týrus city híther fléd.  
 ’Twere lóng through áll its róundabóuts

The story of her wróngs to fóllow:  
The principal points alóne I'll touch.

“A spóuse was hérs, by náme Sicháeus,  
Ríchest of Phóenicia's lándlords,  
And déarly did the pór soul lóve him;  
To whóm her síre had gíven her spótless,  
Ánd in á first wédking joined.

Bút Tyre's áutocrát, Pygmálion,  
Wórst of bád men, wás her bróther;  
Ánd, in the phrénsy of a feúd  
That róse betwéen him ánd Sicháeus,  
Th' unnáatural bróther, blind with góld- lust,

Ánd of his síster's lóves regárdless,  
Came stéalthily upón, and sléw  
Th' unwáry húsband at the áltar;  
And lóng time thé deed hiding, mócked  
With mány a wicked glózing líe  
And émpty hópe the lóving bríde's heartsickness.

Bút in a dréam the véry ímage  
Óf the unbúried húsband cómes,  
And, visage wóndrous pále uplifting,  
Báres the gored bréast, and áll revéals;  
Her kín's dark crime, the crúel áltars;

Then spéedily to flée advises,  
And léave behínd her fátherlánd;  
And, fúrtherance of her wáy, disclóses  
An áncient hóard, hid in the éarth,  
A wéight unknoún of góld and silver.

In déep emótion Dido flight  
And pártners of her flight prepáres;  
Who bitterly the týrant háte,  
Or shárply féar, togéther méet,

Ships at hand séize, and lóad with góld;  
 Griping Pygmálion's stréngth and súbstance  
 Awáy beyónd the déep are bórne;  
 A wóman héads the énterprise.  
 Yónder arrived, where nów the húge  
 Strong - bülwarked tówers and citadel  
 Of new Cártage thóu see'st rising,  
 They buý — and from the círcumstance  
 Cáll the place Býrsa — ás much lánd  
 Ás with a búll's hide théy may cómpass —  
 But yé, who áre ye áfter áll?  
 Híther from whénce come, whither bóund?""

With vóice drawn fróm his bósom's dépths,  
 He ánswers her inquiry sighing: —  
 "O Góddess, hádst thou listening léisure,  
 And wére I from the fírst beginning  
 The ánnals of our tóils to tráce,  
 The dáy would clóse befóre my stóry,  
 And Vésper shút Olýmpus úp.  
 From áncient Tróy, if ón thine éars  
 Troy's náme perháps hath éver sóunded,  
 Through mány a fár sea vóyaging,  
 A témpest's chánce hath hére at lást  
 Upón the coast of Libya thrówn us.  
 My náme 's Enéas, éther high  
 Fámous for déeds of chárity;  
 Acróss the séa I cárry with me,  
 Sáved from the fóe-midst, my Penátes,  
 In séarch of fátherlánd Itália,  
 Ánd my kin sprúng from Jóve supréme.  
 Pursúing pré-appóinted fátes,  
 My Góddess-móther the way shówing,

With twice ten véssels I embárked  
 Upón the Phrygian séa-plain;  
 Shátttered by Eúrus and the wáves,  
 Scarce séven are now surviving;  
 From Éurope and from Ásia dríven,  
 Mysélf unknówn and néedy hére  
 The Libyan wástes am róaming."

Vénus, no fúrther pláint permitting,  
 Thús intérrupts him midst his grief: —  
 "Not whólly únaccéptable  
 Tó the celéstial pówers, I wéen,  
 Bréath'st thou the vital air,  
 O thóu, whoé'er thou árt, that hére  
 Drawest nígh the Týrian city;  
 Only procéed, and hold thee ón  
 Hénce to the précincts of the Quéen.  
 For, if the árt of áugury  
 Not vainly my fond párents taight me,  
 I am the hérald of the néws  
 Thát thy véssels with their créws  
 By the véering róund north-éaster  
 Háve been brought báck, and lódged in sáfety.  
 Yon tróop of twice six swáns behóld  
 Whích but just now the bírd of Jóve,  
 From tráct ethéreal swooping dówn,  
 Thróugh the ópen ský was driving;  
 How jóyous théy, in lóng arráy  
 Now on the gróund alighting,  
 And now upón the wing agáin,  
 Alréady séeming to look dówn  
 With scórн upón their pláce of réfuge:  
 Júst as those swáns on whírring wings

Áfter their sáfe retúrn are spórtинг,  
 And whéel their circles róund the sky,  
 And sing their sóng of júbilée,  
 Thy ships and créws are sáfe in pórт,  
 Or énter in full sáil the róad.  
 Only procéed and lét thy stéps  
 Fóllow the guidance of the páth."

She sáid: and as she túrned awáy,  
 Her néck shone rósy bríght,  
 Fróm her long háir and crówn of her héad  
 Bréathed a divine ambrósial ódour,  
 Dówn to her foot-sole flówed her róbe,  
 Ánd her gait tóld the Góddess.

He récognised, and with these wórds  
 His móther, as she fléd, pursued: —  
 “Ah crúel thóu too! whý thy són  
 Móck’st thou so óft with shápes illúsive?  
 Why nót to jónin right hánds permitted,  
 And cónverse hold in terms unféigned?”  
 With súch words of repróach he túrns  
 His footsteps tóward the city.

But Vénus róund them, as they gó,  
 Thróws a thick fénce of mürky áir,  
 Ánd in an ámple clóudy clóak  
 The Góddess wráps them úp;  
 That nó onc sée or touch them máy,  
 Or wórk them stóp or wórk them stáy,  
 Or whý they cóme inquire;  
 Awáy for Páphus thén she sóars,  
 Ánd the séats revisits jóyful,

Whére of fresh wréaths  
 Her témples bréathes,  
 Ánd her húndred áltars glów  
 With frámkincénse Sabáean.

Meanwhile, where the páth points the wáy,  
 They have hástily bouned them alóng,  
 And alréady the gréat hill are climbing,  
 That, óver the city immédiately rising,  
 Looks dówn on the citadel's ópposite tówers.  
 Enéas with wónder the vást fabric viéws  
 Which ónce was no móre than an Áfrican kráal,  
 With wónder the gátes views, and lóud noisy stréets;  
 The Týrians, they úrge their work árdently ón;  
 The wálls some are réaring, or rólling up stónes,  
 And búilding the cástle; selécting sites sóme,  
 Or with a plough-fúrrow the whóle round enclósing.  
 They are búsy with láwgiving tóo, and éléct  
 The sacred sénate and mágistrátes;  
 Here sóme dig the hárbour, while óthers thére  
 The théâtre's déep foundátions are láying,  
 And the húge columns quárry that shall the stáge  
 So lóftily órnamént hereáfter.

Só, through the flówery chámpaign wide,  
 Toíl busy bées benéath young súmmer's sún,  
 The nátion's fúll grown prógeny bringing óut;  
 Or pácking in the célls, until they búlge,  
 The hóney's líquid ánd nectáreous swéets;  
 Or lightening the arrívers of their lóads;  
 Or márshallíng battálions, ánd awáy  
 Dríving the lázy dróne-crew from the stálls;

Wárm glows the wórk, and frágrant smélls of thýme  
The sávory hóney.

“Háppy, whose tówers alréady rise!”  
Enéas sáys, the city súmmits  
Eyéing with úpward glánce;  
Thén, in his clóudy mántle wrápped,  
Énters, and mixes with the crówd,  
Wóndrous to téll! unséen of ány.

Amidst the city stóod a gróve  
Of móst delightful sháde;  
Where érst the wind- and- wáve-tossed Póeni  
The méttled cóurser’s héad exhúmed,  
Tóken, by róyal Júno given,  
That thére, a wéalthy wárrior nátion,  
Áges on áges théy should flórish.

To Júno hére Sidónian Dido  
A témples fábric vást was búilding;  
Rích in thank-ófferings was the fáne,  
Ánd in the Góddess’ grácious présence;  
On brónze steps róse its frónt of brónze,  
With brónze doors ón their hinges gráting;  
Its brónze roof ón bronze píllars résted.

In this grove first presénts itsélf  
A néw and féar-assuágíng sight;  
Here fírst Enéas dáres to chérish  
A hópe of sáfety, and to trúst  
That áll perhaps is nót yet lóst.

For whilst, in the húge fane, awáiting the quéen,  
 He survéys every óbject aróund,  
 And with wónder reflécts on the city's good fórtune,  
 With wónder obsérves the harmónious result  
 Of the várious artíficers' skill,  
 And pónders the tóil of the wórk;  
 He behólds there in séries the Ílian báttles,  
 And the wárs by fame públished now thróugh the whole wórlد;  
 The Atrídae and Priam he thére behólds,  
 And Achílles, the féll foe of bóth.

He stood still; and with téars said: “What pláce now, Achátes,  
 What région on éarth is not fúll of our tóils?  
 See Priam: desért even hére hath its guérdon,  
 Even hére human misery toucheſ the héart.  
 Fear nót: for believc me this fáme here  
 Will bring us some sáfety.”

So sáying, he féd his mind ón the void picture,  
 Much gróaning, and flóods of tears wétting his fáce;  
 For he sáw, in the wár around Pérgamus wáging,  
 How hére fled the Gráii, and Tróy's youth pressed ón;  
 Whilst, by crésted Achílles pursued in his cár,  
 There the Phrygians were fléeing;

Nor far óff, through his fást flowing téars recogníses,  
 With their snow- white tent- shéets, the pavílions of Rhésus;  
 Which Tydides all blóody, and réeking with cárnage,  
 In the fírst faithless sléep has surprised and laid wáste,  
 And awáy toward his cámp turns the fiery cóursers,  
 Befóre they have tásted the fódder of Tróy,  
 Or drúnk of the Xánthus.

And yónder see Tróïlus; unfórtunate yóuth,  
 Who would cope, though no mátch, with Achílles!  
 His árms they are lóst, and awáy he has fléd,  
 And his hórses they drág him alóng,  
 To the émpty car clínging, and hólding the réins;  
 Nape and shóulders and lóng hair are swéeping the gróund,  
 And the póint of his spéar, traíled behínd, marks the dús.

All suppliant, sád, with dishévelled háir,  
 And smiting their bréasts with their pálms,  
 To the témples of únjust Pállas meanwhile  
 The Ílian mátrons are wénding,  
 And the *Péplum* bear with them alóng:  
 But the Góddess awáy from them túrns, and her eýes  
 Keeps stéadfastly fixed on the gróund.

Round Ílium's wálls had Achílles  
 In fury dragged Héctor thrice,  
 And for góld was now sélling the córps.  
 Sore indéed was his gróan from the dépth of his bréast,  
 When the cháriot he sáw, and the spóils,  
 And the bódy itsélf of his friend,  
 And Priam forth-strétching his hélpless hánds.

With the chiefs of the Achívi in mélee  
 Himsélf too he récognised thére,  
 And bláck Memnon's árms, and the ránks Eóan;  
 And Pénthesiléa leads fúriously ón  
 Her Ámazon bánds crescent-shielded;  
 With a bélts of gold bückled benéath her bare páp,  
 She rágés and búnns midst the thóusands,  
 A wárior máiden with mén coping fíarless.

Whilst Dárdan Enéas these wónders is viéwing,  
 And fixed in one gáze stands astónished,  
 With large éscort of yóuths to the témpole the Quéen comes,  
 Most beáutiful Dido.

On Cýnthus' heights só, or the báanks of Eurótas,  
 Diána comes dáncing, with quiver on shóulder,  
 And áll overtópping her góddess tráin  
 Of a thóusand encircling Óreads,  
 Whilst silent joy thrills Latóna's bréast.  
 Such was Dido, and só through the midst of the thróng  
 She bóré herself jóyous and státely alóng,  
 And pressed ón with the wórks of her fúture kingdom.

In frónt of the dóors of the Góddess' cell thén,  
 High ráised on a thróne, she tákés her séat  
 Undernéath the váulted dóme of the témpole,  
 And fénced round with guárds, issues édicts and láws,  
 Into équal pórtons the wórks divídes,  
 Or by lóttery assígnes to éach his pórton.  
 When, áll on a súdden, Enéas sées,  
 Accómpanied by a great cóncourse, appróaching,  
 Ántheus, Sergéstus, and bráve Cloánthus,  
 And thóse other Teúcri, whom óver the séa-plain  
 The bláck whirling témpest had scátttered abóut,  
 And quite carried óff to óther shóres.

With gládness, and féar, and astónishment útter  
 Himsélf and Achátes are bóth struck alike,  
 And, though éagerly búnning to clásp their friends' righthands,  
 Dare not vénture, in ígnorance hów stands the cásé;  
 They dissímulate thérfore, and wrápt in their clóud,  
 Reconnóitre what fórtune their friends has besállen,  
 On what shóres left their ships, and whý they come thíther;

For óut of each ship represéntatives thére  
To the témples were hieing with lóud cries for gráce.

So, whén they have éntered, and léave  
To spéak in the présence is gránted,  
With wórds, such as thése, from his cálm breast  
Ílioneus mighty begins: —  
“O Quéen, on whom Jóve has conférred  
The privilege to fóund a new city,  
And with lág's curb restráin haughty tribes,  
Wé wretched Trójans, o'er áll seas  
Blown abóut by the winds, beg and práy thee,  
Save our ships from the thréatened flames' hórrors,  
Spare a péople well móralled and hónest,  
And into our cáse look more clósely.  
We cóme not with hávoc and sláughter  
To dévastate Libya's hómesteads,  
Or dówn to the shóre drive a bóoty;  
To mén, like us cónquered, belóngs not  
That violent high-daring spírit.

“There's an áncient land, wárlike and fértile,  
Hespéria the Gráii cáll it,  
Which ónce the Oenótrií tilled,  
Whose succéssors, fame sáys, name it nów  
From the náme of a chieftain, Itália.

“Thíther our cóurse was, when, rising  
With súdden surge, stórmey Orion  
With his bóisterous sóuth-westers whólly  
Dispérsed us, and cást us awáy  
On blind shóals and impássable rócks,

With the briny surf óver us bréaking:  
To these cóasts of yours wé few have flóated.

“But what ráce of men this? or what cóuntry  
So bárbarous a úsage permits?  
They méet us with wár, and forbid us  
On the édge of the lánd to set fóot.  
If mén ye contémptuous spúrn,  
And mán’s retribútion, remémber  
At léast that the Góds keep accóunt  
Of what ’s righteously dóne, and what wróng.  
Enéas our King was, than whóm  
None was éver in mártial deeds gréater,  
More corréct in his cónduct toward óthers,  
Or in life’s tender chárities richer:  
If, not yét to the crúel shades súnk down,  
That mán the ethéreal air bréathes,  
And the Fátes still presérve him alive,  
Fear nót thou shalt éver repént thee  
Of gétting the fórehand of him  
In cóurtesy’s óffices kínd.  
In Sícily, tóo, we ’ve a city  
And friends who know hów to wield árms,  
And of Trójan stock cómes famed Acéstes.

“Permit us our séa-shattered véssels  
On drý land to dráw up, some tímbers  
To fit in the wóods, peel some óars;  
That with jóy we may stéer for Itália,  
Should it bé in the fátes that once móre,  
With cómrades recóvered and King  
For Itália and Látium we stéer;  
But if our salvátion ’s quite góne,

And the déphts of the Libyan sea hóld thee,  
 O most éxcellent sire of the Teúcri,  
 And lóst to us álso for éver  
 The prómise we hád in Iúlus,  
 At léast let's retúrn to the hóme,  
 Left behind us on Sicily's cóast,  
 And táké King Acéstes for King.”  
 So Ílioneus; ánd the Dardánidae  
 Shóuted with óne voice assént.

Her mind then briefly Dido thús,  
 With módest, dówncast lóok delívers: —  
 “Dismiss fear fróm your héarts, O Teúcri,  
 Your ánxious cárés cast fár awáy;  
 A stérn nécessity compéls me  
 To táké these méasures, ánd to guárd  
 My néw-made réalms with wáatch and wárd.  
 Who knóws not thé Enéadáe?  
 Troy's city únto whóm unknówn,  
 Ánd its heróic déeds and héroes,  
 Ánd that gréat war's cónflagrátion?  
 We Poéni báar not héarts so dúll,  
 Nór from this our Tyrian city  
 Dóes Sol, whén he yókes his hórses,  
 So tún awáy his fáce with hórror.  
 Whéther your chóice be gréat Hespéria,  
 Ánd the fields, called áfter Sáturn;  
 Or Éryx' térritóries ráther,  
 Ánd the domáins of King Acéstes,  
 I'll sénd you safely ón your wáy,  
 Ánd with all nécessaries hélp you.  
 Shóuld you prefér to séttle hére  
 In thése my réalms alóng with mé;

Draw up your ships upon the land;  
 Yours is the city I am building;  
 Trójan and Týrian shall by me  
 On équal térms be tréated éver;  
 And wóuld that hére were présent now  
 Your King Enéas, by the same  
 South blást compélled; at léast I'll sénd  
 Trústy scouts out along the shóre,  
 And bid them séarch the whole léngth of Libya,  
 Lést by some chánce, in wóod or city  
 A shipwrecked sáilor hé may wánder."

Cheéered by these wórds, Achátes bráve  
 And sire Enéas fróm the clóud  
 To bréak forth fór some tíme were bürning,  
 And first Achátes to Enéas: ---  
 "What thinkst thou now, O Góddess - bórн?  
 That évery thing is sáfe thou sée'st,  
 Thy fléet and friends recóvered áll,  
 One ónly missing whóm oursélves  
 Behéld amidst the billows súnk;  
 All élse is ás thy móther prómised."

Scarce úttered wére the wórds, when áll at ónce  
 The circumámbient clóud divides itsélf,  
 And cléars awáy intó the ópen éther,  
 And fórth Enéas stóod in the clear líght  
 Refúlgent, fáce and shóulders like a Gód;  
 For into the son's eýes the móther's sélf  
 Had bréathed bright gládness, and his fáce adórned  
 With yóuth's fresh róseate húe and ringlets fáir;  
 Like ívory he looked which wórkman's hánds

Had pólished to the útmost, or like silver,  
Or Párian márble, sét in yéllow góld.

The Quéen he thén addrésses, and to áll  
Thús, unexpécted, of a súdden spéaks: —  
“Hére in your présence ám I whóm ye séek,  
Trójan Enéas, snátched from the Libyan wáves.  
O thóu, who sóle Troy’s crúel súfferings píiest,  
Whó to be`pártners of thy hóme and city  
Tak’st ús, poor rémnant by the Dánaï léft,  
Us, déstitúte of áll things, and exháusted  
By évery évil chánce of lánd and séa;  
Becóming tháns excéed our pówer, O Dido,  
Excéed the pówer of the whole Dárdan ráce,  
Wheréver thróugh the wide world nów they’re scátttered.  
The Góds, if Góds there bé that lóok with fávor  
On húman déeds of chárity and kindness,  
If ánywhére at áll there is respéct  
For cónsciéntious úprightness of cónduct,  
Bestów a wórthy récompénce upón thee.  
So lóng as rivers rún intó the séa,  
And hóllows in the bósom óf the móuntains  
Are slówly cóursed round by the móuntain shádows,  
And by the firmamént the stárs are féd,  
So lóng for éver lást thy náme, praise, glóry,  
Let mé be cálled to wháte’er lánds I máy.”  
He sáid, and with his right hand clásped the hánd  
Óf his friend Ílioneus, Seréstus’ hánd  
Cáught with his léft; then gréeting like bestówed  
On Gyás bráve, brave Clóanth, ánd the rést.

Strúck with the first sight óf the héro,  
Ánd by his gréat misfórtune móved,

Thus ánswered thén Sidónian Dido: —  
 “What évil chánce, O Góddess-bórn,  
 With áll these périls pursúes thee?  
 To thése uncóuth wild shóres of óurs  
 What fórce supérior drives thee?  
 Art thóu that sáme Enéas whóm  
 Boon Vénus tó Anchises Dárdan  
 Bóre beside Phrygian Simoïs' wáve?  
 And wéll I récoHéct when Teúcer,  
 Fróm his náttive realms expélléd,  
 To Sidon ánd my fáther cáme,  
 In séarch of a new réalm in Cýprus,  
 Frúitsful lánd, just thén o'errún  
 By my fáther Bélus' árms,  
 And át his ábsolute dispósal.  
 From thát time fórth well knówn to mé  
 The Trójan city's évil fórtune,  
 Thy náme, and thé Pelásgian Kings.  
 Himsélf, the fóe, used tó extól  
 With no cómmon práise the Teúcri,  
 Ánd from the áncient Teúcrian stóck  
 His ówn descént was fáin to tráce.  
 Come thén, young mén, my dwélling énter:  
 Hére in this lánd at lást to séttle,  
 Áfter long búffetings abóut,  
 A fórtune like your ówn has willed me.  
 Expérienced in misfórtune, I  
 Have léarned to hélp th' unsfórtunáte.”

She sáys; and into thé house róyal  
 Át the sáme time léads Enéas,  
 Át the sáme time in the témples  
 Tó the Góds bids thánks be óffered;

Nór meantime neglécts to sénd  
 Tó the shóre down ánd his cómrades  
 Twénty óxen, ánd a húndred  
 Bristly bróad-chined swine imménse,  
 Fat lambs with their dáms a húndred,  
 Ánd the Gód's enlivening gift.

With spléndor, meanwhile, and luxúry róyal  
 The hóuse far within is laid óut for the báquet;  
 Of crimson supérb are the richly wrought clóths;  
 The vast sérvice, of silver and góld;  
 Where tráced in relief were th' explóits of their sires  
 From the first ancient rise of the nátion dówn  
 Through mány a héro in lóng, long arráy.

But Enéas — a fáther's love kept him unquiet —  
 Beforehánd to the ships swift Achátes despátched,  
 To acquáint, and conduct to the city, Ascánius;  
 Ascánius, his déar parent's whóle thought and cáre:  
 Gifts tóo bade him bring, snatched from Ilion's rúins,  
 The mántle all stiff with embróidered gold figures,  
 And with sáffron Acánthus round bórdered the wímple;  
 Attíre ornaméntal of Árgive Hélen,  
 Her móther Léda's gift, wóndrouslý fáir,  
 And óut of Mycénae brought with her by Hélen,  
 When for Pérgamus she bóuned her and núptials illícit.  
 The scéptre too, whílom by Ílione bórne,  
 Of the dáughters of Priam the éldest,  
 Ánd the pearl cháin which she wóre on her néck,  
 And dóuble gold córonet stúdded with jéwels.  
 To despátch these commissions Achátes  
 His wáy to the ships was wénding.

Bút Cytheréa a néw scheme is plánning,  
 A néw cunning schéme in her bréast,  
 How Cúpid his figure and féatures should chánge,  
 And, góing in swéet Ascánius's pláce,  
 Kindle to fúry the Quéen with the présents,  
 And into her inmost bones wórk the fire;  
 The fámily duplicity 'tis she 's afráid of,  
 And the dóuble-tongued Týrians, I wéen;  
 And sórely atrócious Júno fréts her,  
 And still with returning night cómes back her cáre.  
 So in wórds, such as thése, winged Lóve she addrésses:—

“O són, my great stréngth and effíciénce;  
 O són, who alóne at nought séttest  
 The supréme Father's wéapons Typhóean,  
 To thée I fly súpplicant, implóring thy Gódhead.  
 How thy bróther Enéas sea-tóst is thou knówst;  
 From shóre to shore róund by unfáir Juno's spíte,  
 And óft with my sórrow thou hást sympathísed;  
 Him Dido Phoeníician has hóld of, and, cóaxing  
 With sóft soothíng wórds, makes to stáy;  
 And Júno, I féar, plays not hóstess for nótihing,  
 And in só great a crisis will nót sit idle.  
 To bé beforehánd with her thérefore I'm plótting,  
 And with súch a flame róund to encómpass the Quéen,  
 That with lóve strong as mine she may dóat on Enéas,  
 Beyónd any Gód's power to swérve her or chánge.  
 How bést thou mayst dó this now héar my opíñion.

“The róyal bóy, my cáre most espécial,  
 At his déar sire's súmmons to gó is prepáring  
 To the city Sidónian, and béars with him gifts  
 Which the séa have survived and the flámes of Tróy.

Ínto a déep sleep lethárgic I'll pút him,  
 And on lófty Cythéra or Móns Idálius  
 Within the sánctified précincts hide him,  
 That by nó possibility he may knów,  
 Or be áble to thwárt our strátagem.  
 Thou, a bóy, the boy pérsone, ánd for no móre  
 Than óne single night, his known féatures put ón,  
 That, whén in the héight of the róyal repást,  
 And flów of the liquor Lyáean,  
 To her bósom most jóyous Dido shall téake thee,  
 And húg, and imprint with sweet kisses,  
 Thou mayst into her bréathe the fire occúlt,  
 And pójson her únsuspécted."

Love obéys his dear párent's words, dóffs his wings,  
 And wálk with the gáit of Iúlus, delighted.  
 But Vénus the límbs of Ascánius bedéws  
 With plácid sléep, and, cuddled in her bósom the Góddess  
 Bears him úp to the high sacred gróves of Idália,  
 Where soft márjoram wráps him abóut with its flówers  
 And swéet odoríferous sháde.

And nów the behést of his párent obéying,  
 Ánd to the Týrians the róyal gifts béraring,  
 Cupid, léd by Achátes, hied jóyful alóng.  
 The Quéen had her pláce at the héad of the táble,  
 Befóre he came, tákén, and ón the gold sófa  
 Dispósed herself séemly benéath the supérb dais.  
 Now arríves sire Enéas, and Tróy's youth arrive,  
 And recline in their pláces on cóverlets crimson;  
 Man-sérvants with wáter to wásh hands presént them,  
 And fine napless tówels; and sérve bread from báskets.  
 Fifty máids are within, charged to sét in due órder,

And prepáre for the táble the lóng stock of viands,  
 And tó the Penátes keep blázing the fire.  
 Maids a húndred, and équal-aged páges as mány  
 The plátes plenish héavy, and sét down the wine-cups;  
 And in through the glád gates the Týrians come póuring,  
 And on bróidered cloth cùshions reclíne each where bid.  
 With wónder they gáze on the gifts of Enéas,  
 And ón the God's mímic lúlus with wónder,  
 How flushed are his féatures! how éager he tálks!  
 And thén on the mántle, and thén on the wímple  
 With sáffron Acánthus embróidered all róund.

But, móre than the rést all, the hápless Phoenissa,  
 Doomed so sóon to that plágue to be victimised,  
 By the bóy and the gifts alike fired, gazes ón,  
 And, the lónger she gázes, the lónger would gáze.  
 But the bóy round Enéas's néck having húng,  
 Ánd his delúded sire's lóve gratified,  
 Is awáy to the Quéen, who, with her eyes, ón him,  
 And áll her whole héart, doats, and tó her lap tákés him,  
 And cùddles betwéen-whiles: Ah! little wots Dido  
 What a mighty God thére of her láp sits posséssor.  
 Then his móther's commánds Acidálian obéying,  
 He begins from her bósom to blót out Sicháeus,  
 And tries from a déad love to túrn to a líving  
 Her lánguid and lóng unaccústomed héart.

The sérvice remóved, and the féast at a páuse,  
 They sét the great wine-cups and crówn them;  
 The dín the whole hóuse fills, as thróugh the wide hális  
 They send rólling their vóices;  
 Burning lámps hang suspénded from céilings of góld,  
 And the flámbeau's flame cónquers the night.

Here the Queen for the jewelled and heavy gold bowl calls  
 Which Bélus and Bélus' successors used ever,  
 And with the pure juice of the grape fills it up,  
 And says after silence obtained through the building: —  
 "O Júpiter, for in all things, appertaining  
 To the rights of the stranger, they say, thou art lord;  
 May this day a day of joy be to the Tyrians,  
 A day of joy be to our guests here of Tróy,  
 And by those to come after us held in remembrance;  
 May joy-giving Bácchus and bountiful Júno  
 Be here with us present, and ye in this meeting  
 With warm hearts and kind wishes, O Tyrians, take part."

Having thus said, she poured on the table the hómage,  
 Then the bowl of libation just touched with her lips,  
 And handed to Bítias with challenge and chiding;  
 Nor lóth at all he took the swilling gold bowl,  
 And drenched himself well with the foaming liquor;  
 So one after another the rest of the nobles.

And long-tressed Iópas sang to his gold lute  
 The lóre he had learned of Átlas the mighty,  
 The móon's wanderings sang, and the toils of the sún,  
 Whence mén and beasts came, whence came wáter and fire;  
 Of Arcturus he sang, and the Hýades rainy,  
 And of the two Béars; and why in such hurry  
 To dip in the ócean are midwinter's súns,  
 While its nights dip so slow — what is it delays them?  
 Repeted the pláudits of Tyrian and Trójan;  
 The former the wáy lead, the latter come after.  
 With various discóurse, too, unfortunate Dido  
 Protrácted the night, and of love deeply dránk;  
 Abóut Priam ásking oft many a quéstion,

And many a question about Hector oft;  
Now, the horses of Diomedé what were they like;  
And now, was Achilles of stature so mighty:—  
“Nay, come, guest, and tell us the whole tale”, she says,  
“From the very beginning; the Danaï, their ambush,  
Thy country’s misfortunes, and how, for seven summers,  
Over all lands and waves thou art wandering about.”

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## II.

All gázed intént, and listened,  
When fróm the high sófa thús  
Enéas síre begán: —

“Thou bidst, O Quéen, revive  
That ágony of grief;  
How lámentábly fél,  
By the Dánaï o'erthrówn,  
The puissant réalm of Tróy;  
What hárrowing sights I sáw,  
Mysélf a súfferer chief.  
Who cóuld from téars refráin,  
Súch a théme discóursing,  
What Mýrmidon, or Dólops,  
Or hárd Ulysses' sóldier?  
And nów down fróm the sky  
Precipitous spéeds damp níght,  
And stár-set cóunsels sléep;  
Yet, if to háve acquaintance  
With óur misfórtunes' stóry,  
And briefly héar reláted  
The clósing wóe of Tróy,  
So stróng be thy desire,  
I will the táska attémp,

Though with horror my sad soul  
Shrinks from the récolléction.

“War-worn, and by the Fates repulsed,  
The chieftains of the Dánaï,  
So many years away now gliding,  
Build, with Palladian art divine,  
A hórse with ribs of cloven pine,  
And huge as any mountain;  
For their return pretend it vowed,  
And that rumor spreád abroad,  
But in its dark side privily  
Enclóse a band of soldiers ármed,  
By lot selected, and complétely  
Filling its vast cavérnous wómb.

“Within view of the Trójan cōast  
Lies Ténedós’ most famous isle,  
Wéalthy, whilst Priam’s émpire stóod;  
Nów but a bay, and fáithless róadstead;  
Thither they sail acróss, and lie  
Enscónced on the déserted shóre:  
We máke no doubt but théy have léft us,  
And depárted fór Mycénae.

“All Teúcria hér long móurning nów  
Has thérefore cást aside:  
’Tis pléasant thróugh the opened gátes  
To sally fórth, and sée  
A désert áll, the Dóric cámپ;  
And the sea-cóast left frée: —  
‘ ’Twas hére the band Dolópian pitched,  
Dréadful Achilles thére;

This was the státion for the shíps,  
And thát the báttle field.'

"Sóme at the húge bulk óf the hórsé,  
Vírgin Minérva's déadly présent,  
Gáze with astónishment and wónder;  
And fírst Thymóetes, éither guileful,  
Ór because the fátes of Tróy  
Nów at lást that wáy were báring,  
Exhórts withín the wálls to dráw it,  
And pláce it in the citadel.  
But Cápys and the wiser sórt  
Ínto the séa would héadlong thrów  
The strátagem of the Dánaí;  
Ór, with flámes set úndernéath it,  
Thé suspícious présent bún;  
Or élse bore into, ánd explóre  
The hóllow hidings óf its wómb.

"Divíded bétwixt ópposite cóunseis,  
The uncértain crówd stands wávering,  
When sóremost thére befóre them áll  
Fróm the high citadel runs dówn,  
By a great crówd accómpanied,  
Laócoon árdent, ánd excláims,  
While yét afár: — 'What só great mádness,  
O wréttched citizens, is this?  
The fóe's dépárture crédit ye?  
Or think ye thére can présents bé  
Óf the Dánaí, without guile?  
Is this your knówledge óf Ulýsses?  
Either, shut úp withín this wóod,  
Concéaled Achívi líe,

Or 'tis an éngine théy have built,  
 Our hóuses to espý,  
 And ón our tówn, despite our wálls,  
 To cóme down fróm on high.  
 Trúst not, O Teúcri, ín this hórse;  
 Some látent chéat is hére;  
 Howe'er it bé, with áll their gifts,  
 These Dánaí I féar.'

"He said, and 'gainst the cómpact side  
 Óf the bést's well róunded bélly  
 Húrled with pówersful stréngth his spéar:  
 Fixed in the wóod  
 Quivering it stóod;  
 With a hóllow groaning sóund  
 The womb's cáverns rebóund.

"Then, had the Góds' fates bút permitted,  
 Nór infatuate béen our minds,  
 He had impélled us to demólish  
 With rude stéel the láir Argólic,  
 And thóu, O Tróy, wert now surviving,  
 And Priam's high citadel stánding now.

"But see yon Dárdan shépherds drágging  
 With great clámor, to the King,  
 A yóuth with hands behind his báck bound;  
 Who, of his ówn accord, himself  
 Unknówn had in their way presented,  
 This very purpose to effect,  
 And open Tróy so to the Achivi;  
 Assured of spirit, and alike  
 For each alternative prepared;

Tó succéed with his impósture,  
Ór submit to cértain déath.

“The yóuths of Tróy on évery side  
Pour rúshing róund, to sée desírous;  
And stríve, who móst will móck the cáptive.  
Now héar the strátagem óf the Dánaï,  
And fróm the single villainy léarn  
What villains théy are áll.

“For ás full in the géneral gáze,  
Confúsed and hélpless, thére he stóod,  
And lóoked round ón the Phrýgian bánds: —  
‘Alás! in whát land ór what séa  
Can I take réfuge nów?’ he cries;  
‘Or whát resóurce left fór a wréetch  
Whose pláce amóngh the Dánaï ’s lóst,  
Ánd for the fórfeít óf whose life  
Éven the Dardánidae cáll in ánger?’

“Chánged by that cry our minds, and áll  
Violence représsed: we urge our prisoner  
To spéak, and lét us héar his stóry;  
What blóod flows in his véins, on whát  
Strong póint rests mainly his reliánce.  
He thróws fear óff at lást, and sáys: —

‘Trúe conféssion óf the whole mátter,  
Lét it háve been whát it will,  
I shall máke to thée, O King.  
In the first place, I dený not  
Thát I’m óf the Argólic nátion;  
Fór, though Fórtune máde him wréttched,

Néver sháll that réprobate  
Máke a chéat and liar of Sinon.

‘Tó your éars repórt perháps has  
Bróught the glórious, wide-spread náme  
Of Pálamédes, són of Bélus;  
Whóm, when a fálse cry róse of tréason,  
Á nefárious ínformátion’s  
Guiltless víctim, whóse sole crime was  
Thát he ráised his vóice agáinst war,  
Thé Pelásgi sént to déath down,  
Ánd lamént, now thát he ‘s déad.

‘Mé, that Pálamédes’ kínsman,  
Híther with him ás compánion,  
Ánd to léarn to bé a sóldier,  
Mý poor síre in éarly yóuth sent.  
Lóng as hé stood firm, and flórished  
A prince amóng consulting prínces,  
Í too bóré some náme and hónor;  
Bút when Ulysses’ cózening málíce —  
Wéll known áre the fácts I téll —  
To quit this úpper wórlد compélled him,  
Í, with shátttered fórtunes, drágged on  
A life of gloóm and misery;  
And ó'er my guiltless friend’s misfórtune  
Cháfed withín mysélf, indígnant;  
Nor, mádman thát I wás, kept sílence,  
But róused agáinst me bitter hártdeds  
With thréats of véngeance, shóuld chance óffer,  
And shóuld I tó my nátive Árgos  
Éver retúrn with victory.

“ Hénce my first blight óf misfórtune,  
 Hénce Ulysses with new chárge  
 Still térrified me; wórds ambiguous  
 Still amidst the rábble scátttered;  
 Still sought wéapons whérewithál  
 To éxecute designs close hidden  
 From áll excépt his sécret cóncience;  
 Till at lást by méans of Cálchas —  
 But whý th’ ungráteful tále  
 Thús repéat in váin?  
 Or whérefore dálly?  
 For yóu, who think the Achívi  
 Are áll of thé same kind,  
 ’Tis enóugh that ye have héard  
 I am óne of the Achívi;  
 Take the pénalty at ónce  
 Ye should lóng ago have tákén:  
 ’Tis the véry consummátion  
 Which Íthacus desires,  
 And which at a great príce  
 The Atrídae fain would púrchase.’

“Then, thén indéed, we ’re áll on fire  
 To ásk him quéstions, ánd to héar  
 Some éxplanátion óf the mática;  
 Little awáre of thé deep guíle  
 And villainy of thé Pelásги.  
 Trémbling he góes on with his glózing.”

‘Oft tímés the wéary Dánaï  
 Desired to táké their flight,  
 To léave Troy behind them,  
 And abándon the long wár;

*And I wish to héaven, they hád;  
 But the róugh and stórmý séa  
 Intercépted óft the wáy,  
 And Auster óft detérred them,  
 When ón the pójnt to gó.  
 Abóve all, whén of máple-planks  
 Firmly knit togéther  
 This hórse here was sét up,  
 Over the whole éther  
 Stórm-clouds bráttled.*

‘Wé, in óur suspéñse,  
 Send Eurýpýlus to consult  
 The óracle of Phóebus;  
 And hé back fróm the shrine  
 Brings these wórds of sórrow: —  
 ‘With a sláughtered vírgin’s blóod  
 The winds ye appéased,  
 When fírst to Ílium’s cóasts  
 Ye cáme, O Dánaï;  
 With the blóody sácrifice  
 Of a lífe Argólic  
 Ye must púrchase your retúrn.’

“As sóon as that wórd  
 Reached the éar of the públic,  
 All minds were astóunded,  
 And thróugh the bones’ píth  
 Thrilled an ícy-cold trémor: —  
 ‘For whóm prepares Fáte this?  
 Apóllo calls whóm?’

‘Here Íthacus drágis  
 Forth into the midst,

With a great tumult,  
 Sóothsaying Cálchas,  
 And to expóund  
 That blessed will of the Góds  
 Impórtunate présses.  
 And mány already  
 Foretold me the fúture,  
 Or, ónlooking múte,  
 The villainy réad  
 Of the crúel intríguer.

‘Twice five days he ’s silent,  
 And clóse housed refúses  
 Any óne to denóunce,  
 Or hand óver to déath;  
 Till, bý the loud clámors  
 Of Íthacus hárdly  
 At lóng and last fórced,  
 He speaks óut, as arránged,  
 And dooms mé to the áltar.  
 All assént and on óne  
 Poor wréetch’s head túrn,  
 And dischárgé the destrúction  
 Each had féared for himsélf.

‘The hórrid day ’s cóme;  
 For the rite they ’re prepáring;  
 The méal ’s mixed with sált,  
 The tiar ’s round my témples —  
 Awáy from the sláughter  
 I bróke, I dený not,  
 And my bónds left behind me.

In an óozy moráss  
 Amóng the sedge lúrking,  
 All the night I lay hid,  
 And awáited their sáiling,  
 If háply they wóuld sail.

‘And now I ’ve no móre hope  
 To sée my old cóuntry,  
 Or the síre I ’ve so yéarned for,  
 And the sweet chíldren,  
 Who perháps must accóunt  
 With their líves for my crime,  
 And wréttchedly expiate  
 This my escápe.  
 Bút, by the Góds above,  
 And by those Déities,  
 To whóm truth is déar,  
 And who knów I speak trúth;  
 And by whatéver  
 Fáith uncorrúpted  
 Is still anywhére  
 Among mén to be fóund,  
 I práy you, take pity  
 On hárdfships so gréat;  
 On a mind, not desérving  
 Such hárdfships, take pity.’

“These téars win his lífe,  
 And móre — even our pity —  
 And fírst Priam’s sélf  
 His mánacles tight  
 Commánds to take óff,  
 And spéaks to him kindly: —

‘Whoéver thou árt,  
 Hencefóward forgét  
 The Gráiïi thou hast lóst,  
 (For óurs thou shalt bé)  
 And trúe answer give  
 To the quéstions I ásk thee;  
 This húge monstrous hórse  
 For what púrpose set úp?  
 By whóm? with what méaning?  
 Is it émblem religiós?  
 Is it éngine of wár?’

“He sáid; and the wréetch,  
 In Pelásgian arts vérsed,  
 Toward the héavenly lights úpwards  
 His úntied hands lifting,  
 ‘Bear witness’, excláimed,  
 ‘Ye fíres everlásting,  
 Whose Gódhead ’s inviolate;  
 Bear witness, ye áltars  
 And hórrible knives,  
 From which I have fléd;  
 And yé, sacred fillets  
 My víctim brows wóre;  
 I sín not in bréaking  
 The Gráian sánctions;  
 I sín not in háting  
 The Gráiïi themsélves,  
 And tó the light brínging  
 Their évery sécret,  
 Whaté'er it may bé;  
 Nor ám I bound lónger  
 By láws of my cóuntry.

Only thóu to thy prómise  
 Stánd stedfast Tróy,  
 And thy sáaviour sáve,  
 If I téll thee the trúth,  
 If I récompense ámply.

‘Éver in the áid of Pállas  
 Pláced the Dánaï théir whole hópe  
 And cónfidénce of háppy issue  
 Tó the wár they had úndertáken;  
 But fróm what tíme Tydides ímpious,  
 And Ulysses, crime invéntor,  
 Fróm the sacred fáne attémpted  
 To téar awáy the wéird Palládium,  
 And sláying the high citadel’s gúards,  
 Séized on the sacred éffigy,  
 Nór with blóody hánds not dáred  
 To touch the Góddess’ virgin tiar:  
 Ébbed from that tíme the hópe of the Dánaï,  
 Bróken their stréngth, estránged the Góddess’ fávor.

‘Nor wás it bý ambíguous pórtents  
 Thát Tritónia shéwed her ánger;  
 Scárce placed ín the cámp the image,  
 Whén its eyes stáred, and spárkled fíre;  
 A sált sweat bróke out ón its límbs,  
 And thríce, O wónderful to téll!  
 Úp from the gróund it spráng entíre,  
 Béaring its shield and quivering spéar.

‘Immédiately their flight must bráve  
 The házards óf the séa’, chaunts Cálchas;  
 ‘For Pérgamús is nót to bé  
 By Argolic árms demólished,

Until at Árgos háving tákén  
 New áuspícés, they cóme back hither,  
 Bringing with them thát same héavenly  
 Gráce and bléssing thát has nów  
 To Gréece sailed with them in their cúrved ships.'

'And nów that théy have tó their náttive  
 Mycénæ sáiled home, théy 're prepáring  
 New wár, and wóoing Góds to escórt them;  
 Which dóne, they 'll cróss the séa agáin,  
 And be hére when léast expécted.  
 Só adróit a hánd is Cálchas  
 Át the análýsis of ómens.

'To réconcile the Déity,  
 And expiate the mórtal crime  
 Óf the théft of thé Palládium,  
 Cálchas cóunselled thém to sét up  
 This státue hére, but át the sáme time  
 Tó so gréat a héight to eréct it,  
 And óf such stróng and mássy timber,  
 That thróugh the gátes it cóuld not páss,  
 Nór be drawn úp intó the city,  
 Thére to succéed the fórmér image,  
 Ás the tútelar óf the péople.

'Fór, if your hánds did violence  
 Tó the gift óffered tó Minérva,  
 Great rúin — ón the próphet's sélf  
 Dischárge the próphecy, ye Góds! —  
 Would whélin Priam's émpire ánd the Phrýgians;  
 Bút, if your ówn hands dréw it úp,  
 And pláced it high within your city,

Thén would Ásia in her túrn  
 Beöme aggressor, and agáinst  
 The Pélopéan rámparts cóme  
 With mighty wár: such wére the fátes  
 That wáited óur postéritý.'

"By thése insidious árts of pérjured Sinon  
 The affáir is créited, and thóse whom néither  
 Tydídes, nór Achílles of Laríssa,  
 Nór a ten yéars' siege, nór a thóusand ships  
 Could subjugáte, becóme the éasy préy  
 Óf an impóstor's wéll dissémbled téars.

"And hére a gréater, fár more áwful, sight  
 Fills with alárin our miseráble bréasts;  
 Laócoón, by lót drawn priest of Néptune,  
 At the sólemn áltars á huge búll was sláying,  
 Whén, behold yónder! 'cross the tránsquil déep,  
 From Ténedos, I shúdder to relate it,  
 Come two imménse-orbed snákes stémming the séa,  
 And máking, side by side, diréct for lánd;  
 Whose bréasts, amóng the wáves erécted, réar  
 Their blóody wáttles high abóve the wáters;  
 While, in volúminous coíls, their bácks imménse  
 And hind parts swéep the áudibly fóaming bríne.

"They 're ón the lánd: their blóodshot eyés glare fire;  
 With swiftly tó and fró vibráted tóngues  
 They lick their hissing jáws: aghást we sée,  
 And flée in áll diréctions: tó Laócoón  
 They take their márch diréct; and first the bódies  
 Óf his two little sóns both sérpents clásp,  
 And brówse upón, and bite, their wréttched límbs;

Himsélf, then, cóming tó their áid with wéapons,  
 Lay hóld on, ánd with húge coils bind ; and nów  
 Twice clásping him abóut the middle ; twice  
 Circling his néck round with their scály trúnks,  
 Abóve his héad their héads and táll necks réar.  
 Bespéwed with bláck and vénomous góre his tiar,  
 Ás with his hárds their knóts he stríves to súnder,  
 Ánd the same móment tó the stárs lifts high  
 His shóuts horrífic ; béllowing like a búll,  
 Thát from his néck the unstéady áxe has tóssed,  
 Ánd from the áltar with a wóund escápes.  
 Bút the two drágons áway gliding flée  
 To dréad Tritónia's lófty citadel,  
 Ánd in the fáne and át the féet of the Góddess,  
 Behínd her shield's orb, lie in cóvert clóse.

“ ’Twas thén, indéed, that évery bréast  
 Quáked with a néw and thrílling féar ;  
 And righteously desérved, they sáid,  
 The pénalty Laócoon páid,  
 Whó, with pointed spéar accúrsed  
 Húrled agáinst the side of the bést,  
 Had hármed the sácred wóod.

“ Tó the Góddess’ témples,  
 Áll shout óut togéther,  
 The ímage múst be bróught,  
 Ánd the gráciouss clémency  
 Óf the bléssed Déity,  
 Húmbly with práyer be sóught.

“ We bréach the city wálls,  
 We thrów the fórtress ópen,

All gird their lóins, and fáll to wórk;  
 Benéath its fëet, some, róllers sét,  
 Some, hémpen córds throw róund its néck.  
 Téeming with its fréight of árms  
 The fátal éngine scáles the wálls;  
 Bóys and girls sing hýmns aróund,  
 And touch the rópe, delighted.  
 It énters, and glides ménacing  
 On through the city's midst.

“O Ílium! O my cóuntry!  
 Habitátion of the Góds!  
 City of Dardánidae,  
 Válient and renówned!  
 In the very éntrance  
 Fóur times it stopped shórt;  
 Clánging within the wómb  
 Árms four times were héard.  
 Ónward, nót the léss,  
 Unhéeding, fúrious, blind we préss,  
 Ánd in the cónsecráted high-place  
 Set úp the unlúcky mónter.

“Then tóo Cassándra’s móuth  
 To the cóming fáte gave útterance,  
 That móuth which, by the Góds’ will,  
 The Teúcri bélied néver.  
 We, wrétches who were nót  
 Anóther dáy to sée,  
 Déck with féstal fóliage  
 The shrines throughóut the city.

“Round rolls in the méantime the héaven,  
 And Night from Océanus rúshing,  
 Enwráps in her gréat shade the éarth,  
 And the sky, and the wiles Myrmidónian.  
 And now that, all óver the city,  
 The Teúcri outstrétched lie and silent,  
 And deep sleep their tired limbs embráces;  
 From Ténedos, fúlly equipped,  
 To the shóres that it knóws so wéll,  
 In the stilly moon’s friendly silence  
 The ármament Árgive sails óver,  
 When the King’s ship has húng out its líght;  
 And Sinon, safe in the protéction  
 Of the Góds’ partial déstinies, lóoses  
 All stéalthy the wómb’s piny shútter,  
 And léts out the Dánaï.

“To the áir, the horse ópened, refúnds them;  
 And fórd from the hóllow wood jóyful  
 The chieftains Thessánder and Sthénélus come,  
 Alóng the let-dówn rope gliding,  
 And direful Ulýsses, and Thóas,  
 And Ácamas, and Meneláus,  
 And Macháon the fóremost of áll,  
 Neoptólemus, grándson of Péleus,  
 And himsélf, the snare’s ártist, Epéus.

“They máke their attáck on the city,  
 As it lies in sleep büried and wine,  
 Cut dówn the night-wáatch, and admitting,  
 At the wide-opened gátes, all their cómrades,  
 Unite into óne their leagued bánds.

“It wás the éarly hóur of sléep,  
 When thát most gráteful gift of héaven  
 Begins to stéal on cáre-sick mórtals:  
 Ló! in a dréam, before mine eyés,  
 Héctor, methóught, all wóe-begone  
 And wéeping tórrents, stóod beside me;  
 Frésh from the cháriot whéel,  
 As érewhile í had séen him,  
 And áll begrimed with dúst and blóod:  
 In his swollen féet the thóngs.

“Alás me, whát a Héctor!  
 How gréat a chánge was thére,  
 From the Héctor thát retúrned  
 Clád in Achilles’ spóils!  
 From the Héctor thát had húrled  
 Phrygía’s lighted bránds  
 At the ships of the Dánaï!

“Squálid was his béard,  
 Clótted his lócks with blóod,  
 His bódy gáshed all óver  
 With the wóunds he had receíved  
 Befóre his náttive wálls.  
 I wéeping tóo, methóught,  
 Addréssed of my own mótion  
 These sád words tó the héro: —

‘O líght of Dardánia!  
 O Teúcrian hope súrest!  
 What gréat delay képt thee?  
 Or whénce comest at lást?  
 O Héctor, expécted so lóng!

After hów many déaths  
 Of thy friends look we ón thee!  
 After hów many tróubles,  
 And hárassing tóils,  
 Both of péople and city!  
 Thy visage seréne  
 Why fóuled thus unséemly?  
 And whát wounds are thése?’

“He ánswered nót my íde quéstions,  
 He wróught me nó deláy,  
 Bút from his bósom’s ínnermost  
 Groaned héavily and sáid: —  
 ‘Ah! flée, O Góddess-bórn,  
 And sáve thee fróm these flámes:  
 The fóe is máster óf the wálls,  
 And in rúin from its súmmit  
 Down túmbles lófty Tróy.  
 For Priám and thy cóuntry  
 Enóugh hast thóu perfórméd;  
 Had Pérgamus’ défénce  
 In ány right hand láin,  
 This right hand thé défénce  
 Of Pérgamus had béen.  
 Tróy to thy cáre comménds  
 The óbjects shé holds sácred;  
 Take thése Penátes with thee,  
 To bé thy fátes’ compánions,  
 With thése Penátes gó,  
 And fóund the mighty city  
 ’Tis thy déstiný to fóund  
 After mány a long wándering  
 Áll the wide sea óver.’

“He said, and in his hands  
 Brought out, from the interior,  
 Potent Vésta, and the Fillets,  
 And the éverlasting Fire.

“Meantime within the city fár  
 'Tis wóe all ánd confúsion,  
 And thóugh my síre Anchises' hóuse  
 Stóod among shéltering trées retired,  
 Yet lóuder still, and lóuder gréw,  
 And néarer still and néarer dréw  
 War's hórror, and the din of árms.

“Stárting, and róused from sléep  
 I clímb the róof's steep ridge,  
 Ánd with pricked éars stand lístening.

“Twás as whén through stánding córn  
 By ráging sóuthwinds flámes are bórne,  
 Or móuntain tórent's rápid flóod  
 Próstrates fields and smíling cróps,  
 Próstrates the lábors of the óx,  
 And héadlong drágs with it the wóod.  
 Fróm the high top of a róck,  
 The shépherd, ignorant whát has háppened,  
 Héars with astónishment the sóund.  
 Then, thén indéed, the trúth was cléar,  
 The ámbush of the Dánaï ópen.  
 Nów has Deíphobús' large hóuse,  
 By Vúlcan óverpówered, fallen ín;  
 And nów Ucálegon 's on fire,  
 His néxt adjóining néighbour;  
 And fár and wide  
 Sigéum's fríths

Refléct the gláre;  
 And clánging trúmpets,  
 Shóuting mén,  
 Their lárum ráise togéther.

“Distrácted í take árms, though smáll  
 The góod from árms to bé expécted;  
 Bút my soul búrns to gáther róund me  
 Some gállant hándful óf compánions,  
 And thrów mysélf intó the cástle;  
 Mádness and wráth impél me héadlong,  
 Ánd, what a chárring thing it ís  
 To die in árms, comes 'cross my mind.

“But sée, escáped out of the mídst  
 Óf the Acháian wéapons, Pántheus  
 Tóward our hóuse comes rúnning wildy;  
 Pántheus Othryádes, the priest  
 Óf the Phóebus of the cástle,  
 Ín his own hánd the cónquered Góds  
 Ánd *sacrárium* cárrying wíth him,  
 And drágging ón his little grándson: —  
 ‘Quite lóst? Or nót yet quite lost, Pántheus?  
 The cástle — cán we hóld out ín it?’

“Scarce hád I thé words úttered,  
 When wíth a gróan he ánswered: —  
 ‘Th’ inévitabile dáy,  
 Dardánia’s lást is cóme:  
 We Trójans áre no móre;  
 Ílium ’s déad and góne,  
 Ánd the high Teúcrian glóry.  
 Wild and sávage Jóve  
 To Árgos hás transférred

All that once was ours;  
 The Dánaí have fired,  
 And are masters of the city;  
 Within whose véry córe  
 The tówering hórse teems wárriors,  
 And victorious Sinon  
 Flings his bránds, insulting.  
 More númerous thóusands néver  
 Cáme from gréat Mycénae  
 Than are yónder at the gátes,  
 That stánd with bóth wings ópen:  
 Hére their bristling files  
 Besét the nárrow stréets,  
 With náked swórds in hánd,  
 Glistening, prepáred for sláughtter.  
 Scarce thóse upón the édge  
 And fórefront of the dánge,  
 The nightwatch of the gátes,  
 Attéempt the dárkling fight,  
 And óffer blínd resistance.'

“Into the midst of árms and flámes  
 By thése words of Othryádes  
 And the Gods' will I'm bórne;  
 Whither sevérre Erinnys cálls,  
 Whither the din calls, and the shóut  
 High to the éther vólleyed.  
 By fávor of the móonlight,  
 Ripheus, and váliant Épytus,  
 And Hýpanis, and Dýmas  
 Gáther abóut and join me,  
 And Mýgdon's yóuthful són  
 Coróebus, whóm the violence

Of his pássion for Cassándra,  
 Júst at that tíme, it chanced,  
 Had bróught to Tróy, to assist,  
 With the árms of a són-in-láw,  
 Priám and the Phrygians;  
 Unháppy! that not listened  
 To his éxtasied bride's wárning.

“Whóm when l sáw so bold,  
 And bánded for the báttle,  
 To shárpen still their couráge,  
 With thése words I endéavour: —  
 ‘Yoúths of brávest héart,  
 Brávest I féar, in váin;  
 If résolute your desire  
 My désperate léad to fóllow,  
 Fórtune’s áttitúde ye sée:  
 Forsáking shrine and áltar  
 The Góds have áll depárted,  
 That ónce sustáined this émpire:  
 ’Tis tó a búrning city  
 Thát ye bring your succour.  
 Into the fight’s thickest  
 Lét us rúsh and die;  
 To cást awáy all hópe  
 Is the sóle hope óf the cónquered.’

“Tó the yóung men’s couráge  
 Fúry thus is ádded,  
 Ánd like wólves rapácious,  
 Rávening in a dárk fog,  
 Whén the villainous pinch  
 Of húnger hás enrágéed them,  
 Ánd their whélpss expéct

With páched jaws their return,  
 Ón through the midst of fóes,  
 Ón through the midst of wéapons,  
 Tówards no dóubtful déath,  
 We márch alóng the high street,  
 Únder the hóllow sháde  
 Of dárk Night flitting róund us.

“Of thát night’s hávoc sláughter  
 Whó has wórds descriptive?  
 For the sórrows of that night  
 Whó has téars sufficient?  
 The áncient city fálls  
 After mány a yéar’s dominion;  
 Thróugh the stréets and hóuses,  
 And Góds’ religious témples  
 Dead bódies évery whére  
 Lie strówn abóut in númbers.  
 Nor páy the Teúcri sóle  
 The blóody pénalty:  
 Éven to the cónquered bréast  
 Cójrage at times retúrns,  
 Ánd in their vícory’s midst,  
 The Dánaï are laid lów.  
 Cruel wóe is éverywhére;  
 Éverywhére is féar  
 And mány a shápe of déath.

“Andrógeos, firſt of áll,  
 Ín our wáy presénts himſélf  
 With a great tróop of Dánaï;  
 And, ignorantly believing  
 Thát we ’re óf his párt,

Thús, of his ówn accord,  
 With friendly wórds accósts us: —  
 ‘Make háste, my gállant féllows,  
 What láziness is this,  
 Thát so láte has képt you?  
 While your cómrades Pérgamus  
 With fire and swórd are sácking,  
 Yé, from the lófty shíps,  
 Are bút just nów arriving.’  
 “He sáid, and ón the instant —  
 For óur reply was nót  
 Sufficiently straight fóward —  
 Percéived that hé had fállen  
 Ínto the midst of the fóe,  
 And astóunded chécked his spéech,  
 And retréated on his stép.

“As óne, that ón a snáke  
 Ín a thórny bráke  
 Unexpéctedlý has tród,  
 And báckwards in dismáy  
 Stárts, and flées awáy  
 Befóre its rising íre  
 And blúe and swélling górgé;  
 Just só, at sight of ús,  
 Andrógeos trémbling fléd:  
 We rúsh on, ánd aróund them  
 Póuring in dénce armed números,  
 Róut them in áll diréctions,  
 Ignorant óf the gróund  
 And stricken with a pánic.  
 Ón our fírst emprise  
 Fórtune breathes auspícious.

“And hére, flushed with succès,  
 Coróebus cries exúlting: —  
 ‘Whére propítious Fórtune  
 Now fírst points óut the wáy,  
 That prómises to sáve us,  
 O cómrades, let us fóllow;  
 Lét us interchánge  
 Búcklers and appóintments  
 With these Dánaï hére,  
 And as Dánaï equip us.  
 Só the báttle ’s wón,  
 Whó ever quéstions whéther  
 ’Twas by ártifice or válor.  
 Our énemies themsélves  
 Shall fúrnish us with árms.’

“Andrógeos’ bushy hélm  
 And hándsome emblemed shíeld,  
 So sáying, he put ón;  
 Ánd the Argive swórd  
 Adápted to his side;  
 Ripheus does the sáme,  
 Ánd the sáme does Dýmas,  
 And áll the jóyous yóuths;  
 Éach and évery óne  
 In the frésh spoils árms him.

“Then, with the Dánaï míngled,  
 We márch withóut the éscort  
 Of our ówn accústomed Góds;  
 Ánd in mány a clóse-hand fíght,  
 In the dárkness of the níght,  
 Full mány of the Dánaï

Despáatch to Orcus dówn;  
 And sóme of them fly scátttered  
 To the ships and fáithful shóre,  
 And sóme, in a vile pánic,  
 The húge horse clímb agáin,  
 And stów themselves awáy  
 Ínto its wéll known páunch.

“Alás! there 's nò succéss,  
 If héaven 's not só inclíned:  
 See whére, with háir dishévelled,  
 Cassándra, Priam's dáughter,  
 Óut of the fáne is drágged  
 And fróm Minérva's shríne;  
 Stráining, but áll in váin,  
 Toward héaven her árdent eýes:  
 Her eýes, for fétters hóld  
 Her délicate hánds confined.

“That sight Coróebus bróoks not,  
 And in a frénzy flings him  
 Ínto the midst, to die.  
 We sóllow in a bódy,  
 And in amóng them rúsh  
 With thick and héavy báttle.

“Here fírst we 're óverwhélméd  
 Fróm the high top óf the témples  
 By our ówn friends' missiles,  
 And a most piteous sláughter  
 Aríses fróm the fálse show,  
 Máde by our Gráian árms  
 And búshy hélmets-crésts.

Then, with gróans and indignátion  
 At the réscue óf the vírgin,  
 From évery side collécting,  
 The Dánaï fáll upón us;  
 Ájax móst redóubted,  
 Ánd the twáin Atrídae,  
 Ánd the whole bánd Dolópian.

“So sómetimes á tornádo búrst,  
 And winds with ópposite winds conténd,  
 Zéphyrus and Nótus ágainst Eúrus,  
 Ín his éastern stéeds rejóicing:  
 The wóods screech, ánd, in his illhúmtour,  
 Néreus with his trídent fóamy  
 Stírs the séa up fróm the bóttom.

“Those tóo appéar whom in the dárk night  
 By our strátagem wé had róuted;  
 And húnted óver thé whole city;  
 The fírst are théy to récogníse  
 Our árms and wéapons, ánd to márk  
 The discrepancy betwéen our vóices,  
 Ánd the extérior wé assúmed.  
 That ístant, números óverwhélm us,  
 And fírst Coróebus próstrate lies  
 Stréttched by the right hand óf Penéleus  
 Beside the armípotent Góddess’ áltar.  
 Rípheus too fálls, by fár the jústest  
 Ánd most ríghteous óf the Teúcri;  
 Bút the Gods ótherwise decretéed.  
 And Hýpanís and Dýmas pérish,  
 Pierced by the wéapons óf their cómrades;

Nor shielded thée, as dówn thou sánkest,  
 Thy gréat and mánifold piety, Pántheus,  
 Ór the Tiára óf Apóllo.

“Bear witness, Ó ye Ílian áshes,  
 Ye pýre-flames óf my friends, bear witness,  
 I fáced in thát your hóur of rúin  
 Évery wéapon óf the Dánaï,  
 Bráved unshrinking áll their táctics;  
 Ánd had my fáll been in the Fátes,  
 By my hands’ déeds well éarned my fáll.

“Our pártys’ violently sévered:  
 Pélias and Iphitus gó with mé;  
 Héavy with yéars the látter, Pélias  
 Slów with a wóund dealt by Ulysses:  
 To Priam’s pálace by the clámor  
 Immédiately we ’re cálled awáy.

“ ’Twas hére indéed the báttle ráged,  
 As if elsewhere were nóné,  
 No déaths beside in thé whole city;  
 So fúriously was rámping hére  
 Indómitable Márs,  
 So strénuously the Dánaï  
 Úp the stéps were striving,  
 And hóused benéath the slóping cópe  
 Of shields compácted firm togéther,  
 The véry dóor were sieging:  
 Ánd up scáling ládders rúshing,  
 With bucklered léft hand wárded missiles,  
 With right hand séized the párapets.

“Against them the Dárdanidae,  
For weapons of défense in this  
Their hóur of útmost néed and déath,  
Uptéar rooftóps and türretings,  
And gilt beams down upón them róll,  
Their fóresires’ lófty órnaments.  
Óthers belów in a dense bánd  
Within the dóor, drawn bládes in hánd,  
Intént to guárd the éntrance, stánd.

“To bring assistance to the cónquered,  
Ánd relieve the róyal pálace,  
My spírit rises frésh within me.  
Behínd there wás a sécret éntrance  
And pássage of commúnicátion,  
Neglécted ánd unúsed of láte,  
Betwéen the párts of Priam’s pálace.  
Through this door, while the státe stood firme  
Hápless Andrómache full óft  
Was wónt to páss without atténdants,  
Her fáther - and móther - in - láw to visit  
Ánd to his grándsire, in her hánd,  
The bóy Astýanax conduced.

“I énter, ánd the whóle way páss  
Up to the hígh roof súmmit,  
From whénce the wréttched Trójans dówn  
Their missiles váin were húrling.  
Óut of the róof, high toward the stárs  
A tówer rose pépendicular  
Óver the frónt wall of the buílding;  
From whénce there wás a próspect wide  
Of áll Troy, ánd th’ Acháian cámp,

And óf the návy óf the Dánaï:  
 Attákking it with crówbars róund,  
 Where ínsecúrely it was jójined  
 Tó the roof-térrace, wé uphéave  
 And púsh it fróm its high foundátion.  
 With wide and súdden crásh it fálls  
 Upón the squádrons óf the Dánaï;  
 But óthers tó their pláce succéed,  
 Nor ís there, in the méan time, páuse  
 Of stónes or ány fórm of wéapons.

“Befóre the véry thréshold  
 Óf the véstibúle itsélf,  
 In his wéapons’ brázen líght  
 Exúltíng Pýrrhus glistens;  
 As the Cóbra, that lay swóllen  
 Únder the shéltering gróund  
 Áll the cold winter thróugh,  
 Now háving cást his slóugh  
 And crópped his póisonous hérbs,  
 Tó the líght comes fóward,  
 Renéwed in yóuth and beautý,  
 And ón his slimy spires  
 Cöiling himsélf eréct,  
 His bréast rears tó the sún,  
 And báck and fóward shóots  
 His twinkling tóngue tri-fúrrowed.

“Alóng with him huge Péríphas,  
 And hé that dróve Achílles’ stéeds,  
 Ésquire-at-árms Autómedon,  
 Alóng with him th’ whole Scýrian yóuth  
 Úp to the hóuse come, and fling high

II.

“In the pálace cóurt intérior,  
Benéath the báre ethéreal áxis  
Stóod a great áltar, ánd beside it  
A láurel óf most áncient grówth  
Óver it bénding, ánd embrácing  
Ín its shádow thé Penátes.  
Here in váin gathered róund the áltars,  
Hécuba ánd her dáughters sát,  
Clásping the images óf the Góds,  
And clóse togéther cowered like dóves  
By the black péltin témpest flúrried.

“But whén in yóuthful árms equipped  
Priám himself she sáw:—  
‘Ah! whát so direful impulse  
Most wréttched spóuse’, she cried,  
‘Hath girt thee with these wéapons,  
Or whither rúshest?  
‘Tis nót of súch assistance,  
Of sáfeguards súch as thóse,  
The présent time has néeed,  
No, nót, if stánding hére  
Wére my own Héctor’s sélf.  
Submit, I dó beséech thee,  
And hither déign to cóme;  
This áltar shields us áll,  
Or with us thóu shalt die.’  
“The fúll of yéars, this sáid,  
Untó hersélf she tóok,  
And pláced in the sácred séat.

“But sée where yónder, thróugh t!  
And émpty hálls and pórticoes

Fléeing disábled, fróm the midst  
 Óf the carnage máde by Pýrrhus,  
 Fróm the midst of fóes and wéapons,  
 Cómés Polites, són of Priam;  
 And, behínd him, glówing hot  
 Pýrrhus with rábid stróke uplifted —  
 Now, now, nay now the clútch is ón him,  
 Nearer the spéar and nearer to him,  
 Till, at the móment whén he énters  
 His párents' présence, down he fálls,  
 And in a gúsh of blóod expires.

“Nor Priam thén, what thóugh he stóod  
 Alréady in the tóils of déath,  
 Abstáined from ire or spáred his wórds: —  
 ‘But may the Góds in héaven,’ he cried,  
 ‘If ány ténder Góds there bé,  
 Who mind atrócities like this,  
 With wórthy thánk and guérdon due  
 For this audáciouſ outrage páy thee,  
 Thée, who hast máde the síre eyewítness  
 Óf the son’s déath, and with his child’s blood  
 Defiled the présence óf a fáther.  
 Far óther fóe was thát Achílles,  
 From whóm thou liest that thóu art sprung,  
 Who blúshingly a súpliant’s right,  
 A súpliant’s sánctity revéring,  
 Héctor’s pale córse réstored to Priam  
 For sépulture, and sént me hóme  
 In sáfety to my réalms agáin.’

“Thús having sáid the óld man flúng  
 His pówrless inefftual wéapon,

Which made the shield's brass-plating ring,  
And, foiled at once, hung where it struck."

'Then to my sire Pelides post,'  
Pyrrhus replied, 'and bear these tidings:  
The naughty and degenerate deeds  
Of Néoptólemus be sure  
That thou remember well to tell him;  
Now die.' "The old man, with these words,  
He dragged to the very altar, trembling,  
And in the plash of his son's blood  
Slipping; twined in his hair the left hand,  
And with his right the flashing sword  
Uplifted high, and in his side  
Up to the hilt-guard buried.

"Such was the close of Priam's fates;  
Such the allotted bourn of him,  
Who, of so many Ásiatic  
Nations and lands proud ruler once,  
Saw Tróy in flames, and Pérgamus fallen:  
Upon the shore he lies,  
The head lopped from the shoulders,  
A huge and nameless carcase.

"Then first in all its power I felt  
The horror that surrounded me;  
I stood aghast: my dear sire's image  
Rose to my mind, when I beheld  
The equal-aged King his life forth  
Exhaling at a cruel wound;  
Forlorn Creúsa too rose to my mind,  
And my sacked house, and little Iúlus' case.

“I cást a lóok round óf inquiry,  
 What fórce there máy be yét abóut me.  
 All tired out hád desérted me,  
 And éither léaped down tó the gróund,  
 Or thrówn intó the flámes  
 Their wórn and févered frámes.

“And nów I wás alóne remáining,  
 Whén in Vésta’s sécret séat  
 Týndarus’ dáughter í behóld,  
 A lúrking silent visitant;  
 The brightness óf the cónflagrátion  
 Lights me, ás abóut I wánder,  
 And éverywhére cast róund my eýes:  
 Shé, in dréad anticipátion  
 Of rétribútion fróm the Teúcri  
 For Pérgamus ó’erthrów and fáll,  
 In dréad no léss of chástisement  
 At the hánds of th’ ángry Dánaï,  
 Ánd of hér desérted cónsort:  
 Tróy’s and her cóuntry’s cómmon Fúry,  
 Óbject óf the géneral hárred;  
 Out of the wáy had pút hersélf,  
 And thére was sitting by the áltar.

“With súdden fláming ire  
 My sóul is áll on fíre,  
 To avénge my cóuntry’s fáll,  
 Ánd the críminal chástíse:”  
 ‘And sháll this wretch unscáthed,  
 Spárta behold agáin,  
 And fátherland Mycénae?  
 In quéenly triumph hóme

Tó her spóuse and chíldren,  
 And tó her síres retúrn,  
 By crówds of Ílian dámes  
 And Trójan serfs atténded?  
 And Priam have been sláin?  
 And Tróy in ashes láid?  
 Ánd the Dardánian shóre  
 So óft have sweated blóod?  
 No, néver! for althóugh  
 He wins no glorious náme  
 Who púnishes a wóman,  
 Nor hás such victory práise,  
 Stíll I shall bé extólléd  
 For extírpating a núisance,  
 And inflictíng on the guilty  
 The chástisement desérved.  
 Twill bé some comfort tóo,  
 To have given myself enóugh  
 Of the fiery flame of véngeance,  
 And glútted my friends' áshes.'

"With súch ejáculátion,  
 I was rúshing in a fúry,  
 When, néver by mine eýes  
 So bríght before behéld,  
 My móst benignant móther  
 Stood visible befóre me,  
 Refúlgent in pure light,  
 Midst the dárkness of the night,  
 A góddess undisguised,  
 In such májesty and gréatness  
 Ás to heaven's inhábitants  
 She is wónted to appéar;

And cáught me with her right hand,  
And héld me back and ádded  
From her rósy lips these wórds:—

‘What fúry ’s this, my són?  
What pójniant páin excites  
This ungóvernable íre?  
Or whíther away fléd  
Thy wónted care of ús?  
Wílt thou not first a lóok  
Bestów where thou hast léft  
Thine áge-worn sire Anchises?  
Whéther thy spóuse Creúsa,  
Whéther thy bój Ascánius  
Survíves yet? round all whóm  
The Gráian files are róaming,  
And whóm the foeman’s swórd,  
Bút for my cáre’s resistance,  
Had swépt awáy ere this,  
Ór the devóuring fláme.

‘Tis nót the háteful fáir face  
Óf Lacónian Týndaris,  
Not crimináted Páris,  
But the stérn will of the Góds,  
The Góds’ stern will o’erthróws,  
And próstrates, fróm its súmmit,  
The pówer and míght of Tróy.

‘See hére — for fróm thine eyés  
All the clóud I ’ll táké awáy  
Which, dráwn acróss them, dúlls  
And dámps thy mórtal vísión,

And spréads thick dárkness róund:  
 And thóu, fear nót to dó  
 Every bidding óf thy párent,  
 Ánd to hér instrúctions  
 Refúse not thine obédience —  
 Hére, where thóu behóldest  
 These húge disruptéd másses,  
 These stónes awáy from stónes forced,  
 These únduláting cólumns  
 Of mingled smoke and dúst,  
 Néptune is úndermining,  
 And fróm their déep foundátions  
 With his great trídent héaving  
 The wálls and thé whole city.  
 Hére, in her fiercest fierceness,  
 Júno, fóremost léading,  
 Óccupies the Scáean,  
 And, swórd at side, calls fúrious  
 Her állies fróm the ships;  
 Alréady óf the high Cástle,  
 Tritónian Pállas, (séé  
 Behínd thee thére,) sits místress,  
 In a beamy clóud's  
 Effúlgent halo bríght,  
 Bríght with her fell Górgon.  
 The sire of héaven himsélf  
 Fúrnishès the Dánaï  
 With succéssful stréngth and cóurage;  
 Stirs úp the Góds himsélf  
 Agáinst the Dárdan árms.  
 Awáy, my són, flee swift;  
 Let thy lábors have an énd:  
 Éverywhere I'm with thee,

Until I sét thee sáfe  
 Ón thy patérnal thréshold.'  
 Thús having sáid, she plúnged  
 Ínto the night's thick shádes:  
 And before me pláinly  
 I sáw the direful figures  
 Óf the gréat divinities,  
 Inímical to Tróy.

"All ílum thén appéared to mé  
 To sínk in flámes, and fróm its báse  
 Neptúnian Tróy to bé o'erthrówn.  
 'Twás as when hinds, with stróke on stróke  
 Of dóuble-héaded iron áxe,  
 Have nigh cut thróugh, and émulous stríve  
 To óverthrów, an áncient ásh,  
 Sóme where amóngh the lófty móuntains;  
 With trémling lócks, and crówn concússed  
 At évery stróke, it nöds its héad,  
 And thréatens still, till, grádually  
 With wóunds o'ercóme, awáy it 's tórn,  
 Ánd, with a lóng and lóud last gróan,  
 Down túmbles ón the hills, a rúin.

"Descénding thénce, I máke my wáy,  
 Únder the guidance óf the Gódhead,  
 Thróugh the midst of flámes and wéapons;  
 Wéapons give wáy and lét me páss,  
 The flámes retire before me.  
 But whén the whóle way í have tráversed,  
 And réached the óld patérnal mánsion,  
 My sire, whom first I sóught, and fáin  
 Had cárried first to thé high móuntains,

Refuses to survive Troy's fall,  
 Or prolong his life by exile:—  
 'O ye, whose blood is young and fresh,  
 Whose firm strength on itself relies,  
 Flee ye', he says; 'me to live longer  
 Had the celestial denizens wished,  
 They had preserved for me this home.  
 Enough, more than enough for me  
 Once to have seen the city taken,  
 And once outlived its overthrow.  
 Of this dead course, this laid-out course,  
 Take now your long and last farewell:  
 I 'll fight until the foe, in pity,  
 Or to obtain my spoils, despatch me.  
 I can dispense with tomb and burial.  
 Odious to heaven, and useless here,  
 This long time now, my lagging years,  
 Since the Gods' sire and king of men  
 Blew on me with his thunder's blast,  
 And struck me with his fire.'

"So he persisted saying,  
 Unchangeable and resolved:  
 We, on the other hand,  
 With floods of tears beseech him —  
 I and my spouse Creusa,  
 Ascánius, and the whole house —  
 Beseech him, the house-father,  
 Not to superadd  
 Pressure to fate's pressure,  
 Nor with himself the house  
 And all of us undó.  
 Absolute he refuses,

Ánd immóvable sits fixed  
Ín the same spót and púrpose.

“I rúsh to árms agáin,  
And in my misery’s dépth  
Wish déath; for nów what cóunsel,  
What chánce of sáfety ’s léft:—  
‘And hást thou hóped, O sire,  
That í would stir one foot,  
And thóu left hére behínd?  
And fróm a fáther’s móuth  
Hath súch impiety fállen?  
Íf of so gréat a city  
The pówers abóve are pléased  
That nóthing sháll be léft,  
And if thou ’rt quite detérmined,  
And think’st it right to ádd  
Thy fámily ánd thysélf  
To the fáll of fálling Tróy,  
That gáte to déath lies ópen;  
Pýrrhus will sóon be hére,  
Who mássacres the són  
In présence of the sire,  
And mássacres the sire  
Beside the very áltar.  
‘Ís it for this, kind móther,  
Thou snátchest mé unhúrt  
Óut of the midst of flámes,  
Óut of the midst of wéapons,  
Thát I may sée the fóe,  
In the bósom of my hóme,  
And Ascánius and my sire  
And Creúsa, lyíng bútchered,

And wélering side by side,  
 Éach in the óther's blóod?  
 Bring árms, ye bráve, bring árms;  
 The lást day cálls the cónquered;  
 To the Dánaï give me báck;  
 To the fight let mé agáin;  
 Let 's renéw once móre the báttle;  
 This dáy we sháll not áll,  
 Not áll die únrevénged.'

"Then with my swórd new-girt,  
 And into my shield's hándle  
 Insérting my left árm,  
 I was rúshing óut of dóors,  
 When, behóld! upón the thréshold  
 My spóuse clings róund my féet,  
 And in her árms forth stréetches  
 Little Iúlus to his sire:—

'If to die thou depártest,  
 Take ús with thee tóo  
 Into áll the worst dággers;  
 But if thine expérience  
 Has hópe still in árms,  
 Defénd this house fírst.  
 To whóm left thy sire,  
 And little Iúlus?  
 To whóm left am I,  
 Whom thou ónce call'dst thy wife?'

"With súch loud cries and gróans  
 She was filling the whole building,  
 When a pródigy rose súdden,  
 And wónderful to téll;

For thérē, among the hán̄ds,  
 And before the very fáces,  
 Of the sórrowful párents,  
 Ló! a light and pójnted fláme  
 From the tip top óf the héad  
 Of lúlus séemed to shéd  
 A bláze of light aróund,  
 And with innóxious tóuch  
 Lick lightly his soft háir,  
 And féed abóut his tém̄ples.

“In trém̄bling fér̄ and flúrry  
 We sháke the fláming háir,  
 And búsily with wáter  
 The sácred fire extinguish;  
 But síre Anchises jóyful  
 His eýes lifts tóward the stárs,  
 And tóward the héaven dirécts  
 His vóice and óutstretched hán̄ds:—  
 ‘O thóu, almighty Jóve!  
 If ány práyers may bén̄d thee,  
 Dó but lóok upón us;  
 And thén, if thóu shouldst find  
 Our piety desérving,  
 Give us thy hélp, O síre!  
 And rátify this ómen.’

“Scárce had the óld man sáid,  
 Whén with a súdden crásh  
 It thúndered on the léft,  
 And dárting from the sky  
 A stár with lúminous tráin  
 Shót acróss the dárkness.  
 We sée it ó'er the hóuse top

Gliding alóng, and trácing  
 Its bright path, till it plúnges  
 Into the Idéan wóod.

A lóng and lúminous stréak  
 Is léft where it has pássed,  
 And, fár and wide aróund,  
 The whóle place fúmes with súlphur.

“ ’Twas thén indéed that, vánquished,  
 The síre aróse, and wént  
 Fórth to the ópen áir,  
 And adóred the hóly stár,  
 And thús the Góds addréssed:—  
 ‘Now, nów, there ’s nó deláy;  
 I fóllow, ánd wheré’er  
 Ye léad, am présent thére.  
 Góds of my fátherlánd,  
 O! presérve my fámily;  
 My grándson, O! presérve;  
 This aúgury is yóurs,  
 And Tróy ’s in yóur protéction.  
 I yíeld indéed, my són,  
 Ánd to keep thee cómpany  
 Refúse not ány lónger.’

“He sáid, and nów the fíre  
 Sounds cléarer thróugh the city,  
 Ánd the cónflagrátion  
 Néarer rólls its tide:—  
 ‘Then cóme, dear fáther, móunt  
 Upón my néck and shóulders;  
 To cárry yóu will bé  
 To mé no írksome tóil;

Betide what may betide,  
 For us two there shall be  
 One common risk, one safety;  
 Little Iulus keeps  
 In company with me,  
 And in my steps far off  
 My spouse Creusa follows.  
 Ye servants, give attention  
 To what I now shall say:—

‘Facing those who leave the city  
 There’s an antique tumulus,  
 And solitary fane of Ceres,  
 And, close by, an ancient cypress,  
 By our sires religiously  
 Preserved through many a year:  
 At that spot from different quarters  
 We meet together: thou, O sire!  
 Take in thy hand the sacred objects,  
 And the fatherland Penates:  
 For me, just fresh come from the carnage  
 Of so great war, it were impious  
 To lay hand on them, till I’ve made  
 Ablution in the running stream.’

“I said; and on my shoulders broad  
 And bent neck first a garment spreading,  
 And then a tawny lion’s skin,  
 Place myself underneath my burden.  
 Little Iulus in my right hand  
 Intwines himself, and to his sire,  
 With a child’s shorter step, keeps close;  
 My wife comes on behind.

“Through dárk ways wé move ón,  
 And í, whom bút just nów  
 No shówering míssiles rúffled,  
 Nor oppósing tróops of Gráii,  
 By évery áir am fríghted,  
 By évery sóund excited,  
 In ánxious féar alike  
 For my cómrade ánd my lóad.

“And nów I néared the gátes,  
 And thóught I hád made góod  
 The whóle way, whén, close by,  
 Áll of a sudden, séemed  
 Upón our éars to fáll  
 The sóund of trámping féet,  
 And thróugh the sháde my síre  
 Forthlóoking cries:— ‘My són,  
 O ! flée, my són; they 're cóming;  
 I sée their búrning bráss,  
 I sée their fláshing shields.’

“I knów not whát malignant Pówer  
 Of récolléction hére depríved me,  
 And flúrried ánd confúsed my mind;  
 For ás, the róad's diréction léaving,  
 I táke my wáy through páthless pláces,  
 Alás ! some violent déath snatched fróm me  
 My spóuse Creúsa. Ít is dóubtful  
 Whéther she stópped, or lóst her wáy,  
 Or tired sat dówn, but tó our eyésight  
 Néver since thén was shé restóred:  
 Nor did I báckward túrn my lóok,  
 Ór of the lóss becóme awáre,

Until to thé old túmulus  
 And Céres' sacred séat we cóme:  
 When hére at lást we 're áll collécted,  
 She ónly tó our númer 's wánting,  
 And hád not éither by her cómrades,  
 Ór by her són, or spóuse been séen.

“Whóm of Góds or mén,  
 Whóm did I nót reproách  
 In my ráving ánd delírium?  
 What sight more crúel sáw I  
 In the sacking óf the city?  
 Ascánius, sire Anchises,  
 And the Teúcrian Penátes  
 I hide in a curved válley,  
 And comménd to my compánions.  
 In glittering arms I'm girt,  
 And séek again the city,  
 Résolute to bráve  
 All chánces ónce agáin,  
 Through the whóle of Tróy retúrn,  
 Ánd to évery dánger  
 Expóse my life once móre.

“First I séek the wálls,  
 Ánd obscúre gate-pórtal  
 By which I hád passed óut,  
 Ánd my fóotmarks báckwards  
 Explóre with séarching eyé,  
 And thróugh the night retréad.  
 'Tis hórror éverywhére;  
 The véry silence sélf  
 Strikes térror tó the sóul.

“Thence hóme, if bý some chánce,  
 If bý some chánce that wáy  
 Her footsteps shé had turned;  
 The Dánaï hád rushed in,  
 And were másters óf the buílding.  
 Úp to the highest róof-top  
 Bý the wind that instant  
 Rólled the devóuring fire;  
 Abóve the hóuse rise high,  
 And cráckle tó the sky,  
 The ráging héat and fláme.  
 Thence ónward í procéed,  
 And the résidénce of Priam,  
 And the citadél revisit.  
 In the vácant pórticoes  
 Of Júno’s fáne alréady  
 Phóenix and dire Ulysses,  
 Gúards select, were wátching  
 The héaped up piles of bóoty.  
 Thíther from all sídes,  
 Tórn from the bürning shrínes  
 Troy’s tréasures wére collécted:  
 Thére were the cáptured véstments,  
 And sólid gólden góblets,  
 And tábles óf the Góds.  
 Bóys and trémbling mátrons  
 In lóng arráy stand róund.

“I dáred even tó cry óut,  
 And thróugh the dárkness shóut,  
 And in sórrow cálled “Creúsa”,  
 Until I filled the stréets  
 With the óutcry óf her náme

Óver and óver agáin,  
And óver agáin in váin,  
And óver agáin, repéated.

“As thróugh the city’s hóuses  
Thus in éndless séarch I ráged,  
Befóre mine eyés appéared,  
Lárger than lífe, the sháde,  
Sémblance, and imaged fórm  
Of Creúsa’s hápless sélf,  
And ín these wórds addréssed me,  
And sólaced thús my cáre:—  
‘What aváils it, Ó sweet spóuse,  
Such mád grief tó indúlge?  
These evénts do nót occúr  
Withóut the will divine:  
To táke Creúsa with thee,  
Compánion óf thy trável,  
His órdinánce forbids  
Who réigns o’er high Olýmpus.

‘Áfter á far éxile,  
Áfter thóu hast plóughed  
The vást tract óf the séa,  
Thou shált at lást arrive  
Át the Hespérian lánd,  
Whére with géntle cùrrent  
Lýdian Týber flóws  
Through rich and péopled fields.  
A róyal spóuse, and kingdom,  
Ánd prospéritý there wáit thee.  
Weep no móre for lóved Creúsa;  
Néver will í, a Dárdan,

And Góddess Vénus' dáughter,  
 The háughty séats behóld  
 Of Mýrmidon or Dólops,  
 Or gó to bé a sláve  
 Tó a Gráian místress;  
 The gréat Gods'-móther mé  
 Hére in these shóres detáins.  
 And now farewéll, and éver  
 Lóve our cómmon són.'

“Ínto thin áir, this sáid,  
 Desérting me she fléd,  
 And léft me wéeping múch,  
 And múch to sáy desíring.  
 Abóut her néck there thrice  
 I stróve my árms to thrów;  
 Thrice from my frústrate grásp,  
 Light as the winds, the sháde,  
 Swift as a dréam, escáped.

“So spént the níght, at lást  
 To my pártý I return:  
 And hére I find with wónder  
 Great números óf new cómrades  
 From áll sides hád flowed in;  
 Matrons and mén and yóuths,  
 A miserable crówd,  
 Réady with héart and súbstance  
 To fóllow me to éxile,  
 Ínto whatéver lánds  
 I might think fit to léad them  
 Awáy beyónd the séa.

“And now o'er Ida's tops  
Lucifer was rising,  
And leading on the day;  
Strong bodies of the Danaï  
Had possession of the gates,  
And every hope was lost;  
I yield: uplift my sire,  
And my way take to the mountains.

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### III.

“After the Góds  
Had thought fit to destroy,  
By a dóom it desérved not,  
The réalm Asiátic,  
And lineage of Priam,  
And próud Ilium féll,  
And áll Troy Neptúnian  
Smóked from the gróund,  
Divine áuguries drive us,  
To séek out far lánds,  
Desert pláces of éxile,  
And close únder Antándrus  
And Phrygian Mount Ída,  
We build our fleet’s fábric,  
And our créw get togéther,  
All úncertain whither  
The fátes may convéy us,  
Where allów us to hált.

“ ’Twas the véry beginning  
And fírst of the súmmer,  
When fáther Anchises  
Gave órders to spréad out  
Our sailís to the fátes;

And in téars I take léave  
 Of the shóres of my cóuntry,  
 And the pláins where Troy ónce was,  
 And sáil out of pórt,  
 And awáy to the high deep  
 An éxile am bórne  
 With my cómrades and són  
 And the gréat Gods Penátes.

“From Tróy’s coast far distant,  
 The Thráicians inhábit  
 A lánd to Mars sácred,  
 Vast wide-spreading pláins,  
 By dóughty Lycúrgus  
 In óld time reigned óver,  
 And clóesly united  
 With Tróy in relátions  
 Friendly and sócial,  
 While Tróy was a city.

“I sail thíther, and länding  
 By nó kind fate sánctioned,  
 Amóng the shore’s windings  
 Begin straight to buíld,  
 And fróm my own náme,  
 Call my péople Enéadae.

“A sléek, shining búll  
 To the King of the Góds  
 On the shóre I was óffering,  
 And práying the móther  
 Dionéan to bléss  
 The wórks I ’d begún:

It chanced that a túmulus  
 Néar hand was stánding,  
 O'ergrówn with shrub córnel,  
 And stíff spikes of myrtle.  
 I went tó it, and stróve  
 From the swárd to tear úp  
 Some gréen wood for bóughs,  
 To gárland the áltars,  
 When a pródigy hórrid,  
 And stránge to reláte,  
 To my eýes was presénted:  
 For fróm the first sápling,  
 Pulled óut of the gróund,  
 Black dróps of blood drip,  
 Where 'twas bróke from the róot,  
 And the éarth stain with góre.  
 Cold hórror my limbs shakes,  
 My blóod with fear fréezes.  
 Procéeding to púll up  
 Anóther tough withe,  
 And the hídden cause sít  
 And explóre to the bótton,  
 From the óther's rind tóo  
 The black dróps of blood íssue.  
 I búsy my mind  
 With conjectures, and óffering  
 To the rúral nymphs hómage,  
 And to fáther Gradívus,  
 The Gétic plains' lórd,  
 Beséech them to shéd  
 On th' appéarance their bléssing,  
 And avért the bad ómen:  
 But whén I attémpt

With a still greater effort  
 The third rod to wréñch,  
 And with my knees, púshing  
 Agáinst the sand, stráin —  
 Shall I spéak out or húsh? —  
 I héard from the tómb's depth  
 A píteous groan íssue,  
 And thus a voice ánswer:—

‘Why lacerate só  
 A póor wretch, Enéas?  
 Dead and búried let rést;  
 And thy kind, tender hánds  
 With súch a crime stáin not.  
 Thine ówn Troy producéd me,  
 And the blóod from this stálk  
 Drips not strángér to thée.  
 Ah! flée this land crúel,  
 These shores covetous flée,  
 For I'm Polydórus,  
 And this spiky cróp  
 Has shot úp from the lánces,  
 Sharp-póinted and thick-set,  
 That hére pierced me thróugh.’

“Then indéed I was frightened,  
 And stóod hesitáting  
 In dóubt and amázement;  
 My vóice to my thróat clave,  
 My háir rose eréct.  
 This Pólydore, érewhile,  
 With góld a great wéight,  
 To the Thrácian King's kíeping

Was privily sént  
 By unsförtunate Priam,  
 When he sáw the besiegers  
 Invésting his city,  
 And begán to distrúst  
 The Dárdan arms' stréngth.  
 His hóst, when the might  
 Of the Teúcri was bróken,  
 And their fórtune at ébb,  
 Takes párt with the cónquering  
 Arms Ágamemnónian,  
 And évery tie bréaking,  
 Kills Polydórus,  
 And clútches the góld.  
 O cùrsed thirst of góld,  
 To whát crime persuád'st not  
 The bósom of mórtals!

“When the fríght left my bónes,  
 I reláte to selécted  
 Chief mén of the péople,  
 And first to my sire  
 The pórtnents celéstial,  
 And ásk their advice.  
 All are óf the one mind,  
 To give the sails lóose  
 To the bréath of the Áustri,  
 And the wicked land léave,  
 That bróke a host's fáith.

“We sólemnize thérefore  
 The fúneral of Pólýdore,  
 And the túmulus héap huge,

And pile up with éarth;  
 And to the Mánes  
 Raise áltars, festóoned  
 With dárk violet fillets  
 And sórrowful cýpress.  
 The wómen of Ílium  
 Stand róund, as of wónt,  
 With lóng hair dishévelled.  
 Foaming mílk-boats funéreal  
 Of wárm milk we óffer,  
 And bowls of blood sácred;  
 Then invóke with a lást shout,  
 And in the tomb bury,  
 The sóul of the déad.

“Then as sóon as the winds  
 And the séa had grown plácid,  
 And séemed fair to prómise,  
 And Áuster’s mild rústling  
 To the high deep invited,  
 Our créws o’er the shóres spread,  
 And hául down the véssels;  
 We sáil out of pórt;  
 Lands and cities recéde.

“Amidst the sea lies,  
 Most delightful to dwéll in,  
 A lánd consecráte  
 To Néptune Aégéan  
 And the móther of the Néreids;  
 Which, in óld time wide flóating  
 Abóut the coasts róund,  
 The áffectionate Bówbearer

Bound between lofty  
Mýcon and Gyárus,  
And stéadied securely,  
That it might receive culture,  
And at nought set the winds.

“My course I shape thither;  
That móst placid island’s  
Safe hárbour recéives us  
Fatigued with our vóyage.  
Disembárked, we bow down  
With réverence before  
Apóllo’s own city.  
We are mét by King Ánius,  
Ánius who King is  
And high priest of Phóebus;  
With his témples encircled  
With láurel branch sacred  
And diadem he méets us,  
And sóon recognizing  
His óld friend Anchises,  
Clasps the hánds of his guésts,  
Who clasp his in retúrn,  
And we énter the dwélling.

“In his tímé-worn stone témples  
I wórshipped the Gód:—  
‘O gránt us, Thymbréus,  
A hóme of our ówn;  
To our wéariness gránt  
A fórtified strónghold,  
A pérmáneñt city,  
And nátional líne.

Tróy's second Pergamus  
 Ó save in ús,  
 In ús, the poor résidue  
 Léft by the Dánaï  
 And rúthless Achilles.  
 Whóm bidst us fóllow?  
 Which wáy shall we turn?  
 Or whére shall we settle?  
 Advise us, O síre,  
 And glide into our minds.'

“Scárce had I sáid,  
 Whén of a súdden  
 All things seemed to róck,  
 And be pút into mótion,  
 Both the flóor of the témples,  
 And the God's láurel,  
 And the whóle mountain róund;  
 The shrine was thrown ópen;  
 And from únder its cúrtain  
 Forth béllowed the Tripod.  
 To the gróund we fall próstrate;  
 A vóice to our éars comes:—

‘Hárdy Dardánidae,  
 That lánd, whence the primitive  
 Stóck of your ráce came,  
 Will wélcóme with jóy  
 Your retúrn to its láp:  
 Search ón, till ye find out  
 Your áncient móther:  
 Enéas' house thére  
 And his chíldren's chíldren

For éver and éver  
O'er áll lands shall réign.'

"So Phóebus; and gréat joy  
In áll rose tumultuous;  
And whére may that lánd be,  
They ásk one anóther,  
To which Phoebus bids them  
Their stráy footsteps túrn,  
And thére found théir city.

"Then my sire, turning óver  
The óld-time traditions,  
Says:— 'Chieftains, give éar;  
And from mé learn your hópes.  
In the séa's midst lies Créte  
With its móuntain Idéan;  
The isle of great Jóve,  
And the crádle of our ráce;  
A rich teeming réalm  
With a húndred great cities.  
From thénce came of óld  
Our mighty sire Teúcer,  
If whát I have héard  
I récollect rightly,  
And chóse for his réalm's site  
The séacoast Rhoetéan.  
In the váles' depths they dwélt then,  
And as yét was no Ílium,  
No Pergámean tówers.  
Hence bórrowed those rites,  
That may nót be discússed,  
Of the Móther that lóves

The háunts of Cybélé;  
 Hence the Córybants' cýmbals,  
 Hence Ída's grove bórrowed,  
 And the lions yoked únder  
 The cár of our Lády.  
 Cómie then, let 's follow  
 Whither the Góds lead;  
 Let 's propitiate the winds,  
 And the Gnóssian realms séek,  
 No léngthy run distant:  
 With Júpiter's hélp,  
 The third dáy sets our fléet  
 On the séa-bord of Créte.'

“He sáid; and the Góds  
 With due ófferings hónored;  
 To Néptune a búll slew,  
 To thée, fair Apóllo,  
 A búll on the áltar;  
 To Híems, a bláck sheep;  
 A white, to fair Zéphyrs.

“Expélded out of Créte  
 And the réalms of his síres  
 'Twas repórted that chieftain  
 Idómeneus had fléd,  
 And léft us a hóme there,  
 And nóne to molést us.  
 Ortýgia's port léaving  
 We skím swiftly óver  
 The island-sown séa,  
 Through the clústering Cýclades,  
 By Oláros alóng,

And snówy - white Páros,  
 And vérdant Donyá,  
 And the Bácchanal - révelled  
 Móuntains of Náxos.  
 Chiéerily sáilors call;  
 Búsy the hánds of all:—  
 ‘For the lánd of our fóresires,  
 For Créte,’ is the cry.  
 A wind rises áft,  
 And goes with us alónge,  
 And to the shóres  
 Of the áncient Curétes  
 At lást we come glíding.

“I sét about thérefore,  
 And éagerly wórk at,  
 The wálls of the city  
 I ’d so lónged to see rising;  
 And cáll it Pergámea;  
 And my péople exhórt  
 To cling clóse to a hóme  
 By so déar a name cálled,  
 And réar high their cástle.

“But scárce were the ships  
 On the drý shore drawn úp;  
 And the yóung people búsy  
 With fárrming their néw lands,  
 And márriage contrácting;  
 And with láw-giving, í,  
 And assígning of dwéllings;  
 When ón the limbs súdden,  
 And ón trees and cróps,

From the pójisonous áir  
 Of the únhealthy séason,  
 Came a péstilence pútrid,  
 A wréttched diséase,  
 That killed the sweet life  
 Or léft the frame sickly.  
 Burning Sirius the gráss  
 And the fields shrivelled úp;  
 And the dry, blasted cróp  
 No nórishment yielded.  
 O'er the séa back agáin,  
 My síre bids us méasure  
 Our wáy to Ortýgia;  
 There to bég Phoebus' gráce,  
 And the óracle ásk,  
 To whát quarter nów  
 Is our cóurse to be sháped,  
 Whére may our wéariness  
 Hópe to find rést,  
 What énd, what relief  
 He appoínts to our lábors.

“’Twas night; and all things  
 That had life were asléep;  
 When the Phrygian Penátes,  
 Whose images sácred  
 I bróught with me óut  
 Of the midst of Troy’s flámes,  
 Seemed, ás I lay sléeping,  
 To stánd manifésted  
 In múch light befóre me,  
 Where the fúll moon was thróugh  
 The wide-ópen sash stréaming,

And thus to address me,  
And solace my cares:—

‘What Apóllo would tell thee  
Arrived at Ortýgia,  
Behold! he sends us,  
Of his own free accord,  
To declare to thee here.  
Since the fire of Dardánia  
Thy fortunes we’ve followed  
And those of thine arms;  
We have sailed in thy ships,  
And along with thee measured  
The swollen sea across;  
’Tis we that shall empire  
Confer on thy city,  
And raise to the stars high  
The heirs of thy line.  
But thou, from thy travel’s  
Long labour not shrinking,  
Prepare a great city  
For great men to dwell in:  
It was not on these shores,  
It was not in Crête,  
The Délian Apóllo  
Bade thee to settle;  
Thou must seek other quarters.

‘Hespéria’s the name  
Which the Gráii bestow  
On an old warlike land,  
Of a rich fruitful glebe,

By th' Oenótriï ónce tilled,  
 Ánd at the présent time  
 Cálled, it is sáid,  
 By the yóung race, Itália,  
 From the náme of a chief.  
 There our rightful abóde;  
 Thence Dárdanus spráng,  
 And fáther Iásius,  
 The héad of our ráce.  
 Úp, up, and jóyfully  
 Téll thine aged sire  
 These trúths beyond quéstion.  
 Let him Córythus séek,  
 Ánd th' Ausónian lands;  
 Jóve to thee gránts not  
 The fields Dictéan.'

“By the vision astónished,  
 And vóice of the Góds,  
 (Nor wás it mere sléep,  
 For I pláinly obsérved  
 The filleted háir,  
 And lóok of the Déities  
 Présent and spéaking;  
 And the cold sweat wás stréaming  
 My whóle body óver,)  
 I spring from the cóuch,  
 And my vóice, and the pálms  
 Of my upward - turned hánds,  
 Dirécting towards héaven,  
 Póur on the héarth - fíre  
 The unmixed - wine libátion.

“The wórship compléted,  
 I téll the whole cásé,  
 With jóy, to Anchises.  
 He admitted the twófold,  
 Ambíguous, extráction;  
 And that he hád now  
 A sécond time érred  
 Abóut these old pláces;  
 Then sáys:— ‘O my són,  
 So by Ílium’s fates hárassed,  
 Cassándra alone  
 Such advéntures foretóld me.  
 I récollect nów,  
 Her próphecies prómised  
 These réalms to our ráce,  
 And oft cálled them Itália,  
 Hespéria oft cálled them.  
 But whó could believe  
 That the Teúcri would cóme  
 To the cóasts of Hespéria?  
 Or whó had faith thén  
 In Cassándra’s foretéllings?  
 Let us give way to Phóebus,  
 And, taight by this• lésson,  
 Do bétter in fúture.’

“He sáys; and we áll,  
 Huzzáing and jóyful,  
 Obéy his commánd;  
 This séttlement tóo  
 Desért, and a féw  
 Behind•in it léaving,  
 Set sáil, and awáy

In our hóllow ships scúd  
The vást sea-plain óver.

“And now o'er the high deep  
We were holding our wáy on,  
And no lánd was in sight,  
But on évery side róund us  
Sky ónly and séa,  
When, right óver our héads  
And the dárk curling wáves,  
Stood a lívid cloud lówering,  
With night charged and tépest.  
In an instant the winds  
Raise the vást raging séa,  
And dispérse us and tóss us  
Abóut on the billows.  
Through rifts in the stórmclouds  
That hide from our sight,  
And láp in damp night,  
The ský and daylight,  
Shoots the lightning in volleys.  
We are driven from our cóurse,  
And drift about blindly  
Óver the wáters.  
Palinúrus himsélf  
Protésts he 's unáble  
Dáy in the ský  
To distínguish from night,  
Ór, in the midst  
Of the séa, find his wáy.  
Three dáys dim-distinguised,  
Three stárless nights, só  
In blind dárkness we drift;

On the fourth day at length  
 Land is first seen to rise,  
 And brings into view mountains  
 Awáy in the distance,  
 And shóws curling smoke.  
 Dówn drop our sáils,  
 To our óars we rise úp,  
 And withóut more adó  
 Awáy pull the créw,  
 And twirling the dripping foam  
 Swéep o'er the blúe.

“The Stróphades’ cónasts  
 Are the first to receive me,  
 Sáved from the wáters;  
 The Stróphades, só  
 By a Gráian name cálled,  
 Are islands that lie  
 In the gréat sea Iónian,  
 Where direful Celéno  
 And the rést of the Hárpies  
 Dwéll ever since  
 From their fórmér caróuse  
 They were frigheted awáy,  
 And agáinst them was clósed  
 The pálace of Phíneus.  
 More fóul pest than théy  
 The Góds’ wrath sent néver;  
 Néver from Stýgian wave  
 Róse direr móntster.  
 Fáces of dámsels,  
 Bódies of bírds,  
 With fóulest dung-dróppings,

And hárds crooked to tálons,  
 And visages éver  
 Pállid with fámíne.

“When, híther arrived,  
 We hárds the port éntered,  
 Lo! we sée, everywhére  
 In the fields, without kíepper  
 Glád herds of óxen  
 And flócks of goats grázing.  
 Sword in hánd we rush ón,  
 Ánd to a sháre  
 Of the préy call the Góds,  
 And Júpiter’s sélf;  
 Then ráise dining cóuches  
 Upón the curved shóre,  
 And spléndidly féast;  
 Bút, on a súdden,  
 Dówn from the móuntains  
 The Hárpies are ón us,  
 With hórrible clápping  
 And clánging of wings,  
 Maráuding, despóiling,  
 Ánd with uncléan touch  
 Pollúting the viands;  
 Screaming dire all the whíle,  
 And a nóisome stench shédding.

“Agáin we lay óut,  
 In a pláce far remóte,  
 Undernéath an o’erhánging  
 Rock’s shélter, our tábles,  
 With tréés closed all róund

And thick branching úmbrage,  
 Ánd on the áltars  
 Agáin place the fire.  
 Agáin come the clánging pack  
 Óut of their hidings,  
 Ánd from a different  
 Quárter round glíding,  
 Pollúte with their tálons  
 And sóul mouths the viands.  
 I thén bid my cómrades  
 Betáke them to árms,  
 And that wár with the dire crew  
 Múst needs be wáged.  
 They dó as commánded,  
 Ánd in the hérbage  
 Swórds hide and shields.  
 Só when the whírr  
 Of their dównward flight sóunded  
 Alóng the curved shóre,  
 And Misénus with trúmpet-blast,  
 Fróm his high lóok-out,  
 Has gíven them the signal,  
 My cómrades rush ón,  
 And the nóvel fight trý,  
 To wóund with their swórds  
 The séa's birds obscéne.  
 But théy take no húrt  
 Or on plúmage or bódy,  
 And awáy toward the sky  
 In rápid flight glíding,  
 Their hálf-eaten préy  
 Leave behind and foul tráces.  
 On a lófty-browed róck

One, Celéno, her pérch takes,  
And, únlucky sóothsayer,  
Cróaks forth these wórds:—

‘And wáge ye war téo,  
O Laómedon’s sóns,  
War téo for the óxen  
And stéers ye have sláughtered?  
And will ye the innocent  
Hárpies expél  
From their cóuntry and réalm?  
Hear thérfore my wórds  
And in your minds fix them.  
What the Fáther almighty,  
To Phóebus Apóllo,  
What Phóebus Apóllo  
To mé hath foretold,  
I, the chief of the Fúries,  
Reveal now to yóu.  
For Itália you ’re bóund,  
Ánd to Itália,  
Áfter your vóws  
Ye have máde to the winds,  
Ye shall safely arríve,  
Ánd to land ón it  
Sháll be allówed you;  
But ye sháll not wall róund  
Your appóinted cíty,  
Until áfter dire fámine,  
Avénging this úndeserved  
Ónslaught on ús,  
Has compélled you to nibble  
And gnáw round your trénchers.’

“She said; and fled off  
To the wood on her pinions.

“Then with sudden fear freezes  
The blood of my comrades,  
Their courage is fallen,  
Nor will they on arms  
Rely any longer,  
But with prayers and entreaties  
The good will implore  
Of those beings, whatever  
Their nature may be;  
Goddesses whether,  
Or dire birds obscene.  
And father Anchises  
With palms wide spread out,  
As he stands on the shore,  
Invokes the great Gods,  
And ordains the due honors:—  
‘Avert, ye kind Gods,  
The catastrophe threatened,  
And your worshippers save.’  
Then bids them loosen  
And shake out the rope coils,  
And the stay cable  
Haul off from the shore.  
South breezes our sails stretch,  
And, following the call  
Of the steersman and wind,  
We scud over the foam.

“And now midst the waves  
Shrub Zacynthus appears,

And Dulichium, Sáme,  
 And Néritos' stéep cliffs:  
 We flée far awáy  
 From Láërtian Íthaca's  
 Rócky domáins,  
 And déep curse the lánd  
 That núrsed fell Ulýsses.  
 By and by Mount Leucáta's  
 Súmmits tempéstuous,  
 And the fáne of Apóllo,  
 The térror of sáilors,  
 Upón our view ópens.  
 Our wéary course thither  
 We túrn, and heave to  
 Beside the small city.  
 From the prów drops the áncor,  
 The stérns line the shóre.

“And só of firm lánd,  
 Beyond áll expectátion  
 At lást in posséssion,  
 We perfórm our lustrátións,  
 And Jóve's altars kindle;  
 And sólemnize gámes  
 In dischárge of our vóws,  
 And let Áctium's shores witness  
 The pástimes of Ílium;  
 Our fólk (in delight  
 To have máde good their flight  
 Through the midst of the fóe's  
 Many ciéties Argólic),  
 Enácting with náked

And óil-besmeared shóulders  
Their nátive gymnástics.

“In the méantime the sún  
Round the gréat year is rólled,  
And frore winter’s north-éasters  
Róughen the séa.

I bid them their pláces  
Take ón the row-bénches,  
And sét out from pórt.  
But fírst in the frónt  
Of the gáte I set úp  
The cóncave brass buckler,  
Great Ábas once cárried,  
And with this scroll inscribe:  
*From the cónquering Dánaï*  
*Enéas these spoils took.*  
Then évery oar strives  
Which will smíte the sea stóutest,  
And brávely we swéep  
O'er the fáce of the déep.

“Straightwáy from our viéw  
Slip awáy the Pheácian  
Cítadels áiry.  
Alóng by the cóasts  
Of Epírus we skím,  
The Chaónian port énter,  
And lie to befóre  
Buthrótus’ high city.

“An incrédible rúmour  
Here réaches our cárts,

That of Phrygian Eárides'  
 Cónsort and scéptre  
 Nów in posséssion,  
 Priam's son Hélenus  
 Ruled far and wide  
 O'er the Gráian cíties,  
 And that Andrómache  
 Cálled once agáin  
 A compátriota, lórd.

I was strúck with amázement;  
 My bréast was inflámed  
 With a wóndrous desire  
 To spéak with the héro,  
 And héar from himsélf  
 Of advéntures so stránge;  
 I léave fleet and shóre,  
 And walk úp from the pórt.

“It chánced, in a sácred grove  
 Óutside the city,  
 By the side of a mímic  
 Simois' wáters,  
 Andrómache wéeping,  
 To the cinders of Héctor  
 Was póluring libátion,  
 The Mánes invóking,  
 And óffering the sólenín  
 And sád viand-óffering,  
 At the Cénotaph túmulus,  
 And twó sacred áltars,  
 She had built of green túrf.

“When she saw me approaching,  
 And about me men armed  
 With the armour of Tróy,  
 Seized with wild fright  
 At the marvellous sight,  
 She grew cold and stiff,  
 And sank down in a swoon;  
 And, after a long time,  
 Thus hardly at last said:—

‘Is it a real face,  
 And com’st thou thyself,  
 Substantial and living,  
 O Goddess-born?  
 Or if unsubstantial  
 And not of this world,  
 Then why comes not Héctor?’  
 “She said; and with tears  
 And laments the whole place filled.

“With mind discomposed,  
 And stammering utterance  
 I can scarce to her raving,  
 In syllables broken  
 These few words reply:—  
 ‘I live indeed — doubt not,  
 For real what thou see’st —  
 And through all extrémities  
 Drág on existence.  
 O thou that hast fallen  
 From a wedlock so high,  
 Ah! what’s thy lot now?  
 Is Pyrrhus thy lord still?

Ór does a suitable  
Fórtune at lást  
Visit hér that was ónce  
Héctor's Andrómache?

“She cást down her lóok,  
And with húmble voice sáid:—  
‘Oh! háppy was shé,  
Above áll Priam’s dáughters,  
Who benéath Troy’s high wálls,  
At the énemy’s tómb  
Was commánded to die;  
No lotcásting for cáptives  
Had shé to endúre,  
No béd ever tóuched  
Of a cónqueror and máster.  
But í, made a sláve  
When my cóuntry was búnred,  
Over fár seas must trável,  
And the próud humors báar  
Of the háughty young shóot  
Of the stóck of Achílles;  
Who áfter a chíld’s birth  
Transférred me, his bónsmaid,  
To Hélenus his bónsman,  
And awáy went a-wóoing  
Ledéan Hermione’s  
Hand Lácedemónian.  
But Oréstes, inflámed  
By the lóss of the bríde  
He so ténderly lóved,  
And his thóughts’ even ténor

Distúrbed by his ówn crime's  
Retributive Fúries,  
Pounces ón him unwáry,  
And sláys him in frónt  
Of the áltar doméstic.

‘Neoptólemus déad,  
A párt of his émpire  
To Hélenus féll;  
Who, from Cháon the Trójan,  
These pláins called Chaónian,  
And the náme of Chaónia  
Bestówed on the kingdom;  
Ánd with this Pérgamus'  
Stróng castle Ilian  
These hill tops compléted.  
But whát winds have blówn thee  
To thése coasts of óurs?  
Or whát fate hath léd thee,  
What Gód driven thee, híther,  
In ignorance tótal  
Of áll that has háppened?  
And hów does Ascánius?  
Is still the boy líving  
Whom while Tróy was a city —  
Is the lóss of his párent  
A grief to him sómetimes?  
Does his bréast ever glów  
With the óld martial spírit?  
Does he éver remémber  
He 's són of Enéas,  
And néphew of Héctor?’

“ As thus she was pouring  
 Her long lamentation,  
 And all in vain weeping,  
 Forth out of the fortress,  
 By a great suite escorted,  
 Comes Priam’s son Hélenus,  
 His friends recognises,  
 And leads with joy in;  
 And with each word he utters  
 Sheds many a tear.  
 I observe on my way  
 How like to great Tróy  
 Their mimic Troy city  
 And Pérgamus tiny,  
 With the scanty dry streamlet  
 They call after Xánthus,  
 And clasp to my bósom  
 Their Scáean gate’s portal.

“ Nór, at the same time,  
 Enjoyed not the Teúcri  
 Their city of friends;  
 The King entertained them  
 In pórticoes ample;  
 In the midst of the háll  
 Stood the gólden-served báquet;  
 And with bowls in their hands  
 They libated to Bácchus.

“ And só, as awáy  
 Fleeted day after day,  
 And the bréezes of Áuster,  
 Inflating the línt-sheet,

Invited to sáil,  
 I accóst in these wórds,  
 And inquire of, the séer:—  
 ‘O thóu Trojan-bórn,  
 Who intérpret’st the Góds;  
 Who Phóebus’ divine will  
 Percéivest and féel’st;  
 Who expóundest the Clárian’s  
 Láurels and tripods,  
 The signs of the stárs,  
 And the lánguage of birds,  
 And the ómens derived  
 From the swift-flying wing,  
 O sáy — for the Góds,  
 With one ónly excéption,  
 To Ítaly cáll me,  
 And the lánds reserved fór me  
 Commánd me to try’;  
 And religion my whóle course  
 Has prómised me prósperous,  
 Only Hárpy Celéno  
 With áwful wrath thréatens,  
 And predicts us a fámine,  
 Foul, strángé, and prodígiouſ,  
 And súch as no píous soul  
 Dáre even spéak of —  
 Say whát ’s the chief dánger;  
 These difficulties hów  
 Shall I bést shun or cónquer.

“Here Hélenus, firſt  
 Having sláughtered the stéers

By the ritual required,  
 Entréats the heaven's gráce;  
 And, unlóosing the tiar  
 From his sánctified héad,  
 Me, in ánxious suspénce  
 And áwe of the Gód's  
 Great mánifestátion,  
 Leads himsélf, in his hánd,  
 To thy dwélling, O Phóebus.  
 Thén in prophétic strain  
 Fróm his divine mouth  
 Thús sang the priest:—

‘O bórн of a Góddess!  
 Since the gréatness is pláin  
 Of the áuspices which  
 O'er the hígh deep escórt thee —  
 Since the móndarch of Góds  
 Appóints the Fates só,  
 So dispóses événts  
 In succéssion and órder —  
 Sóme out of mány points  
 I'll explain tó thee,  
 That thou máy'st with more sáfety  
 The séa take for hóst,  
 And secúrely at lást  
 In Ausónian port séttle.  
 To knów more than this,  
 Or móre than this téll,  
 The bán of the Párcae  
 And Júno Satúrnian  
 Hélenus hinders.

‘First of all, that Itália  
 Thou déem’st near at hánd,  
 And whose pórts thou prepár’st,  
 As if clóse at the dóor,  
 (Ah how little thou knów’st!)  
 All at ónce to inváde,  
 Beyond mány a lánd’s  
 Wide impássable tráct  
 Lies fár far awáy.  
 Thine óar thou must túg  
 In Trinácria’s wáters,  
 The bríny Ausónian  
 Must návigate róund,  
 The Inférnal Lákes visit,  
 And páss by the island  
 Of Circe Eéan,  
 Befóre thou canst séttle  
 On sáfe land thy city.  
 I ’ll tell thee the tókens:  
 Keep them stóred in thy mind.

‘When thóu, in the midst  
 Of thy tróuble and cáre,  
 Benéath the holm óaks  
 That bórder the bácks  
 Of a river retired,  
 A great white sow shalt find  
 Stretched at léngth on the gróund,  
 Giving súck to her fárrow  
 Of thirty young pigs,  
 Each as white as hersélf,  
 That spót ’s thy sure rést  
 And the site of thy city.

Nor lét thy flesh créep  
 At that gnáwing of trénchers;  
 The Fátes will a wáy find,  
 Apóllo when called on  
 Will cóme to thine áid.

‘But avóid the edge néxt us  
 Of Ítaly’s shóres;  
 Wicked Gráii inhábit,  
 And fill with their cities,  
 All that tráct which is wáshed  
 By this séa-surf of óurs;  
 Here the Lócri Narycian  
 Their city have built,  
 Ánd with his sóldiery  
 Lýctian Idómeneus  
 Occupies wide  
 The Sállentine pláins.  
 Here tóo on the stréngth  
 Of her wáll Philoctétian  
 Relies with all cónfidence  
 Chief Melibóeus’s  
 Little Petilia.

‘Even whén on the off side  
 Thy fléet has arrived,  
 And ón the seashóre  
 Thou art ráising thine áltars  
 And páying thy vóws,  
 Thy lócks thou must shróud,  
 And thy fáce cover úp,  
 With a wrápper of púrple,  
 Lest, whilst at the blázing

And sánctified áltars  
 Thou art hónoring the Góds,  
 An énemy's fáce  
 By some chánce meet thine eýe,  
 And már all the ómens.  
 Let thysélf, let thy cómrades,  
 This cùstom obsérve,  
 Thy postérity éver  
 In hóliness kéep,  
 And abide by, this rituál.

‘But whén on thy wáy  
 Thou hast sét out from hénce,  
 And the wind wafts thee néar  
 To the cóast of Sicilia,  
 And the stráits of Pelórus  
 Begin to grow wide,  
 Keep awáy from the wáters  
 And shóre on the stárboard,  
 And, awáy to the lárboard  
 In lóng circuit tácking,  
 The léft shore sweep róund.

‘They sáy that these lánds,  
 At first óne and contínuous,  
 Have, at sóme time or óther,  
 With mighty convúlsion  
 And vást wreck and rúin  
 In twáin leaped asúnder,  
 (So powérful is tíme's lapse  
 To bring about chánge,)  
 And thát the sea, fórciblý  
 Ín between rushing,

Cut Italy off  
 From the side of Hespéria,  
 So that an interposed  
 Frith's narrow waters  
 Now wash opposite cities  
 And opposite fields.

‘The right side by Scylla  
 Is garrisoned strong;  
 Charybdis implacable  
 Sits on the left,  
 And into her whirlpool,  
 Sheer down perpendicular  
 Three times in succession  
 Each vast billow sucks,  
 And to the upper air  
 Thrice aloft flings each,  
 And lashes the stars:  
 But Scylla the face has  
 Of a fair maiden,  
 And human her bust is  
 As far as the groin,  
 Where it ends in a monstrous  
 Huge trunk of a grampus,  
 To a wolf's belly knit  
 And the tail of a dolphin:  
 And out of the dark  
 Cavern-hole that conceals her  
 She thrusts her face forth,  
 And drags ships on the rocks.  
 Far better to compass,  
 Although it delay thee,

Trinácrian Pachýnus,  
 With lóng circuit róund,  
 Than one single look cást  
 On uncóuth shapeless Scýlla  
 In her vást cavern cróuching,  
 Or the rócks that resóund  
 With her blúe cub-wolves' bárk.

‘Besides, (if in Hélenus  
 Áught be of wisdom,  
 If ány reliance  
 May be pláced in the séer,  
 And if but with trúth  
 Apóllo his mind fills,)’  
 Of this pójnt, Goddess-bórn,  
 This one pójnt I’ll forewárn thee,  
 This one pójnt above áll,  
 And óver and óver  
 And óver agáin  
 Will repéat and impréss it;  
 To Júno’s great Gódhead  
 Addréss thy first vóws,  
 To Júno thy gifts bring,  
 To Júno thy páayers sing,  
 And, with héart and soul pójured forth  
 In húmble entréaties,  
 Subdúe to thy wishes  
 The páwerful dórra:  
 So shált thou at lást  
 From Trinácria be pássed  
 To Ítaly’s cónfines,  
 Succéssful, victórious.

‘When Itália thou ’st reached,  
 And the city of Cúma,  
 And rustling Avérnus’  
 Divine woods and lákes;  
 Thou shalt sée the crazed máid  
 That benéath the coved róck  
 Writes her vérses prophétic  
 On plúcked leaves of trées:  
 So lóng as the dóor  
 Of the cáve remains shút,  
 These presérve their due órder,  
 Arránged as she léft them;  
 But whén the door ópens,  
 The first puff of wind  
 Sends the ténder leaves flitting  
 The whóle cave abóut,  
 And the máid never cáring  
 To cáttch, and dispóse them  
 Anéw in their órder,  
 Inquirers awáy go  
 As wise as they cáme,  
 And turn with disgúst  
 From the cáve of the Sibyl.

‘Here listen not thóu,  
 Though thy cómrades may chide thee,  
 And a fáir wind may cáll thee,  
 And préss thee to sáil;  
 Nor the tímé lost to trável  
 Esteéem of such válue,  
 As nót to go páy  
 Thy respécts to the séer,  
 And bég she may pléase

Her clósed lips to ópen,  
And give to her próphecies  
Útterance óral.

‘Duly wórshipped, the priestess  
Will cléarly expláin thee  
The nátions Itálian,  
The wárs that awáit thee,  
And hów thou may’st bést  
Flee or béar every tóil;  
And ón thy way prósperous  
Fóward will sénd thee.  
With thése admonítions  
My vóice is permitted  
To wárn and advise thee.  
Now gó, and alóft  
With thy bráve deeds exált  
Mighty Tróy to the éther.’

“The séer, when with friendly mouth  
Thús he had spóken,  
Bids mássy gold préseñts  
Be bróught to the véssels,  
And on bóard of them gréat store  
Of sílver plate stóws,  
And ívory fillagree,  
Bówls Dodonéan,  
And the linked coat of máil  
Neoptólemus wóre  
Of triple gold wíre,  
And his hélmét so spléndid  
With hórse-tail appénded  
To hígh toweríng crést.

Gifts apprōpriate, tóo,  
 He bestóws on my sire;  
 And présents us with hórses,  
 Presénts us with pílots,  
 The númer of rówers  
 Fills up compléte,  
 And with rowing ímplements  
 Rigs us out néw.

“Meantime to get réady  
 Our másts and our cánvas,  
 And nót lose the fáir wind,  
 Anchises gives cóunsel:  
 And thus, with much hónor  
 Addréssing him, sáys  
 The próphet of Phóebus:—

‘O thóu, worthy déemed  
 Of Vénus’ high núptials,  
 Special cáre of the Góds,  
 Anchises, twice réscued  
 From Pérgamus’ rúins,  
 Behóld stretched before thee  
 The lánd of Ausónia;  
 Sail awáy for it stráight.  
 This néar side, howéver,  
 Skirt alóng without tóuching;  
 Far fróm it apárt  
 Lies that dístrict Ausónian,  
 Apóllo throws ópen.  
 On, ón, of a díteous son  
 O happy fáther:  
 The Áustri are rísing,

What need of more talking?  
 Or why should I longer  
 With preaching delay thee?’

“Andrómache téo,  
 Sad at párting for éver,  
 Has bróught for Ascánius —  
 Nor is the boy lóth  
 With the gift to be lóaded —  
 A Phrýgian-wrought Chlámys  
 With figures embróidered  
 Upón a gold gróund;  
 And thús to him sáys:—

‘Take this too, my bóy;  
 Let this wórk of my hánds  
 Remind thee sometimes  
 Of the cónsort of Héctor,  
 And of the lóng love  
 Andrómache bárs thee.  
 Take thy rélative’s lást gift,  
 O thóu, the sole image  
 On earth to me le~~ss~~  
 Of Astýanax nów;  
 Like thine were his féatures,  
 Like thine his hands’ móvements,  
 His eyés glanced like thine,  
 And he wóuld be, if líving,  
 Just nów the same áge,  
 Such a stripling as thóu.’

“With gúshing tears thús  
 I addréssed them at párting:—  
 ‘Live in háppiness yé,

Who already your fórtunes  
Have máde and compléted.  
While wé out of óne fate  
Are cálled to anóther,  
Rest 's provided for yóu:  
No wide-spreading séa-plain  
Have yé to plough óver;  
No fields of Ausónia,  
Still fléeing befóre ye,  
Have yé to pursué.  
Ye have hére, in your sight,  
An image of Xánthus,  
A Tróy which your ówn hands  
Have buílt, let me hópe,  
With áuspices bétter  
Than thóse of the óld one,  
Ánd to the Gráii  
Of áccess less éasy.  
If éver the stréam  
Of the Týber I énter,  
If I éver arrive at  
The Týberine fields,  
And sée the strong city,  
That 's gránted my péople,  
We 'll blénd and unite  
Into óne Troy in spírit  
The twó sister cities,  
The twó kindred péoples,  
This in Epírus,  
And thát in Hespéria,  
Bóth from one fórefather  
Dárdanus sprúng,  
And the sélfsame misfórtune;

Ánd may our children  
The bónð preserve éver.'

"Whilst alón̄g by the néighbouring  
Ceráunians we stéer,  
Whence shórtest the pássage  
Acróss to Itália,  
The sún sets, and dárkness  
Falls thick on the móuntains:  
Then dividing amón̄gst us,  
For tént-poles, our óars,  
We láy us full léngth  
On the lánd's welcome láp,  
And rést and refrésh us  
Alón̄g the dry béach  
At the édge of the wáter,  
Till déwy sleep sóftly  
Steals ón our tired límbs.

"Borne alón̄g by the Hóurs,  
Night hád not yet réached  
The míd arch of héaven,  
When [redacted] from his couch  
Alert springs Palinúrus,  
And in his ear's hóllow  
Each bréath of air cátching,  
Tries hów the wind blóws:  
Notes áll the stars, silently  
Ín the sky glíding,  
The twáin Bears, Arctúrus,  
And Hýades ráiny,  
And cásts his eye róund  
On Orion's gold tráppings;

Then séeing the whóle sky  
 For fáir weather settled,  
 From the póop gives loud signal:  
 We decámp, spread our sáils' wings,  
 And éssay the vóyage.

“And now from before  
 The first red of Auróra  
 The stárs had retréated,  
 When, dim in the distance,  
 The hills of Itália  
 And lówland, we sée.  
 ‘Itália!’ Achátes  
 Is first to cry óut:  
 Itália the whóle crew  
 Salúte with glad shóut.  
 Then fáther Anchises  
 Takes a great béaker,  
 And fills it with púre wine,  
 And gárlands it róund,  
 And ón the high póop standing  
 Cálls to the Góds:—

‘Ye Góds that rule óver  
 Lánds, seas, and témpests,  
 Gránt us a fáir wind,  
 And prósper our vóyage.’  
 The wished-for breeze rises,  
 And wáfts us on stéady.  
 The hárbour, as néar we draw,  
 Ópens, and gives us  
 Full view of the témples  
 Of Cástrum Minérvae.

We furl sail, and toward the shore  
 Turn our ships' bows in.  
 The crescent-shaped harbour,  
 Scooped out by the force  
 Of the easterly billows,  
 Lies hid from the view  
 By a ledge of rocks, ever  
 With salt sea-spray fuming.  
 The turreted-crowned cliffs  
 Send down to the shore,  
 On this side and that,  
 Their long flanking wall.  
 Between, in the distance,  
 The temple's seen rising.

“Here I see the first omen;  
 Four horses snow-white  
 In the open fields grazing:  
 And father Anchises:—  
 ‘These horses bode war,  
 For horses are part  
 Of the equipage warlike:  
 O land, thou receivest  
 Our visit with war.  
 Yet there’s hope of peace too,  
 For these very same cattle  
 Are at other times wont  
 To be yoked to one car,  
 And to draw in one harness  
 Harmonious together.’

“Then veiling our heads  
 With a close Phrygian muffle,

We bég, at armisonant  
 Pállas's áltars,  
 The bléssing and gráce  
 Of the déity hóly,  
 That héard the first jóyous  
 Hurráhs of our lánding;  
 And Hélenus' strictest  
 Injúctions obéying,  
 In due fórm offer úp  
 To Júno of Árgos  
 The hónors commánded;  
 Then, as sóon as compléted  
 Our vóws' presentátion,  
 Turn séaward the hórns  
 Of our shéeted yard-árms,  
 And the fields leave behínd  
 And suspicioñs abódes  
 Of the bórн of the Graïï.

“Seen on óne hand the báy  
 Of Hercúlean Taréntum —  
 If fáme truly súrnames  
 Taréntum, Hercúlean —  
 While ópposite rises  
 The témples Lacínian,  
 And Cáulon's hill fórtress,  
 And Scylacéum's  
 Shíp-wrecking héadland.  
 And awáy in the dístance  
 We sée from the bíllow  
 Trinácrian Étna:  
 And héar from afár  
 The lóud, broken róar

Of the séa on the shóre,  
 As with áll its sands séething,  
 And billows exúlting,  
 It béats on the rócks.

“Then fáther Anchises:—  
 ‘This cán be no óther  
 Than thát same Charybdis;  
 These hére are the réefs,  
 These the hórrible rócks,  
 Of which Hélenus wárned us:  
 Bear awáy, hearty féllows,  
 And évenly ón your oars  
 Rise all togéther.’

“They obéy the commánd;  
 And fírst Palinúrus  
 Róund to the lárboard  
 The bráying prow túgs;  
 Róund to the lárboard,  
 With óars and sails tacking,  
 The whóle squadron véers.  
 On the crést of the swéll  
 We rise úp to the sky,  
 Then sink in its déep trough  
 Down, down to the Mánes.  
 The hóllow rocks thrice  
 We heard róaring belów,  
 Thrice with the spírted spray  
 Sáw the stars dripping.

“In the méantime the wind,  
 With depárting day, léaves us;

Ánd to the Cyclops' coasts,  
 Of the way ignorant,  
 Wéary we glide.  
 The port itself 's spácious,  
 And fróm the wind shéltered;  
 But, with ruín horrífic,  
 Close by thunders Étna;  
 Sometimes, with tornádo - burst,  
 Up to the éther  
 A pitchy cloud thrówing  
 Of smóke and red áshes,  
 Ánd the stars licking  
 With vólumes of flámes;  
 Sometimes to the ský aloft,  
 With a roar, belching  
 Mólten rocks rént  
 From its ówn stony bówels,  
 And vólleys of splínters,  
 Ánd from its lowest depths  
 Séething and bárming.

“The rúmour is rife,  
 That benéath this huge Étna  
 Squéezed lies Encéladus'  
 Half thúnder-burnt bódy;  
 Which has bürst itself flúes,  
 And blázes out thróugh  
 The mass súperincúmbent,  
 Ánd with a smóky web  
 Wéaves the whole sky:  
 And thát, every time  
 He túrns himself óver  
 To rést his tired side,

All Trinácria rúmble,  
And tó the core trémble.

“Of the nóises unéarthly  
We héard all that night,  
As we láy in the wóods,  
No cáuse could we sée;  
For the sky’s bright Ethéreal,  
And stárfires were ábsent,  
And through thick murky ráinclouds  
Dead mídnight’s moon wáded.

“And nów in the éarly east  
Mórning was rising,  
And Dáwn had the dim shade  
Dispélled from the sky;  
When óut of the fórest  
A stránge apparítion  
Comes suddenly fóward;  
A mán, to the lást degree  
Wásted and hággard,  
And tó us a stránger;  
Ánd, in most píteous plight,  
Toward the shore stréetches  
His súpplicant hánds.

“We túrn our look toward him:  
Long béard, and filth shócking;  
Clothes with thórns stuck togéther;  
In áll else a Gráian,  
And érst to Troy sént  
In his fátherland árms.

“But hé, still afár,  
 At the sight of Troy’s árms  
 And our cóstume Dardánian,  
 Checked his stép all at ónce,  
 And a while stood affrighted:  
 Then, áfter a little,  
 Rushed dówn to the shóre,  
 With téars and entréaties:—

‘By the stárs I adjúre ye,  
 By the pówers supérmal,  
 By the áir we ’re bréathing,  
 And the light of héaven,  
 Take me with ye, Teúcri,  
 Tó whatéver lánds;  
 Tó whatéver lánds,  
 Só from this ye take me.  
 I dený not í am  
 Óf those Dánaï óne  
 Whó with wár inváded  
 Thé Penátes Ílian.  
 Óf which misdeméanour  
 If so gréat the crime be,  
 In the vást sea drówn me,  
 Tó the billows flíng me,  
 Scáttér mé, pieceinéal;  
 To pérish í objéct not,  
 Só it bé by mén’s hands.’

“He sáid; and róund our knées  
 Clúng, and rólled, and twisted:  
 His náme and his advéntures,  
 And what stóck he ’s cóme of,

We bid him boldly téll:  
 And sire Anchises' sélf  
 Óffers his hánd at ónce,  
 And with the immédiate plédge  
 Assúres the yóung man's mind,  
 Who cónfidént at lást says:—

‘By birth I ám of Íthaca;  
 My náme is Ácheménides,  
 Unfórtunate Ulysses' córade;  
 To Tróy, to seek my fórtune, sént  
 By my poor fáther Ádamástus —  
 Áh, that we still had póor remáined!  
 My córades, in their trépidátion  
 And hásty quíttíng óf the vást  
 And crúel cávern óf the Cýclops,  
 Have hére forsáken ánd forgót me.  
 Huge, góry, dárk, that báquet-háll;  
 Himsélf knocks át the stárs, so táll:  
 Góds, from súch a mónter sáve us;  
 Íll to lóok at, ill to accóst;  
 A cánnibál, that ón the flésh  
 And grím blood óf poor wréetches féeds.  
 Mysélf have séen, where, ás he láy  
 Stréttched on his báck in thé cave's midst,  
 He séized with his broad hánd, and smáshed  
 Agáinst the róck two óf our númer,  
 And sét the flóor all róund abóut him  
 Swimming in a splásh of sánies.  
 Mysélf have séen undér his téeth  
 The wárm limbs quívering, ás he chámped them  
 Óozy, and dripping with black góre:  
 Nót with impúnity howéver;

Nor wére such pránks tamelý endúred  
 By Íthacús; nor did Ulýsses  
 Forgét himsélf in thát conjúnture.  
 Fór on the instant thát dead-drúnk,  
 And górged with sóod, he dróoped his héad,  
 And láy, imménse, stretched thróugh the cáve,  
 Erúcting ín his sléep a másh  
 Of wine, and blóod, and hálf-chewed flésh;  
 We, áll at ónce, (beséeching first  
 The gréat God's hélp, and tó each mán  
 By lót his séveral párt assigning,)  
 From évery side round pór upón him,  
 Ánd with a shárp stake bórre the eyé,  
 The óne, huge, súnk eye, thát, as róund  
 As Phoébus' lámp or shield Argólic,  
 Gláred from benéath his lówering fórehead;  
 And só, with jóy, revénge at lást  
 The ghósts of óur compánions.  
 But flée, O wréttched béisings, flée,  
 And bréak the rópe off fróm the shóre:  
 For éverywhére these cúrved coasts róund  
 A húndred óther Cýclops dwéll,  
 Ór in the lófty móuntains wánder,  
 Each óne as úgly, húge and mónstrous,  
 As thát same Pólýphéme, that péns  
 His wóolly flócks in cávern hóllow,  
 Ánd from their údders thé milk squéezes.

‘The móon is nów her hórns with líght  
 The third time filling, since amóng  
 The wild beasts’ désert háunts and hómes,  
 Hére in the wóods, I drág existence,  
 Eye the vast Cýclops ón the rócks there,

And stárt at theír voice-sóund and footsteos.  
 Upón uprooted wéeds I feed,  
 And with the córnel's stóny bérries  
 Eke óut a pítifúl subsistence.

‘As áll things róund I réconnoitred,  
 This fleet tóward the shóre appróaching  
 Mét my view first; to it, whatevére  
 It might be, í 've consigned mysélf,  
 Cáreless by yóur hands hów I pérish,  
 If I escápe that créw accúrsed.’

“Scárce had he sáid, when wé behóld  
 Upón the hill-top, midst his shéep,  
 The shépherd Pólýphéme himsélf,  
 Unwieldily his vást bulk móving  
 In the shóre's well knówn diréction,  
 A hórrid, shápeless, húge, blind mónter.  
 A póllard pine-trunk, ín his hánd,  
 Stéadies ánd dirécts his stéps;  
 Alóng with him keep cómpany  
 The wóolly shéep, his sóle delight,  
 And ónly sólace óf his wóe;  
 His pástoral pipe hangs fróm his néck.

“Whén he had cóme down tó the wáter,  
 Ánd of the high waves félt the cóntact,  
 The brúised and clótted góre straightwáy  
 He wáshes fróm his eyéless sócket,  
 Gnáshing with his téeth and gróaning;  
 And thóugh far in the séa he 's wálking,  
 No wáve has báthed his táll flank yét.

“We, upon our part, silently  
 The cable cut, and taking with us  
 The suppliant who so well deserved it,  
 Sped away in trepidation,  
 And bending forward on our oars,  
 Strive who will sweep the sea-plain fastest.

“He heard; and in the sound’s direction  
 His footsteps turned; but when he could not  
 Lay hand upon us, or pursue  
 Fast as the Ionian waves retreated,  
 He raised such an immense loud shout  
 As made the sea with all its waves,  
 And the whole land of Italy tremble,  
 To its inmost core affrighted,  
 And Etna’s crooked caverns below.

“Then from the woods and lofty mountains  
 Down to the port excited rushing,  
 The clan of Cyclops fills the shores.  
 With grim-scowling lowering eye,  
 Disappointed there they’re standing  
 In full view, the Etnean brothers,  
 A horrid divan, high to heaven  
 Their tall heads rearing, like a group  
 Of lofty-topped aërial oaks,  
 Or cypresses coniferous,  
 High sacred-grove of Jove or Diana.

“To loose our sails out to the breezes,  
 And flee headlong any whither,  
 The sharpness of our fear impels us;  
 But warned by Helenus’ instructions

Nót to attémpt the nárrów pássage,  
 Séparáting déath by Scýlla  
 Fróm Charýbdis' néighbouring déath,  
 To stéer our cóurse back wé détermíne —  
 Whén from Pelórus' stráits — behóld!  
 Bóreas comes dówn, and sóuthward bárs us  
 Pást Pantágia's rocky móuth,  
 And Mégara's inlet, ánd low Thápsus:  
 These pláces Ácheménides,  
 Hápless Ulýsses' cómrade, shówed us,  
 Ás we bórre him báck alóng  
 The cóasts he fórmerly had sáiled up.

“An ísland — cálled of óld, Ortýgia —  
 Strétches acróss the báy Sicánian,  
 In frónt of billowy Plemmýrium.  
 Fame sáys that híther Élis’ ríver  
 Alphéus wróught his hídden wáy  
 Únder the séa’s bed, ánd is nów  
 Thróugh thy fóuntain, Árethúsa,  
 Mixed with thé Sicílian wáves.  
 Tó the great lócal Déíties hére  
 The réverénce prescribed we rénder;  
 Then léave behínd the sóil enriched  
 By the o’erflówing óf Helórus,  
 And, únder thé tall précipíces  
 Óf Pachýnus’ rocky héadland  
 Álong cóasting, sée, far óff,  
 Cámarina, bý the Fátes  
 Ínterdicted fróm all móvement,  
 And Géla — só called fróm its ríver —  
 Wild Géla, ánd the pláins Gelóan.  
 Steep Ácragás, the bréeder ónce

Of génerous hórses, thén displáys  
 Ín the distance its vast rámparts.  
 Thee tóo, with á fair wind, we léave,  
 Pálmy Selinus, ánd scud ón  
 Óver the difficult Lilybéum's  
 Réefy wáters. Drépanum's pórt,  
 And jóyless shóre recéive me thén.  
 Hére, after áll my búffetings  
 With the tempéstuous séa, I lósc,  
 Alás! I lóse my sire Anchises,  
 Sólace of áll my tóils and cárés;  
 Hére thou desértest thy tired són  
 O bést of sires, alás! in váin  
 Snáttched from the mídst of só great dágters.  
 Néither sire Hélenús this grief,  
 Though mány a hórror hé predicted,  
 Nor dire Celéno éver tóld me.  
 This was the lást of áll my tróubles,  
 The góal of my long trávels this.  
 Whén I depárted thénce, a Gód  
 Landed me hére on yóur sea-bórd."

Só, while all listened, sire Enéas  
 Reláted thé divine ordáinments,  
 Ánd his trávels' history tóld;  
 And hére at lást came tó an énd,  
 And céased alike from wórd and áction.

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## IV.

But áll this lóng while thé Queen 's sórely fréttíng,  
The pójson óf the wóund works ín her véins,  
A slów and smóuldering fíre wastes hér awáy;  
Óft to her mind recúrs how éxcellént  
The mán himsélf, honóred how múch the nátion;  
His lóoks and wórds adhére fixed ín her bréast,  
Nór to her fráme allóws care plácid sléep.

Mórrow's Auróra hád from héaven remóved  
The húmid shádow, ánd with lámp Phoebéan  
Was súrveying the éarth, when, sick at héart,  
She thús accósts her sóul-accórding sister:—  
“O sister Ánn, what térrifyíng vísions  
Distráct and fill me with anxiety!  
What néw-sort guést this, tó our séats arrived!  
How dignified the expréssion óf his fáce!  
How stróng and stálwart áre his chést and árms!  
I think, nor ván the thóught, he 's óf the Góds' race,  
For tímorous éver is the lów-born mind.  
Alás, by whát fates hé was tóssed abóut!  
What wárs fought tó the drégs he ság! Were 't nót  
My mind's fixed ánd immútale resólve  
No móre with ány óne in márriage bónf  
To assóciate mé, since óf my fírst attáchment

I wás by Déath so chéated ánd beguiled —  
 With útter téedium túrned I nót from wélock,  
 I might perhaps to this one fáult succúmb.  
 Ánna — for í 'll confess it — since the time  
 My spóuse Sichéus mét his wrétdched fáte,  
 Ánd the Penátes with a frátricide  
 Were sprinkled, this man sóle my résolutiún  
 Hath máde to totter, ánd my féelings biassed:  
 I knów the márks of the óld familiár fláme.  
 But ráther lét the yáwning éarth ingúlf me,  
 Or with his thúnder thé omnipotent Sire  
 Tó the shades húrl me — Érebús' pale shádes,  
 And night profóund — than thát, O Módesty,  
 I violate thée or sin agáinst thy láws.  
 Hé that first joined me tó him bóre awáy  
 My lóves at his depárture; lét the sáme  
 Still háve, and in his sépulchre presérve, them.”  
 She sáid; and filled with gúshing téars her bósom.

Ánna replies:— “O thóu, than light more déar  
 Untó thy sister, shált thou lónely pine,  
 And wáste awáy in célibáte perpétual,  
 Nor chíldren swéet, nor Vénus' guérdons knów?  
 The cinders, trówest thou, ór scpúlchred Mánes  
 Have thát care? Gránt, no suítors érst thy sick  
 Despónding mind have influénced, in Libya  
 Or prévious Týre; lárbas wás despised,  
 And triumph-téeming Áfric's óther chiefs;  
 Múst thou fight thérefore éven with a lóve that pléases?  
 Bethink'st thee nót in whóse fields thóu hast settléd?  
 How hérm thee in on this side thé Getúlian  
 Cíties and tribes invíncible in wár,  
 The bitless Númid ánd waste kindless Sýrtes;

On thát the thirsty désert, ánd Barcéi  
 Maráuding wide? see'st thóu no wárs in Týre's  
 Horizon rising, héar'st no bróther's thréats?  
 With Júno's áuspícés and fávoring Gódhead,  
 I dóubt not, háve the Ílian véssels héld  
 Their hither cóurse: O sister, whát a city  
 Shált thou behóld this! whát a kingdom sée  
 Ríse out of súch a márriage! Cómpanied  
 By Teúcrian árms to whát vast héights shall réach  
 The Púnic glóry: ónly thóu the Góds' grace  
 Beg dúly ánd obtáin with sácrifice;  
 Then gíve thy hóspitálitý free scópe,  
 Ánd with excúse upón excúse deláy him:  
 Ships crázy — stórmý séa — watrý Orion —  
 In súch rough wéather whó would think of sáiling?"

Her lóve-sick mind with thése words shé inflámed,  
 And bléw to kindling, ánd in the pláce of dóubt  
 Put firm hope, ánd turned módesty adrift.  
 First to the fánes they gó, and mídst the áltars  
 Seek gráce with wónted ófferings óf select  
 Sécond-year shéep to Léglátive Céres,  
 Phóebus and síre Lyéus; ábove áll  
 To Júno, pátronéss of márriage bónds.  
 Óut of a pátera, in her right hand héld,  
 Hérslef, most lóvely Dido, póurs the wíne  
 Betwéen the twó horns óf a bríght white ców,  
 Ór in the mídst of thé fat áltars páces  
 Befóre the présent Góds, and sólemnising  
 The dáy with ófferings, ánd re-sólemnising,  
 Intént pores ón the béstial's ópened bréasts,  
 And cóunsel ásks of thé still bréathing éntrails.  
 Ah, líttle knéw the sóothsayers! vóws what úse,

What úse are témplex tó her in her frénzy?  
 The fláme eats hér soft márrow áll the while,  
 The voiceless wóund benéath her bósom ránkles.  
 Stúng to a fúry, hápless Dido spéeds  
 Érrant and áimless ó'er the tótal city:  
 Thróugh the Dictéan wóods and bósksy gládes  
 So flées ahéad the hind that shépherd's árrow  
 Hath pierced from fár mid Crétan wóods, unwáry,  
 And cárries in her flánk the déadly réed,  
 Nor wóts the húnter thát his shót has tákén.  
 Now thróugh the fórts she léads Enéas with her,  
 Shéws him the wéalth Sidónian, city réady;  
 Begins to spéak out, stóps in the midst of the séntence;  
 Nów at day's fáll reséeks the féast, and crázed  
 Intréats to héar once móre the Ílian tóils,  
 Once móre hangs ón the lips of thé narrátor;  
 Áfter, when áll are góne, and in her túrn  
 The móon goes dówn, and stárset cóunsels sléep,  
 Lone móurning in the émpty hóuse, she léans  
 Over the cóuch where látely hé reclíned,  
 And sées him présent still, and héars him spéaking;  
 Or chármed with thé resémb lance tó his sire,  
 Hólds in her láp Ascánius, tó beguile,  
 If at all póssible, the miscreant pássion.  
 The túrrets háve ceased rising; thé young mén,  
 Práctising árms; ports áre no móre prepáred,  
 Or militáry búlwarks sáfe and súre;  
 The wórks hang ínterrúpted óf the húge  
 And frówning wálls, and éngines high as héaven.

That súch a pést had hóld of hér, so sóon  
 As Jóve's dear spóuse percéived, and thát her pássion  
 Befóre it swépt the bárrier óf fair fáme,

Satúrnia in these wórds addrésses Vénus:—  
 “Nótable práise, indéed, and ámple spóils  
 Ye cárry óff, thou ánd thy són — a gréat  
 And mémoráble náme — by ártifice  
 Of twó divinités if one wóman 's cónquered;  
 Nor só purblínd am í as nót to sée  
 That dréad of whát my cápitál may yét be  
 Mákes thee suspicioñs óf high Cárthage' hómes.  
 But whát shall bé the bóund? or tó what púrpose  
 So gréat conténtions? whý not ráther stúdy  
 Péace everlásting by a márriage cóntract?  
 Whát with thine whóle soul thóu hast sóught is thíne:  
 Dido 's in lóve — on fire — through áll her bónes  
 The pássion ráges — lét us thén this péople  
 Góvern in cómmon, ánd with áuspícés  
 Équal: let hér obéy a Phrygian húsband,  
 And hánd the Týrians ó'er in dówer to thée.”

To hér — for shé percéived the spéech was féigned  
 With púrpose tó divért to Libya's cóast  
 Th' Itálian émpire — Vénus thús repliéed:—  
 “Whó so insénsate tó refúse such óffer,  
 And chóose in préferénce a wár with thée,  
 Might ónly fórtune tréad in the stéps of the déed?  
 But í 'm kept vácilláting báck and fórward,  
 Unáble Fáte's inténtion tó discóver,  
 And whéther it be Jóve's will tó permit  
 The Týrians ánd Troy's trávellérs be blént  
 Ínto one péople, with one cómmon cáuse,  
 One city cápitál: his cónsort thóu,  
 The privilege thíne to trý what práyers may dó:  
 Ón; I will fóllow.” Róyal Júno thén:—  
 “That tásk be mine; and nów — give héed — I 'll téach thee

In few words how to a happy close may best  
 Be brought this business: they prepare to go —  
 Enéas and most wretched Dido with him —  
 Into the woods to hunt, soon as the beams  
 Of rising Titan have to-morrow's world  
 Uncovered. Down upon them, at the moment  
 Of the extremest hurry of outriders  
 To inclose with nets the brakes where the game pastures  
 Among the woods, I'll pour a blackening storm  
 Of hail and rain, and rouse the whole sky with thunder;  
 The company, with dim night covered, flee  
 On all sides. Dido and the Trojan chief  
 Meet in the same cave. I'll be present there,  
 And Hymen with me; and, on thy good will  
 If I may count sure, there I'll join her to him,  
 And with a lasting marriage make her his."  
 Not loth yields Cytherea the consent  
 Required, and smiles at the device ingenious.

Morn hath arisen meanwhile, and left the ocean;  
 Forth, at the first blaze of the star of day,  
 Pour from the gates the chosen prime of the youth,  
 With nets, and gins, and hunting spears broad-bladed,  
 Rider Massilian, and quick-scented hound.  
 The élite of the Póeni round the palace  
 Await the Queen, who lingers in her chamber;  
 In crimson and in gold caparisoned standing,  
 The mettled charger champs the bit to foam.  
 At length with a large escort she sets forward,  
 Clad in Sidonian chlamys with limned border:  
 Of gold her quiver; tied her locks in gold;  
 Golden the clasps of her purple vest:  
 The Phrygians too set out, and glad Iulus,

And, hándsomést of áll, Enéas' sélf,  
Whose cóming jóins the twó troops ínto óne.

As whén Apóllo Xánthus' stréams desérting  
And Lycian winter, tó matérnal Délos  
Pays visit, ánd new stáblishés his chóirs;  
And róund the áltars rise the míngled vóices  
Of Crétan, Drýops ánd dyed Ágathýrse;  
Himsélf walks frée upón the slópes of Cýnthe,  
Móulding his flówing lócks, and with soft fóliage  
Bínding, and góld impláiting; ón his shóulders  
The dárts clang; nó less lively móved Enéas,  
Nó less surpássing gráce beamed fróm his féatures.

Whén to the lófty móuntains théy have cóme  
And déns imprácticáble; ló! the wild goats,  
Driven from the highest óf the crággy súmmits,  
Run dówn the stéep slopes; in anóther quárter,  
Acróss the ópen pláins, in dúsdy gróups  
The déer scour fúgitíve, and quit the móuntains.  
Bút in the válleys' mídst the bóy Ascánius  
Jóys in his méttled stéed, and nów past thése,  
Past thóse now ráces, ánd would fáin to his vóws  
'Móngst the dull béasts some fóaming bóar were gránted,  
Ór from the móuntain cáme down thé tawn lión.

Begins meanwhile confúsion in the sky  
Ánd a great rúmbling; fóllows háil - and - ráin - storm;  
The Týrian cómpany, Trójan yóuths, and Vénus'  
Grándson Dardánian, frightened, várious shélter  
Séek everywhére the fields through; fróm the móuntains  
Rush rívers; Dido ánd the Trójan chief  
Arríve at thé same grótto; primal Téllus

And Júno Prónubá give signal; cónscious  
 Éther upón the márrage fláshes lighntings,  
 Ánd from the tóp o' th' crág the nýmphs cry “wóe!”  
 That dáy was óf her déath first órigin,  
 First órigin óf her tróubles; récks no lónger  
 Appéarancés or réputátion Dido,  
 Nor is 't a stólen amóur she méditates nów:  
 She cálls it wédlóck; scréens her fáult with thát name.

Incóntinént through thé great Libyan cíties  
 Goes Rúmor; Rúmor spéediést of ills:  
 Whose lífe lies ín activity; who gáins  
 Vigor by móving ón; fear kéeps her smáll  
 At fírst; but býe and býe she réars hersélf  
 High toward the áir, and wálking ón the gróund  
 Her héad amid the clóuds pokes. Párent Téllus,  
 In ánger át the Góds, they sáy, producéd her,  
 Encéladús' and Coéus' yóunger síster,  
 Swift-footed and strong-winged; huge, hórrid mónter,  
 That cóunts for évery féather ón her bódy,  
 O wónderfúl! a wáatchful eyé benéath,  
 A tóngue, a gárrulous móuth, a pricked-up éar.  
 By night, no líd to swéet sleep dróoped, she flies  
 I' th' dárk, mid-wáy betwíxt the sky and éarth,  
 Whírring; by dáy sits séntinél on róof-top  
 Or lófty tówer, and térrifíes great cíties,  
 No léss of fálse and slánderóus tenácious,  
 Than trúth-annóuncing. Shé the pójular mind  
 With mánifóld discóursings nów was fílling,  
 Jóyous; and fáct alike and nó-fact brúited:  
 That Trójan-sprung Enéas hád arrived,  
 And bérauteous Dido déigns to máte to táke him;  
 And nów the lívelong winter with each óther

They while awáy in luxurý and riot,  
 Thóughtless of émpires, sláves of á base pássion.  
 Such ímport thé foul Góddess éverywhére  
 Spréads amongst mén's mouths; thén toward king Iárbas  
 Incóntinént her cóurse turns; with her wórds  
 Kindles his spírit, ánd heaps high his íres.

Hé was the són of Ámmon by the rápe  
 Óf the nymph Gáramántis, ánd had ráised  
 Thróugh his wide réalmis a húndred témples húge  
 To Júpiter, and ón a húndred áltars  
 Lighted etérnal wáatchfires to the Gód.  
 Rich was the flóor aróund with blóod of cáttle,  
 Blóoming the dóors with váriegáted wréaths.  
 Fired by the bitter rúmor, hé is sáid  
 Tó have uplifted súpliant hánds supíne  
 Befóre the áltars, in the hóly présence,  
 And thús besóught Jove múch in his distráction:—

“Almighty Jóve, in hónor óf whom nów  
 The Móorish nátion, rísing fróm the féast's  
 Embróidered cùshions, póurs the wine-libátion,  
 Behóld'st these thíngs? Or, whén thou húrl'st thy thúnder,  
 Áre there no gróunds, sire, whérefore wé should shúdder,  
 And is the bólт that frights our sóuls all áimless,  
 Émpty the nóise in the clóuds? A wándering wóman  
 Who buílt in óur confínes a tiny tówn  
 On púrchased site; to whóm we gránted léave  
 Our cóast to till, and áct the péttý Quéen,  
 Hath spúrned our próffered wédlóck, ánd ta'en hóme  
 Enéas to be lórd of sélf and réalm;  
 And nów yond Páris, with his hálf-man suite,  
 Chin-stayed Méonian mítre, ánd moist trésses,

Enjóys his plúnder; tó thy témples wé  
Bring gifts forsóoth, and fóndle an émpty náme.”

Him práying só, and hólding bý the áltars  
Th' Almighty héard, and tóward the róyal-fórtress,  
And lóvers, óf a bétter fáme forgétful,  
His eyés turned; thén to Mércury thus sáid,  
And gáve commission:— “Gó, son, cáll the Zéphyrs;  
Glíde on thy wings down; ánd to the Dárdan chief  
Who nów in Týrian Cártage whíles his tíme,  
Regárdless óf the cities thé Fates gránt him,  
Béar through the súpple áir my wórds:— ‘Not súch  
Prómised him tó us his most lóvely móther,  
Nói for such púrpose twice from Gráian árms  
Snátched him; but tó be whó should rúle Itália  
Grávid with émpires, róaring wild with wár;  
Whó should perpétuate Teúcer's lófty líne,  
And réign lawgiver ó'er the tótal wórld.  
If cóld he túrns from só great glórious próspect,  
And will not fór himsélf moil, cán a síre  
Grúdge to Ascániús the tówers of Róme?  
What mákes he? ór amidst a hóstile nátion  
With whát expéctance língers; nór one lóok  
Cásts toward Ausónian prógeny, and fields  
Lávinian? Lét him sáil; this ís the súm;  
Of this our méssage bé ambássador.”

”Twas sáid; and hé the mándates óf his gréat sire  
To obéy prepáred; and fírst ties ón his féet  
The gólden ánklets, whích, or óver lánd  
Or óver séa-plain, béar his flight sublíme,  
Swift as the blást; then tákés the wánd with whích  
From Órcus hé evókes the pállid sóuls,  
Ór to sad Tártarús dismisses dówn,

Gives sléep and wáking, ánd dead eyés unséals.  
 By virtue óf this wánd he márshalled nów  
 The winds to his will, and with them flóated smóoth  
 The mürky clóuds acróss; and nów he kéns,  
 Dówn as he flies, the súmmit ánd steep sides  
 Of hárд-endúring Átlas, whó the sky  
 Próps with his crówn; Atlás, whose héad piníferóus  
 Black clóuds perpétual gírd, and winds and ráins  
 Bátter; with snów mantléd his shóulders; rívers  
 Rúsh from his áged chin down; stíff and brístling  
 His bárd with íce. Here fírst Cyllénus stáyed  
 His éven-winged flight; hence toward the wáters dówn  
 Flúng him precipítóus. As flies a bírd  
 Abóut the shóres, the fishy rócks abóut,  
 Lów, near the wáter; só from his matérnal  
 Grándsite descénding, thé Cyllénian óffspring  
 Fléw betwixt éarth and sky, and cút his wáy  
 Alóng the winds, by Libya's sándy coast.  
 Sóon as his winged soles tóuched the Líbyan kráals,  
 Enéas méets his viéw, housés erécting  
 And fóunding pálacés; a swórd he wóre  
 With aúburn jásper stárred; and fróm his shóulders  
 A clóak, the présent óf rich Dido, húng,  
 Whose gólden wóof was bý her ówn hands thrówn  
 Acróss a wárp of glówing Týrian púrple:  
 In wórds like thése immédiate hé accósts him:—  
 “Thóu the foundátions óf high Cárthage láy'st,  
 And réar'st uxórious á fair city? áh,  
 Forgétsful óf thy réalm and ówn affáirs!  
 From bright Olýmpus sénds me dówn to théé  
 Himsélf the rúler óf the Góds, who túrns  
 Éarth and the sky with his déity; himsélf  
 Bids báer this méssage thróugh the súpple áir:

What mák'st thou, ór with whát expéctance linger'st  
 Íde in Libyan lánd? If cold thou túrn'st  
 From só great, glórious próspect, ánd moil'st nót  
 For thíne own próper práise, regárd Ascánius,  
 Regárd thy rising héir, hopefúl Iúlus;  
 To whóm aré due the kingdom óf Itália  
 And Róman lánd." So háving sáid, Cyllénius  
 The mórtal vísion léft abrúpt, and fár  
 Into the thín air vánished fróm the eyés.

Enéas át the sight stood dúmb and witless;  
 His háir with horror bristled, ánd the vóice  
 Cláve to his thróat. Astónished át so gréat  
 Monítion ánd commándment óf the Góds,  
 He búnrs to flée awáy, and léave that swéet land.  
 Ah! hów procéed? with whát accóst now dáre  
 Come róund the ráging Quéen? make whát exórdium?  
 And hither nów his supple mind he húrries,  
 Now thíther, ánd toward évery síde divídes;  
 Tries évery wáy, and, vacilláting lóng,  
 At lást thus fixes. Mnéstheus ánd Sergéstus  
 And bráve Serést he cálls, and bids, the fléet  
 In sílence fit out; to the shóre the créws  
 Down gáther; thé sea impleménts prepáre;  
 And whát the occásion óf the móve dissémble.  
 Himsélf meanwhile, since únware éxcellent Dido,  
 Nor bréach of só great lóve expécteth áught,  
 Will trý how bést to appróach her; which the sóftest  
 Tímes for discóurse; what thé propítious méthod.  
 To the commánder áll yield glád obédience,  
 And quick perfórm the órders. Bút the Quéen —  
 Whó may deceíve the lóver? — fáearing dánger,  
 Becáuse there séems to bé none, is the fírst

To catch an inkling of the intended movement,  
 And wares the guile beforehand. The same heartless  
 Rúmor has set her raging with the news  
 Of outfit of the fleet, and préparations  
 For sailing. Fúrious, to a frenzy kindled,  
 She bácch'nals through th' whole city, like a Thyias  
 Whom the return of the triennial orgies  
 Goads to delirium, when the sacred stores  
 Are all put into movement, and at night  
 Cithéron's vocal with the shout of "Bácchus!"  
 At last, of her own motion, she accosts  
 Enéas thus:— "And hast thou hoped, perfidious,  
 Thou might'st so great enormity dissimble,  
 And, not one word said, from my land depart?  
 Our love — thy plighted right hand — not detain thee;  
 Nor Dido left to die a cruel death?  
 Ayé! thou must even beneath the stars of winter  
 Rig out thy fleet; must hurry to the high-deep  
 Even in the Nórth wind's teeth, thou cruel! What?  
 If áncient Tróy were standing, and 'twas not  
 For homes unknown and foreign lands thou sail'dst,  
 Wóuld'st thou for Tróy sail cross the billowy sea-plain?  
 Is't mé thou flee'st? By these tears and thy right hand  
 (Myself have left my wréttched self nought else) —  
 By our connúbials — by our úndertáken  
 Márriage — if áught of thée I have deserved well —  
 If áught of mine was ever to thee dear —  
 Take pity on a falling house, I pray  
 (If prayers may yet avail), and do that mind off.  
 Because of thée the Libyan nations hate me,  
 And Nómad Kings; because of thée, in choler  
 The Tyrians; through the means of the same *thée*  
 Extinct my modesty, and (only) páth

Which léd me toward the stárs) my fórmér fáme.  
 To whóm desért'st me in my dýing nced,  
 Guést, since the náme of spóuse thou knów'st no lónger?  
 Whý prolong life? Is ít until my bróther  
 Pygmálion óvertúrn my city's rámparts,  
 Ór the Getúle Iárbas léad me cáptive?  
 Hád I but hád of thée, before thy flight,  
 Some prógený; played bút in my pavílion  
 Some little Enéás, nót reséimbling thée  
 Excépt in féatures, í should nót, methíinks,  
 So whólly óverráught seem ánd desérted."

She sáid. He, óf Jove's ádmonítion mindfuł,  
 His eýelights héld unmóved, and strúggling préssed  
 Dówn to his héart the cáre; then ánswered brief:—  
 “Néver shall í dený, O Quéen, that gréat  
 Are thy desérts toward mé as thóu canst fínd  
 Wórds to expréss; nor éver áught but jóy  
 Sháll the remémbrance óf Elísa bring me,  
 So lóng as í hold mémory óf mysélf,  
 So lóng as ó'er these límbs the spírit rúles.  
 Few wórds the cáse requíres; I néver hóped  
 (Invént it nót) to hide a stéalthy flight;  
 Of spóusal tórch I néver máde proféssion,  
 Nór to a cómpact óf that kínd was pártv.  
 Í, if the fátes permitted mé to líve  
 Self-góverned, ánd make séttlement óf my cáres  
 As í might chóose, would páy my fírst atténtions  
 Tó the sweet rélicas óf my Trójan hóme;  
 Priam's high dwélling shóuld have pérmanénce,  
 Ánd I would rébuild Pérgamus fór the cónquered.  
 But nów to gréat Itália thé Grynéan  
 Apóllo bids betákc me, tó Itália

The Lycian fáte-lots; thére then is my lóve,  
 My cóuntry thére. If Cártage' citadéls,  
 This Libyan city's smile, have chárms for thée,  
 For thée Phoenician, whérefore to us Teúcrians  
 Grúdgest a séttlement in the Ausónian lánd?  
 Óurs the same right as thíne to seek far kingdoms.  
 Mé, oft as night with húmid sháde the éarth  
 Cóvers, oft ás the fiery stárs arise,  
 The tróubled ímage óf my síre Anchises  
 Admónishés in dréams and térrifies;  
 Me mónishés my són Ascánius' wróng,  
 Whose déar self í defráud of thé Hespérian  
 Réalm, and the lánds pronóunced by fáte his ówn.  
 Even nów the Góds' ambássadór, despátched  
 From Jóve himsélf — witnéss be bóth our héads —  
 Bóre through the súpple áir his mándates dówn;  
 Mysélf behéld the Gód in mánifest light  
 Éntering the wálls, heard with these éars his vóice.  
 Céase with thy pláints to infláme both mé and thée;  
 Nót of my frée will í pursúe Itália.”

Hím, as he spéaks, she lóng time viéws askánce,  
 Rólling her eyéballs hitherwárd and thither,  
 And with her silent eyéglance scáns all óver;  
 Then thús, inflámed, speaks óut:— “Nor Góddess-párent,  
 Nor Dárdanus áuthor óf thy ráce had'st thóu,  
 Tráitor; but hórrid, hárd-rocked Cáucasús  
 Begát thee, ánd Hyrcánian tigressés  
 Héld thee their dúgs. For — whý should í dissémble?  
 Resérve me fór what wórse? — at my lamént  
 Gróaned he? bent hé his eyéglance dówn? or, sóftened,  
 A téar shed, ór took pity ón the lóver?  
 Whát shall I gréater óutrage cáll, what léss?

Cértain nor gréatest Júno, nór the síre  
 Satúrnian, ón these dóings lóoks appróval.  
 Nówhere on éarth can cónfidénce be pláced:  
 Shípwrecked, in néed, I took him in, and máde him,  
 Fóol that I wás! the pártner óf my kíngdom;  
 Restóred his lóst fleet, sáved his créws from déath.  
 Hah! Furies fire — transpórt me. Nów it is  
 Áugur Apóllo; Lycian fáte-lots nów;  
 Nów bears the hórrid mándate thróugh the áir  
 The Góds' ambássador, by Jóve himisélf sent.  
 A líkely lábor thát for thé immórtals!  
 A líkely cáre that tó distúrb their quiet!  
 I hóld thee nót; thy wórds refúte not; gó —  
 Set sáil for ítaly — rush thróugh the wáters  
 In séarch of kíngdoms — Sóme hope still is míne,  
 That midst the rócks — if nót quite ímpotént  
 The Góds' retríbutive jústice — thóu shalt féel  
 Púnishment pierce thee, ánd shalt óft invóke  
 The náme of Dido. With dark smóuldering fíres  
 My mémory sháll pursue thee, ánd when déath  
 Hath coldly séparáted sóul and bódy,  
 My spéctre háunt thee whéresoé'er thou góest —  
 Wréetch, thou shalt háve thy méed; and I shall héar,  
 Ánd the news wélcóme in the inférnal Mánes."  
 With thése words bréaking óff, she túrned awáy,  
 And flúng her óut of sight, and fléd the líght,  
 Sicked; and there léft him hésitant, ánd afráid  
 To spéak the wórds that tó his tóngue were crówding.  
 Her máidens hér collápsed límbs in their árms  
 Recéive, and tó her márbled bédchambér  
 Béar, and place ón the cóuch. But kínd Enéas,  
 Though gréat be his desire her grief to sóothe,  
 Ánd her cares túrn awáy with wórds of cómfort,  
 Yet éxécútes — not without mány a gróan,

And lóvesick wávering of résolútion —  
The Góds' hest, ánd his fléet visits once móre.

Then, thén indéed, the Teúcrians ply the wórk,  
And óver thé whole séa-bord thé tall shíps  
Draw dówn, and with hulls néw-tarred sét afloát;  
And in their zéal for flight bring fróm the wóods  
Uncárpentered tímber with the láaves and bránches.  
Thou might'st behóld them migrating, and fóorth  
Fróm the whole city rúshing: ás when émmets,  
Míndful of winter, plúnder á huge córn-heap,  
And úp in stóre lay; ó'er the pláin they gó,  
A bláck troop, ánd alóng the nárrów páth  
The bóoty thróugh the gráss bear tó one céntre;  
Sóme, with the whóle strength óf their shóulders strúggling,  
Push the great pickles fóward, óthers keep  
The tróop togéther, ánd chastise deláy.  
Évery path 's hot with wórk. What fél'tst thou thén,  
Dido, that sight behólding? thíne what gróans  
Whén, out of thíne high cástle, thóu hadst próspect  
Óf the wide shóre round in one bústling férment,  
And sáw'st befóre thíne eýes there thát commótion,  
That mighty shóouting óver thé whole séa-plain.  
O cáitiff Lóve, to whát compéll'st thou nót  
Poor mórtals' bréasts! To téars she is fórced once móre;  
Once móre to trý the pówer of páyers, and húmblly  
To lóve submit her spírit, thát in váin  
She díe not, while resóurce remáins untried:—

“ Ánna, see'st óver thé whole shóre what hástening?  
From évery quárter róund they have cóme togéther;  
The línt-sheet cálls the bréezes, ánd alréady  
The jóyful-sáilors ón the póops have pláced  
The córonáls. As súre as I have hád

Strength to anticipate this weight of sorrow,  
 So surely, sister, I 'll find strength to bear it.  
 Yet for me miserable this one thing  
 Dó, Anna; for to théé alone that tráitor  
 Pays cóurt, thou ónly hást his cónfidénce,  
 Knów'st his soft times, and how best to approach him.  
 Gó, sister; to the proud foe, suppliant say:—  
 'I never with the Dánaí at Aúlis  
 Conspired the Trójan nátion to extípate;  
 Néver sent fléet to Pérgamús, or tóre  
 The síre Anchises' cinders fróm the tómb;  
 Into his hárd ears whý my wórds admit not?  
 Whíther so hásty? Ón a wréttched lóver  
 Lét him bestów this lást grace; lét him wáit  
 Till a fair wind facilitátes his flight.  
 'Tis not that áncient wédklock hé played fálse to,  
 I nów beg; ór that his fair Látian réalm  
 He shóuld renóunce; mere tíme I ásk; some spáce  
 To lét subside my pássion, ánd the lésson  
 Of résignátion léarn from my misfórtunes.  
 Pity thy síster bégging this last gráce,  
 Which when he háth accórded mé, I 'll give  
 Tróuble no lónger; móre than déad, though living.'

Súch were her práyers, her téars; convéyed to him  
 And réconvéyed by hér most wréttched síster;  
 But hé is bý no téars moved, bý no wórds  
 Persuáded; thé fates hinder; ánd the Gód  
 Obstrúcts his plácid héaring; ánd as whén  
 Bóreases Álpine strive whose blásts shall first  
 O'erthrów an óak, by mány a yéar stout-tímbered,  
 And nów from this side whistling thróugh the bránches,  
 And nów from thát, the gróund strew déep with léaves,

And sháke the trúnk, which yét clings firm to the cliff  
 With róot that dówn toward Tártarus as fár  
 Stréches, as tóward the éthereal áir its tóp:  
 Só on the héro béat the assiduous vóice  
 On éither side; so cáre his gréat breast thrílled:  
 Unálterable stánds his résolútion,  
 And téars (alás, what úse!) roll dówn his chéeks.

'Tis thén indéed that, át the fátes dismáyed,  
 Unháppy Dido práys for déath; heaven's cónvex  
 Behólds with wéarinéss. More tó persúade her  
 To éxecúte her púrpose, ánd the líght leave,  
 She sáw, when ón the incense-búrning áltars  
 Plácing her ófferings, (hórrible to téll!)  
 The sácred líquors blácken, ánd the póured wines  
 Túrn into góre obscéne; this sight to nóné,  
 Not éven tó her síster's sélf she tóld.  
 Fúrther; there wás benéath her róof a chápel  
 Of márble, tó her fórmér húsband sácred,  
 Much hónored óbject óf her spécial cáre,  
 With féstal frónd and snów- white fléecy fillet  
 Gárlanded; hénce her spóuse's vóice she thóught  
 She héard articulaté cálling, whén dark níght  
 Cóvered the éarth, and his funéreal dirge  
 The móping ówl upón the róostop chánted;  
 And pláined and pláined in lóng- drawn nótes of woe.  
 Mány predictions tóo of píous séers  
 Hárrow her sóul with térrible monítion.  
 Himsélf, saváge Enéas, ín her dréams  
 Pursúes, to mádness dríves her; évermóre  
 She séems to bé alone left; évermóre  
 To trável á long róad uncómpaníed,  
 And séek her Týrians ín a désert lánd:

As whén crazed Péntheus thé Euménides' bánds  
 Sées, and the twó suns, ánd a dóuble Thébes;  
 Or ás when, ón the trágic stáge, Orést  
 Ágamemnónian flées befóre the firebrands  
 And lúrid snákes of his pursúing móther,  
 And in the dórway sit the avénging Diræ.

Só when at lást by ánguish óvercóme,  
 Posséssed by fúries, shé resólves to die;  
 The tíme and mánner with hersélf she fixes;  
 Thén under cléar brow and a lóok of hópe  
 Híding her púrpose, thús her sorrowing síster  
 Addrésses:— “Síster, I have fóund a wáy,  
 (Congratuláte thy síster) which shall éither  
 Bring me my lóver báck, or frée me fróm him.  
 Ón the confínes of ócean, nígh the súunset,  
 The Éthiópians' útmost dwélling líes,  
 Whére on his shóulder gréatest Átlas spíns  
 The áxis stúdded bríght with bürning stárs.  
 A priestess thénce of thé Massýlian tribe  
 They have shówn to mé; the sáme that wás caretáker  
 Óf the Hespérides' fáne, and úsed to kíep  
 The sacred bóughs intáct upón the tréé  
 By méans of a drágón whóm she cóaxed to stáy near  
 By sprinkling dáinty hóney ón his fóod,  
 Ánd the sweet sáed of thé somníferous póppy.  
 The sáme profésses ícantátions pótent  
 To éase the héart of tróuble, ánd to lóad  
 With héavy cárés whátever héart she will,  
 To stóp the flówing rivers, túrn the stárs back,  
 Ráise the noctúrnal Mánes: thóu shalt sée  
 The ásh come dówn the móuntain; héar the gróund  
 Béllow benéath thy féet. I cáll to witness

The Góds, and thée, and thy sweet héad, dear sister,  
 Agáinst my will I pút the mágic árt on;  
 Be sécret thóu, and in the intérior cóurt  
 Eréct a pýre; and lét them ón it pláce  
 The árms which thé coldhéarted mán left hánging  
 In my bedchámber; with whatéver élse  
 Belónged to him; and thé connúbial béd  
 Whereón I périsched: 'tis some sátfáction  
 Áll the memórials óf th' iníquitous mán  
 To abolish; and the priestess só dirécts."  
 These wórds said, shé was sílent; and her fáce  
 Grew súdden pále: yet Ánna, thát her sister  
 With thése new rites masks déath's préparátiue,  
 Not dréams, nor hás a nótion óf such fúry,  
 Nor cónsequénce aught gráver ápprehénds  
 Thán at Sichéus' déath; so dóes her bidding.

Nów has the Quéen withín the inmost cóurt  
 A pýre erécted húge, of hól-m-oak bíllét  
 And tórch-pine, and the pláce with flówer-festóon  
 Hung róund and cháplet óf funéreal léaf:  
 Ánd, knowing wéll what is abóut to bé,  
 The cóuch placés on tóp, and ón the cóuch  
 His éffigy, the swórd he léft behínd,  
 Ánd whate'er élse was his; aróund stand áltars;  
 Ánd with dishévelled háir and vóice of thúnder  
 The priestess thrice the húndred Góds invókes,  
 And Érebus, and Cháos, and the thrée  
 Fáces of Vírgin Dían, triple Hécate.  
 Aspérson shé had máde too, with factítious  
 Avérnus' wáter, and had sóught for hérbs  
 Dówny and bláck-bane júiced, and réaped by móonlight  
 With brázen sickle; sóught too thé love-philtre,

Tórn (ere the dám's tooth cónld lay hóld on it)  
 Fróm the just-bórn colt's fórehead. Ín ungirt  
 Véstment, hersélf, and with one fóot unshód,  
 Ánd in devótional hánfs the saltmeal hólding,  
 Beside the áltars, cálls, from the édge of déath,  
 The Góds to báar her witness, ánd the stárs  
 That sée her fáte, and if there bé a pówer  
 Has cónnisánce of únrequited lóve,  
 Implóres that ríghteous, thát remémbering pówer.

'Twas night, and évery wéary fráme on éarth  
 Was sóund asléep: the fórests wére at rést,  
 Ánd the fell séas; the stárs in míd course glíding:  
 Hushed were the fields, and flócks, and páinted birds,  
 And fár and wide the líquid láke's indwéllers,  
 And évery ténant óf the bósک and bráke,  
 In slúmber's árms at thé dead hóur of night  
 Sóothed their heart-sórrows, ánd their tóils forgót:  
 But nó sleep, nó forgétsfúnness, no night  
 Wréttched Phoenissa ón her eyés receíves  
 Ór in her bréast; redóubling cóme her cárés;  
 Agáiñ love ríses ín his míght and fírceness,  
 Agáiñ in a great súrf of ire she flúctuátes,  
 Insisting thús and with hersélf revólving:—  
 “Wéll! what to dó? Mocked thús, my fórmér súitors  
 Sháll I agáiñ try ánd a Nómad márríage,  
 And suppliant wóo whom I so óft have spúrnéd? —  
 Then lét me tó the Ílian fléet betáke me,  
 The Teúcrians' húmblest, móst obédient sérvant:  
 Becáuse forsóoth the fórmér áid I gáve them,  
 So stéads me nów? such mighty gráttitude théirs  
 Fór my past sérvicés? But gránt, I wóuld;  
 Whó will permit me? Ínto théir proud ships

Whó will receíve me hátesul? Áh! thou lóst one,  
 Not yét knowst, féelst not yét the pérjuries  
 Óf the Laómedon tribe? What thén? in sóle  
 And sécret flight shall I accómpany  
 The exúlting sáilors? ór bear dówn upón them,  
 By áll my Týrian sóldiery escórted;  
 And drive to séa, and bid set sáil agáin,  
 Thóse whom I scárce could téar from Sídon city.  
 Náy, but avért pain with the knife, and die  
 Ás thou hast méritéd. Thou, sister, thóu first,  
 Tó my tears yielding, thréw'st me tó the fóe,  
 And héap'dst my mádness with this lóad of tróuble.  
 I hád not léave to léad a single lífe,  
 And, cóy as fórest wílding, kíep me cléar  
 Of mátrimónial cóuch and cárés like thése;  
 I 've bróke the tróth pledged tó Sichéus' cinders."  
 Súch was the gréat wail into which she búrst.

Súre of his jóurney, ánd all things prepáred,  
 Enéas nów on thé high stérn was sléeping,  
 Whén, in a dréam, the Gód-form with same lóok  
 Presénts itsélf retúrning, ánd agáin  
 Séems to admónish; like, in áll respécts,  
 To Mércury; face, cólor, gólden lócks,  
 And yóuthful límbs decórrous:— “Cánst thou thén,  
 O Góddess-bórn, in súch conjúncture sléep,  
 And nót percéive what cóncéquent ríisks surróund thee,  
 Mádman! nor héar'st the zéphyrs blówing fáir?  
 Búsy is hér breast with a wórk of guile  
 And díre iníquity, and fixed to die.  
 She flúctuates in a chángeful súrf of ánger.  
 Fléest thou not hénce precipítáte, whilst flée  
 Precipítáte thou máyst? All in commótion

The séa with ships and thé stern firebrand's gláre,  
 Alíve the shóre with flámes, thou shált behóld,  
 If mórn but touch thee in these lánds deláying.  
 Awáy, awáy, this ístant: várious éver  
 And mútable is wóman." Só he sáid,  
 Ánd with the dárk night mingled. Thén indéed  
 Enéas, át the súdden ápparition  
 Térrified, stárts from sléep, and his compánions  
 Wórries:— "Awáke, men, instant, ánd in áll haste  
 Take your seats ón the rów-bench; lóose the sáils quick.  
 A Gód, despátched from thé high éther, spúrs us,  
 Behóld! a sécond tíme, to spéed our flight,  
 And cút the twisted cábles. Thée we fóllow,  
 O hóly déity, whoé'er thou árt;  
 A sécond tíme thine órders wé obéy  
 With jóyous exultátion. Gránt us thóu  
 Thy présence ánd seréne aid, ánd stars rising  
 Propítious in the sky." He sáid, and fórth  
 Snáttched from the shéath the lightning bláde, and smóte  
 With the bare stéel the háwser. Thé same árdor  
 At ónce possésses áll; they ráp and rúsh,  
 And háve the shóres desérted; thé fleet hides  
 Viéw of the séa-plain: with stout-túgging árms  
 They whirl the fóam, and thé cerúlean swéep.

And nów leaving Tithónus' sáffron cóuch,  
 Auróra prime the éarth with néw light sprinkled;  
 The Quéen — when fróm high lóok-out shé behéld  
 The first grey dáwn, and with squared sáils the fléet  
 On-móving; ánd the émpty shóre perceíved,  
 And rówerless pórt — her lóvely bréast three tímes,  
 And fóur times smóte, and tóre her áuburn háir:—  
 "He *will* go thén, by Júpitér," she cried,

“This interlóper! áfter hé has máde  
 Mé and my réalms his spórt! Why dónt they árm  
 Áll through the city’s bréadth: why dónt they téar  
 The véssels fróm the dócks down, ánd pursúe?  
 Gó, get the flámes quick; wéapons hére; row, rów; —  
 What sáy I? ór where ám I? ór what mádness  
 My bráin turns? Hápless Dido, touch thee nów  
 Thy héartless dóings? Thé fit time was thén,  
 Whén thou didst scéptre him. Behóld how hé,  
 Whó, they say, bárs with him his fátherlánd’s  
 Penátes — hé, who ón his shóulders cárried  
 His áge-worn sire — his fáith keeps, ánd pledged right-hand.  
 Cóuld I not táke and téar his bódy piecemeal,  
 And scátter it tó the wáters? his compánions —  
 Ascánius’ sélf could í not stáb to déath,  
 And cóok and sérve up tó the fáther’s táble?  
 Bút the fight’s fórtune hád been dóubtful — Hág it,  
 Of whóm was í, so sóon to die, afráid?  
 Firebrands and flámes intó his ármamént —  
 Ínto the midst of his décks — I wóuld have bórne;  
 Wóuld have extérmináted són, sire, ráce;  
 And lást, mysélf intó the rúin flúng.  
 O sún, whose eyé of fláme behóldest áll  
 That ’s dóne in thé whole wórld — and thóu, O Júno,  
 That knów’st my súfferings wéll, being thysélf  
 Ágent of théir infliction — ánd thou, Hécate,  
 To whóm the cróss-ways óf the cíties ráise  
 The midnight cry — and yé, avénging Dirae,  
 And Góds of dyíng Elísa — héar my práyer,  
 O héar, and lét the mérited rétribútion  
 Pursúe the cúnprít: if ’t be nécessáry  
 Thát the arch-críminál should vóyage sáfe,  
 And réach port, ánd Jove’s Fátes will háve it só,

And this a téminus may nót be móved;  
 Lét him at léast by thé belligerent árns  
 Óf a bold péople hárassed — fróm his cónfines  
 Expátriáte — torn fróm Iúlus' émbrace —  
 For hélp beg, ánd behóld his fóllowérs  
 Dishónored die; nor whén he háth submitted  
 To térms of péace disádvantágeous, lét him  
 Enjóy his scéptre, ór that wished-for dáy;  
 Bút prematúre fall, ánd unbúried lie  
 Ín the sands' midst: my práyer this; with my blóod  
 I pólur these lást words fórth: and yé, O Týrians,  
 Plágue and detést the whóle stock, róot and bráncb;  
 Be thát the présent yé shall sénd our cinders.  
 Betwíxt the péoples lét there bé no lóve,  
 No léague. Out óf my bónes aríse, avénger,  
 That shált the Dárdan cólonists pursúe  
 With fíre and swórd; now, láter, whénsoé'er  
 Thou máyst and cánst. Oppósed — my práyer and cúrse is —  
 Be shóres to shóres, to wáves waves, árms to árms;  
 Sélves, sons, and sóns' sons, cómbatánt for éver."

She sáys; and cássts o'er ín her mind on áll sides,  
 Hów from the háted light to bréak awáy  
 Sóonest: then briefly thús addrésses Bárce,  
 Sichéus' núrse, for ín old síre-land láy  
 Her ówn nurse, á black cinder: — “ Híther, núrse dear,  
 Sénd me my sister Ánna: lét her quickly  
 Sprinkle her with the stréam's lymph, ánd bring with her  
 The atónements fróm the flóck that háve been shówn her.  
 And thóu thysélf with pious fillet váil  
 Thy témples; my inténtion is, to pérfect  
 Those sácred rítes I háve comménced in hónor  
 Of Stýgian Jöve; and énd my cárés, by giving

The pýre of thát Dardánian tó the flámes.”  
 She sáid; and zéalouslý the áged núrse  
 Makes súch speed ás she cán.

But Dido — fluttered

With her wild dárings — in a sávage tránsport —  
 With blóodshot rólling eýes, and trémulous chéeks  
 Spótted with héctic, páled by déath's nigh view —  
 Ínto th' intérior précincts búrst, and fúrious  
 Móunts the high pýre, and báres — not fór such úse  
 Hágd she obtáined that gift — the Dárdan swórd:  
 Bút when the Ílian véstments mét her viéw,  
 Ánd the known béd, a little whíle in téars  
 And thóught she língered, léaning ón the béd,  
 And thése, her lást words, úttering:— “Swéet remáins, —  
 For swéet ye wére while héaven and fáte permitted, —  
 Recéive this sóul, and frée me fróm these cárbes:  
 I 've lived; I 've rún the ráce that fórtune sét me;  
 And gréat 's the ímage óf me thát shall nów  
 Benéath the éarth go; I 've a nóbile city  
 Fóunded; seen my own báttleménts rise róund me;  
 Avénged my spóuse; punished my hóstile bróther;  
 Háppy, alás! too háppy, íf but ónly  
 A Dárdan kéel had néver tóuched our shóres.”

She sáid; and with a kiss the cóuch impréssing:—  
 “Thóugh I die únavénged, I 'll die,” she sáys;  
 “My dównward jóurney, só — aye, só, precíslý —  
 Becómes a pléasure; lét the crúel Dárdan  
 Gáze from the high-deep ón these flámes, and with him  
 My déath take fór the ómen óf his vóyage.”  
 She sáid, and while she yét spake thé atténdants  
 Behóld her sink stabbed; thé sword réeking blóod,

Her hán̄ds flung pówerless fróm her. Tó the háll's heights  
 The shóut goes; thé repórt runs bácchanál,  
 Sháking the city; with lamént and gróan  
 And wóman's cries the hóuses áre in úproar;  
 Loud rings the éther with the gréat hand-cláppings,  
 Breast-smítings: just as if the fóe had rúshed in,  
 And Cártage áll, or áncient Tyré were fálling,  
 And ó'er the highest tóps of húman dwéllings  
 Ánd of divine, the ráging flámes were rólling.  
 The sister héars — more like a córpse than living —  
 And thróugh the midst runs — rúshes — ín dismáy  
 And trépidátion, smiting ón her bréast,  
 Téaring her fáce, and ón the dýing cálling  
 By náme: — “And wás 't for this then, síster? mé  
 Sóught'st thou to óverréach? was 't this, this pýre,  
 These fires, these áltars wére prepáring fór me?  
 Whát shall I móst compláin of, í forlórn,  
 Spúrned and desérted by my dýing sister?  
 Thou shóuldst have hád my cómpaný, have cálled me  
 Tó the same fáte; with óne death-wóund we twáin,  
 Ánd at the sélf same móment, shóuld have pérished:  
 Búilt I it with these hán̄ds for thée? for thée  
 Invóked I with this vóice our cóuntry's Góds,  
 Then, crúel, fróm thee stréttched here, stáid awáy?  
 Thou 'st rúined, sister, bóth thysélf and mé,  
 Péople, and sires Sidónian, ánd thy city.  
 Give wáter hére, and lét me wásh her wóunds,  
 Ánd her last bréath, if ány lást breath still  
 Hóvers abóut her, gáther with my móuth.”

So sáying shé had scáled the lófty stéps,  
 Ánd her half lifeless síster in her bósom's  
 Embráce was hólding cùddled, gróaning múch,

And dry'ing with her gárment thé black góre;  
 But shé, her héavy eyés to lift endéavoring,  
 Agáin faints; grides benéath her bréast the infixed wound:  
 Thrice, on her élbow léaned, she ráised hersélf;  
 Thrice on the cóuch fell báck; with wándering eyés  
 Sought high heaven's light, and, háving fóund it, gróaned.

Omnipotent Júno thén, her lóng pain pitying  
 And difficult depárture, fróm Olýmpus  
 Sent Íris down to frée the strúggling sóul,  
 And the knit limbs reláx; for ás 'twas néither  
 By fáte she pérished, nór her ówn desérving,  
 But prématúre and wréttched, in a súdden  
 Kindling of fúry, Próserpine had nót  
 The áuburn lóck dispárted fróm her crówn,  
 Nór to the Stygian Órcus dóomed her yet.  
 Down thérfore thróugh the sky on sáffron píonions  
 Flies déwy Íris, thóusand várious tints  
 Bórrowing from th' opposite sún; and stánding nígh,  
 Óver her héad:— “This cónsecráte to Dís  
 I béar as bid, and fróm that bódy frée thee,”  
 She sáys, and shéars the lóck; and life awáy  
 Fléd to the winds, and cóld became the bódy.

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## V.

In the meantime through wáves that with northwinds were bláckening,  
Néas détermined was cutting his wáy,  
Back casting his lóok on the tówers which alréady  
Were all lit up with hápless Elisa's pyre-flámes.

Though hidden the cáuse of so gréat conflagrátion,  
Presentiment sád thrills the bréasts of the Teúcri,  
When they think, of a lóve-cross how bitter the pángs are,  
And whát a vexed wóman can dó in her fúry.

And nów that the véssels are óut on the wide sea,  
And lánd is nowhérе any móre to be séen,  
But éverywhere róund them the séa and the sky;  
Light óver his héad hangs a lívid cloud lówering,  
With night charged and témpst; and into dark wrínkles  
The séa-surface cúrls; and thús Palinúrus  
The stéersman himsélf, from the héight of the póop:—  
Ah! whát art thou át, father Néptune, and whérefore  
Encompass such stórmclouds the éther abóut?"

This sáid, he commánds them  
 To gáther their óars up,  
 And with might and main rów;  
 Sets the sáils at a ták,  
 And to this effect spéaks:—  
 “Magnánimous Enéas,  
 I wóuld not believe  
 Even Júpiter’s sélf,  
 That with ský such as this  
 We could still make Itália;  
 The áir to mist thickens;  
 The winds have changed quárter,  
 And, in their might rising  
 From the óvercast súunset,  
 Roar right thwart our cóurse;  
 Nor with áll our endéavor  
 Can we hóld our diréction,  
 Or máke head agáinst them.  
 Since Fórtune ’s victórious,  
 Come, lét ’s follow Fórtune,  
 And túrn at her cáll;  
 Nor fár distant hénce  
 Are the sáfe shores, I wéen,  
 Of brótherly Éryx,  
 And the hárbour Sicánian,  
 If ónly my mémory  
 Pláys me no fálse trick,  
 As I cóunt my course báck  
 By my nótes of the stárs.”

Then géntle Enéas:—  
 “I tóo observe súrely  
 The winds are this lóng time

Detérmined upón it,  
 And áll to no púrpose  
 Agáinst them thou strivest.  
 Tack abóut; could there lánd  
 To mé be more gráteful,  
 Or to which with my tired ships  
 I 'd more gládly run dówn,  
 Than that lánd which presérves for me  
 Dárdan Acéstes;  
 Than that lánd which holds lápped  
 In its bósom the bónes  
 Of my fáther Anchises?"

When thús he had sáid,  
 They máke for port stráight:  
 Fair zéphyrs the sáils stretch,  
 And swiftly the fléet  
 O'er the rólling flood cárry,  
 Till at lást to the knówn strand  
 With jóy they turn in.

But fróm the high hill-tóp afár,  
 Acéstes hád obsérved with wónder  
 The véssels óf his friends appróaching,  
 And all bristly ó'er with jávelins  
 And Líbyan béar-skin, cómes to méet them;  
 And, for bý a Trójan móther  
 Hé was són of stréam Crimisus —  
 And his párents' mémory hónored —  
 Jóyful wélcomes théir retúrn,  
 And with stóre of tréasures rúral  
 And friendly fúlness éntertáins  
 And sólacés their wéarinéss.

As sóon as in the éarly éast  
 Bright mórn the stárs had róuted,  
 Enéas fróm the cóast all róund  
 Súmmons his cómrades tó assémbly,  
 Ánd from the túmulus' móund thus spéaks:—  
 “Mighty Dardánidáe, descénded  
 Fróm the high blood óf the Góds,  
 The yéar its círcle hás achieved,  
 And óne by óne its móonths compléted,  
 Since my divíne sire's lást remáins  
 Dúly in the gróund we láid,  
 And cónsecráted thé sad áltars;  
 And nów, unléss I érr, is cóme  
 That dáy which í shall éver hóld  
 A dáy of bitternéss, shall éver —  
 Your will be dóne, O Góds! — hold hónored.  
 Whéther I páss this dáy in éxile  
 Amid the Sýrtes óf Getúlia,  
 Ór by stréss of wind and wéather  
 Driven intó Mycénae city  
 Out of thé Argólic máin;  
 Gifts annivérsary ón this dáy  
 I 'll cárry in procéssion sólemn,  
 Ánd with due ófferings héap the áltars.  
 Só much the móre then lét us cóme —  
 Nów that we 've éntered friendly pórt,  
 And find oursélves upón the spót,  
 Nót, as I think, without the Góds'  
 O'errúling will and próvidénce,  
 Beside my párent's bónes and áshes —  
 Lét us all cóme, and jóyfully  
 Célebráte the féstal dáy,  
 And bég the Gód to gránt us wínds,

And to allow that in a temple,  
 To his service dédicáted,  
 In my city I may óffer  
 Every yéar a similar hónor.  
 To éach ship's créw Troy-bórn Acéstes  
 Makes présent óf a páir of béeves. ●  
 Bring to the féast your ówn Penátes  
 And thóse your hóst Acéstes wórships.  
 Besides, when thé ninth rádiant mórn  
 Shall ráise the stándard óf boon dáy,  
 And unveíl the glóbe to mórtals,  
 I 'll give the Teúcri á regátta,  
 To comménce their gámes withál.  
 And thén let áll who áre good rúnners,  
 And évery óne whose bold proud stép  
 Télls of his skíll to spéed the dárt,  
 Ór the light árrow, ór whose stréngth  
 Véntures the gáuntlet's crúde encóunter,  
 Be présent ánd expéct the prize  
 That sháll rewárd the cónquerór.  
 Lénd me your fávoring vóices áll,  
 And bind your bróws with fóliage."

He sáys, and with his móther's myrtle  
 Át the sáme time véils his témples;  
 So Hélymús, ripe-áged Acéstes,  
 And só does tóo the bóy Ascánius;  
 The óthers thé exámple follow.  
 Diréct from thé assémbly thén,  
 Amidst a gréat encírcling. bévy,  
 He tákés his wáy to the túmulús,  
 Accómpanied by mány a thóusand;  
 Thére on the gróund in due libátion

Pours twó bowls óf unmixed wine, twó  
 Of néw milk, twó of sacred blóod,  
 And flings bright púrpling flówers and sáys:—

“Sánctified párent, háil once móre!

● Áshes, sóul, and sháde patérmal,  
 Sáved to no púrpose, háil! all háil!  
 ’Twas nót to bé, that wé should seek  
 Itália’s fáted fields togéther,  
 And thát unknówn Ausónian Týber;  
 ’Twas nót to bé.”

Scarce hád he sáid,  
 When, tráiling fórh  
 Out óf the déep  
 Intérior céll  
 Its sévenfold róll  
 Of séven huge cóils,  
 A slimy snáke  
 The túmulús  
 Benignantly  
 Encómpassés,  
 And glídes abóut  
 Amidst the áltars.  
 Its scály báck  
 Was áll one bláze  
 Of glówing góld  
 With spóts of blúe  
 And púrple fleckered,  
 Bright as the thóusand  
 Várious húes  
 Cást in a bów

Upón the clóuds  
Frónting the sún.

Ín amázement  
Gázed Enéas,  
Whilst the sérpent,  
Midst the pólished  
Cúps and góblets  
Lóng time gliding,  
Sipped at lást,  
And áfter sipping  
Léft the viands  
Ánd the áltars,  
Ánd innóxious  
Tó the túmulus'  
Dépths retúrned.

Dóubtful, whéther  
Tó estéem it  
A lócal Génius,  
Ór the atténdant  
Óf his sire,  
He célebrátes  
So múch the móre  
The rítes begún  
Ín his sire's hónor,  
Ánd, complying  
With the cúsom,  
Sláys two shéep  
Whose twó broad téeth  
Show twó years óld;  
Álso two swíne  
Ánd a like númer  
Óf black cáttle;

And from bowls  
 Pours wine-libation,  
 And invokes  
 The soul and Manes  
 Of great Anchises,  
 From Acheron,  
 On leave, returned.  
 His comrades too,  
 As each has means,  
 Bring gifts with joy,  
 And slaughter steers,  
 And load the altars;  
 And some at ease  
 Stretch on the grass,  
 And some in order  
 Set brass caldrons,  
 Or place live coals  
 Beneath the spits,  
 And roast the flesh.

And now the steeds of Phaeton brought in  
 The morning of the ninth, the expected day,  
 Serene and bright; and rumor and the name  
 Of famed Acastus had the shores all round  
 Filled with reunion joyful of the neighbours,  
 Thronging to see the Eneade, and some  
 Prepared too to compete. The prizes first  
 Are full in view placed in the circus' midst;  
 Religious tripods — coronals of green —  
 And palms, the meed of victory — and arms —  
 And vests all crimsoned over — and gold and silver,  
 Of each a talent. Then, from the midst of the mound,  
 The trumpet proclaims the amusements have commenced.

The first gáme is betwéen  
 Four wéighty - oared bóttoms ,  
 Selécted as mátches  
 From the whóle of the fléet.  
 With his stóut rowers Mnéstheus  
 Impéls the swift Grámpus ,  
 Mnéstheus who sóon shall be  
 Mnéstheus Itálian ,  
 First of the ráce  
 That shall cáll themselves Mémmi.  
 With his thrée complete bénches  
 Of rówers Dardánian  
 In triple rows ráising  
 Their óars simultáneous ,  
 Fóward drives Gyás  
 The huge city - like máss  
 Of unwieldy Chiméra.  
 In the great Céntaur  
 Is cárried Sergéstus ,  
 From whóm takes its náme  
 The fámily Sérgian ;  
 Ánd in blue Scýlla ,  
 Cloánthus , from whóm  
 Thy ráce is derived ,  
 O Róman Cluéntius .

Óver agáinst the fóaming shóre ,  
 Fár in the séa there ís a róck  
 Which , óverwhélméd and buffettéd  
 By swélling bíllows át such tíme  
 As wintry Córí hide the stárs ,  
 Lifts silently , in tíme of cálm ,  
 Óver the still and wáveless déep ,

Its lével field, the favorite háunt  
 Óf the súnshine - lóving séamew.  
 Fáther Enéas hére erécts  
 A vérdant góal of léafy ílex,  
 Sígn to the sáilors hére to túrn,  
 And whéel from hénce their lóng course báck.  
 Their pláces thén they chóose by lót;  
 Effúlgent fróm the stérns afár  
 The cáptains' sélves distínguished shine  
 In órnaménts of góld and críimson;  
 The óther yóung men háve their náked,  
 Glístening shóulders sméared with óil,  
 Their bróws with wréaths of póplar sháded.

On the rów - benches séated,  
 Arms stréttched to their óars,  
 Hearts pít - a - pat béraeting,  
 Exúltting and bréathless  
 With kéen greed of glóry,  
 All alíve, all atténtive,  
 They wáatch for the signal.  
 Then whén the shrill trúmpet  
 Its lárum has sóunded,  
 From the bárrier awáy  
 Withóut stop or stáy  
 They áll leap togéther;  
 Sailors' húrrahs strike éther;  
 Turned úp by the sínewy  
 Túg of their árms  
 'The séa - surface fóams;  
 All alike, all togéther  
 They plóugh up, they téar up,  
 They shátter with óars

And with tridented bóws  
 The whóle yawning séa-plain.  
 Less precipitous rúshing  
 And tó the race dáshing  
 Páir-in-hand cháriots  
 Búrst from the bárrier,  
 And scóur o'er the pláin;  
 Less ímpetus spéeds  
 The caréer of the stéeds,  
 Though the drívers the wávy reins  
 Sháke to them lóose,  
 And óver the lásh  
 Lean their whóle bodies fóward,  
 And háng on each stróke.

With handclápping and shóut  
 And pártisan róut  
 The enclósing shores róund  
 And wóodlands resóund,  
 And with péals of hurráhs  
 The hílls rebóund.

Amidst the crówd and din  
 Fóremost scúds awáy  
 Gýas ó'er the wáters;  
 Cloánthus, bétter rówer,  
 But bý his héavy tímbers  
 Retárded, fóllows áfter.  
 Céntaur thén and Grámpus,  
 Behínd at équal dístance,  
 Conténd which sháll be fóremost:  
 And nów 'tis Grámpus hás it,  
 And nów huge Céntaur cónquers,  
 And pásses Grámpus bý;

And nów with bóws abreast  
 They dásh alóng togéther,  
 And side by side with lóng keels  
 Fúrrow thé sea brine.

And nów to the róck  
 They were fást appróaching,  
 And just at the góal,  
 When fóremost, victórious,  
 In the midst of the swéll  
 To his stéersman Menoétes  
 Thus cálls aloud Gýas:—  
 “Whíther awáy to the right so fár?  
 Hítherward, híther;  
 Húg the shore clóse,  
 And lét your oar-bládes  
 Graze the rócks on the léft;  
 Leave to óthers the déep.”

He sáid, but Menoétes,  
 Súnken rocks féaring,  
 Wrésts the prow séaward:—  
 “Whíther awáy stray'st  
 Óut of the stráight course?  
 For the rócks make, Menoétes.”  
 So a sécond time shóuted  
 And cálled him back Gýas,  
 And revérting his lóok,  
 Lo! behind him Cloánthus  
 Close préssing upón him  
 And tákking the néar way.

Brushing bý in the ínterspace  
 'Twixt the resóunding rocks

And the lár-board of Gýas,  
 In a twinkling Cloánthus  
 Is óut on the sáfe sea,  
 And behind has left Gýas,  
 Behind left the góal.

Then indeed the youth's bónes  
 With keen anguish búnéd,  
 Nor wére his cheeks téarless;  
 And óf his crew's safety  
 Forgétful no léss  
 Than óf the respéct  
 Which he ówed to himsélf,  
 Headlong into the séa  
 From the high poop he húrled  
 Dull plódding Menoétes;  
 Himsélf takes the rúdder,  
 Himsélf becomes stéersman,  
 And chéers the crew ón,  
 And shóreward the hélm turns.

But, whén from the bótton  
 At lást he 's come úp —  
 And not éasily éither  
 From yéars and the wéight  
 Of his wét dripping gárments —  
 Heavy-láden Menoétes  
 Makes fór the rock's tóp,  
 And thére on the drý stone  
 Séts himself dówn.  
 The Teúcri laughed át him  
 Both fálling and swimming,  
 And láugh at him nów

As he spéws from his inwards  
The sált water úp.

And now in the twó last,  
Sergéstus and Mnéstheus,  
The jóyous hope kíndles  
To béat lagging Gýas.  
Sergéstus starts fóremost  
And dráws near the róck,  
But nót by the léngth  
Of the whóle keel fóremost;  
By the stéerage he 's fóremost,  
While ón him abáft  
The bów of the Grámpus  
Émulous présses.

But Mnéstheus goes midships  
And chéers the crew ón,  
In their véry midst pácing:—  
“Now, now on your óars rise,  
Brave féllows Hectórian,  
Whom in Tróy's fateful hóur  
I selécted as cómrades;  
Now pút forth that vigor,  
That spirit put fóorth;  
Which érewhile ye shówed  
In the Sýrtes Getúlian,  
The Iónian séa,  
And Málea's péstering  
Wáves pertinácious.  
I ásk not the first place,  
Nor stríve now for cónquest,  
Though gládly had Mnéstheus —

But I léave those to cónquer,  
 To whóm thou, O Néptune,  
 Hast gránted the cónquest;  
 Only lét 's not be lást,  
 Conquer só far at léast,  
 And avért that dishónor —  
 Fellow tównsmen, avért  
 That fóul, crying sín.”

With extréme, utmost éffort  
 They léan themselves fóward;  
 The brónzed vessel trémble  
 Benéath the vast strókes  
 That ráise the keel óut of  
 And óver the wáter.  
 The thick panting shákes  
 Their límbs and dry móuths;  
 On áll sides abóut them  
 The swéat flows in rívers.

Mere áccident bróught them  
 The wished - for hónor;  
 For, whílst in a fúry  
 His prów forcing úp  
 On his ríval's lar - bóard,  
 And for wánt of room cútting  
 Too clóse to the rócks,  
 On a jútting reef fást  
 Stuck hápless Sergéstus.  
 The crág was concússed,  
 And ón the sharp snág  
 The prów, where it strúck,

Hung suspénded, and cráck  
Went the óars in the strúggle.

- The sáilors, at fáult thrown,  
With lóud clamors rise  
From the bénches togéther,  
Ply shárp-pointed pólés  
And iron-shod hánd-spikes,  
And pick up the bróken oars  
Óut of the alýsm.
- But Mnéstheus, made stóuter  
By his véry succéss,  
Invókes the winds' áid,  
And with swift sweeping óar-banks  
Pulls jóyous awáy  
In the ópen sea-róom,  
And rúns with the fáll  
Of the wáter in lándward.
- As a dóve, that a súdden  
Alárm has distúrbed  
From her nést and sweet yóung  
In óne of a púmice rock's  
Númerous hidings,  
Awáy to the fields  
Flies óut of the cáve  
With a térrified flútter,  
But sóon on expánded  
And mótionless píonion
- Glides swiftly alóng,  
And dówn through the still air  
Her líquid way swéeps:  
So Mnéstheus flies óver  
The lást of the cóurse;

Her mere impetus só  
Carries Grámpus fóward.

And first he desérts  
Sergéstus hard strúggling  
In the high rocky shállows  
And in váin calling hélp  
And léarning to ráce  
With bróken óars.  
Then awáy after Gyás  
And enórmous - diménsioned  
Chiméra hersélf,  
Which, stripped of her stéersman,  
No lóng time compétes.  
And now at the úttermost  
End of the cōurse  
Remains ónly Cloánthus;  
Hím he makes áfter,  
And his whóle strength exérting  
Presses hárd upon him.

'Tis thén indeed áll  
Repeat shóut upon shóut,  
And chéer on the cháser,  
Till éther resóunds  
With the crásh of the clámor:  
These indignantly cling  
To the crédit acquired,  
And fást hold the hónor  
They have cónuted their ówn,  
And are willing to bárter  
Existence for glóry.  
Succéss feeds the óthers:

They doubt not they 're áble,  
And thérfore they 're áble.

And with bów beside bów  
They had bóth perhaps wón  
The prizes togéther,  
Hád not, with bóth hands  
Outstréttched toward the séa,  
Cloánthus thus vówed,  
Ánd to the déities  
Póured his prayer fórh:—

“Ye séa-ruling Góds,  
Upon whóse plains I ráce,  
Only gránt me my wish,  
And I 'll hóld myself bóund  
To bring to your áltars  
And sólemnly óffer,  
On this very shóre,  
A brilliant white búll,  
And into the sált waves  
With jóy fling the éntrails,  
And the flówing wine póur.”

He said, and the whole chóir  
Of the Néreids and Phórcus,  
And the máid Panopéa,  
Benéath the waves, héard him,  
And fáther Portúnus,  
With a púsh of his gréat hand,  
Himsélf urged him ón.  
Swifter than Nótus,  
Than fléet arrow swifter,

The bárk flies to lánd,  
And into the déep port  
Shóots away fár.

Then the séed of Anchises,  
Fóllowing the cùstom,  
Cálls all togéther,  
Ánd with the hérald's  
Lóud voice procláims  
Cloánthus victórious,  
Ánd with green láurel  
Mántles his témples;  
And commánds him to chóose  
For éach ship three stéers,  
And gives him for éach ship  
A présent of wine  
And a gréat silver tálent.

On the cáptains themsélves  
He bestóws the chief hónors:  
On the victor a chlámys,  
With góld over-wróught,  
And twice with a bróad  
Purple stripe Melibéan  
Meándered all róund;  
And ín-woven thére  
Was the róyal bój,  
Stálking the swift deer  
On láafy Ída:  
His lánce in his hánd  
He is hót at the spórt,  
You may sée him pánting;

But down on him swooping  
 Jove's winged armour-bearer  
 Up aloft in his talons  
 From Ída has snatched him;  
 Aged guardians in vain  
 Stretch their hands toward the heavens,  
 And fierce-barking dogs bay the air.

But to him who hath won  
 Second place by his prowess,  
 He gives a mail coat  
 Triple plaited with meshes  
 Of burnished gold wire  
 (Adornment alike  
 And defence in the battle),  
 Which his own victor self  
 From Demóleos had torn  
 Under high Ilium's walls  
 Rapid Simoës beside:  
 Exerting their whole strength,  
 Scarce able the menials,  
 Phœbus and Sagaris,  
 On their shoulders to carry  
 Its manifold plies;  
 But Demóleos long ago  
 Had it upon him,  
 When hunting and chasing  
 The Trojans about.  
 To the third he presents  
 A pair of bronze basins,  
 And two ewers of wrought silver  
 With figures embossed.

With their gifts they had all now  
 Just so been presented,  
 And were marching along  
 In the pride of their wealth,  
 With their temples bound round  
 With ribbons of crimson,  
 When, with much skill and trouble,  
 From the fell rock pulled off,  
 And lame with the loss  
 Of a whole tier of oars.  
 Sergestus brings up,  
 In the midst of derision,  
 His honorless vessel.

As when on a causeway  
 A snake is surprised  
 And by a brass wheel  
 Obliquely run over,  
 Or with a heavy blow  
 Maiined by way-farer,  
 And left on the stone  
 Between living and dead;  
 In long coils it writhes,  
 And in vain to flee strives,  
 And lifts up on high  
 Its fore-part ferocious,  
 And its hissing neck rears,  
 And with fiery eyes glares,  
 While, twisting and twining  
 In knots on itself,  
 Its wounded and lame  
 Hinder part keeps it back:  
 So limpingly rowed

The slów bark alóng,  
 But made sáil notwithstanding,  
 And únder spread cánvas  
 Éntered the pórt.

Enéas, rejóicing  
 That véssel and créw  
 Have been bróught back in sáfety,  
 Bestóws on Sergéstus  
 The prómised rewárd:  
 A sláve not unskilled  
 In the wórks of Minérva,  
 Phóloë, the Crétan,  
 With twins at her bósom,  
 He hás for his prize.

This cómbat dismissed,  
 Tender-héarted Enéas  
 Hies to whére, round abóut  
 By a théâtre gírdled  
 Of curvéd, wooded hills,  
 On the vále's intermédiate  
 Smooth gréen was a círcus.  
 'Twas híther the héro,  
 With mány a thóusand,  
 Repáired, and his séat took  
 On a high-raised estráde,  
 In the midst of the assémbled  
 And séated spectátors;  
 And to shárpen the spírit  
 Of súch as might háply  
 Incline to conténd  
 In the rápid foot-ráce,

The prizes set out,  
And displayed the rewards.

They come flocking from all sides,  
Teucri mixed with Sicani:  
First Eurýalus and Nísus;  
Eurýalus of beauty rare,  
In the fresh green of youth fair;  
Nísus with all his heart  
Virtuously, tenderly  
Loving the lad.  
Next after in order  
Comes róyal Dióres,  
Descended from Priam's  
Pre-eminent stock;  
Then Sálius and Pátron,  
Acarnanian the one,  
Of Tégea's Arcadian  
Lineage the other;  
Then two youths Trinácrian,  
Hélymus and Pánopes,  
Well used to the woods,  
Aged Acéstes' páges:  
And many besides  
Of dim fame obscure.  
In the midst of whom then  
It was thus spoke Enéas:—

“Give joyful attention,  
And hear what I say.  
Of all that are here  
I 'll not allow one  
To depart unrewarded:

A páir of darts Gnóssian  
 Of bright, polished stéel,  
 And a twó-headed póle-axe  
 With ráised work of silver,  
 Shall bé to each óne  
 Presénted alike.

“Prizes shall bé  
 For the fóremost thrée,  
 And a wréath, round their héads,  
 Of táwny ólive:  
 For the first a supérbly  
 Capárisoned hórse,  
 The rewárd of the víctor.  
 An ámazon’s quíver  
 The sécond shall háve,  
 Full of Thrácian árrows;  
 It hángs in a bróad belt  
 With góld overláid  
 And with a táper-turned  
 Jéwel-stud fástened.  
 Let the thírd depart pléased  
 With this hélmét Argólic.”

When thús he had sáid,  
 They táké their stands éach;  
 Then, well márking the góal,  
 Awáy on a súdden,  
 At the sóund of the trúmpet,  
 Rush into the cóurse,  
 Like a fást-dashing shówer,  
 And behind leave the bárrier.

Far before all the rest  
 Níus shoots away first,  
 More swift than the winds,  
 Or the winged thunderból.  
 Néxt him, but néxt  
 With a long interspáce,  
 Sálius comes áfter,  
 And thén, on the gróund  
 They bóth have passed óver,  
 Eurýalus thírd,  
 By Hélymus followed,  
 Close behind whom, behóld!  
 Dióres comes flyíng,  
 Leans óver his shóulder  
 And tréads on his héels;  
 And, give him but móre ground,  
 He 'll slíp clear awáy from,  
 And quite behind leáve,  
 Him whom now he 's so close to  
 You doubt which is fóremost.

And now they 're almóst  
 At the énd of the cōurse,  
 And wéarily néaring  
 The véry góal,  
 When Níus slips, lúckless,  
 In sóme glairy blóod  
 Which where búllocks, it chánced,  
 Had látely been sláughtered,  
 Lay spílled on the gróund  
 And had wét the green swárd.  
 The yóuth was alréady  
 Victórious, triúphant,

When on this spot his foot,  
 To take firm hold ceasing,  
 From under him went,  
 And flat on his face  
 He fell in the midst  
 Of the góre sacrificial  
 And excrement foul.

Of Eurýalus, however,  
 And his love for Eurýalus.  
 He was not forgetful;  
 But, from the slippery ground  
 Up as he rose,  
 Opposed himself right  
 In the way of Sálius,  
 Who fell and rolled over  
 On his back in the thick sand.

In the midst of handclappings  
 And shouts of appláuse  
 Awáy shoots, awáy flies  
 Eurýalus fóward,  
 And by his friend's kindness  
 Has won the first pláce.  
 Up comes Hélymus áfter,  
 And, now to the third palm  
 Entitled, Dióres.

Here Sálius, with lóud shouts  
 The huge concave filling,  
 Insists to the whóle  
 Of the assémbled spectátors,  
 And móst to the sires

In the frón't places séated,  
 That the hónor is his,  
 And műst be restóred him,  
 Of which an unfáir  
 Manoeúvre has róbbed him.

For Eurýalus pléad  
 His becóming téars;  
 His virtues, enhánced  
 By his pérsenal gráce,  
 Win the géneral fávor;.  
 Dióres too hélp's him,  
 And shóuts for him lóud,  
 Having cóme in, in váin,  
 For the lást palm and prize,  
 If to Sálius restóred  
 The first márk of distinction.

Then fáther Enéas:—  
 “Your présents, young mén,  
 Remain cértain and fixed,  
 And no óne shall distúrb  
 The pálm from its órder;  
 But mé you 'll allów  
 To commiserate a friend,  
 Whose misfórtune is due  
 To no fáult of his ówn.”

So sáid, he gave Sálius  
 The húge hide uncóuth  
 Of a lion Getúlian,  
 Gólden-clawed, shággy,  
 A bürthen to cárry.

Then says Níus:— “If such  
 Thy compássion for fálls,  
 And so gréat the rewárd  
 Thou bestów’st on the cónquered,  
 Let me sée the fine présent  
 Thou hast réady for Níus;  
 For him who had glóriously  
 Wón the first gárland,  
 Had he nót been o’ercóme  
 By the sáme spiteful fórtune  
 That óvercame Sálius.”  
 He sáid, and displáyed  
 His fáce and limbs fóuled  
 With the sóft, dungy óoze.

The most éxcellent Fáther  
 Smiled at his plight:  
 Then bidding be bróught forth  
 The shield manufáctured  
 By skilled Didymáon,  
 Which the Dánaï had púlled down  
 From Néptune’s door sácred,  
 Bestówed the choice gift  
 On the wórthy young mán.

The ráce at an énd,  
 And the présents awárded:—  
 “Now if ány man hére  
 Has índwelling cóurage  
 And spírit sufficient,  
 Let him stánd forth, and líft high  
 His gáuntleted pálms.”

He said, and set forth  
 The battle's twain honors:  
 For the victor a steer,  
 Vailed with fillets of gold;  
 A sword and grand helmet  
 To solace the conquered.

Then loud was the buzz of the admiring assembly  
 As Dáres his mighty front raised on the instant:  
 'Twas Dáres that used to contend against Páris,  
 Other equal for Páris was none.  
 He too it was that at mightiest Héctor's  
 Tumulus sepulchral smote conquering Bútes,  
 And stretched on the tawny sand dying the giant  
 Whose haughty démeanour showed how well he knew  
 He was come of Bebrycian Ámycus' race.  
 Such was Dáres that raised his high head first to battle,  
 Displayed his broad shoulders, and thrusting and cuffing  
 With each arm alternate, pommeled the air.  
 A match is sought for him; but, of all that array,  
 Not one dares approach him or draw on the gauntlet.

In high spirits therefore,  
 • And thinking that one and all  
 Yield him the palm,  
 He stands right in front  
 Of the feet of Enéas,  
 And without more ado  
 With his left hand takes hold  
 Of the bull by the horn,  
 And says:— “Goddess-born,  
 If there's no one so bold  
 As to venture the battle,

What énd of my stánding?  
 How lóng must I wáit?  
 Bid me léad the prize óff.”  
 Same tíme the Dardánidae  
 Cálled out unánimous  
 To lét the brave mán  
 Have the prómised rewárd.

Here with gráve words Acéstes  
 Repréaches Entéllus,  
 As beside him he sát  
 On the gréen grassy bánk:—  
 “Entéllus, in váin once  
 The brávest of héroes,  
 And wílt thou so támely,  
 Withóut even a strúggle,  
 Allów such a prize  
 To be cárried awáy?  
 Whére is our Gód now,  
 That Éryx thy máster  
 Thou váunt’st of so idly?  
 Where nów thy renówn  
 All Trinácria filling,  
 And the spóils thou ’st at hóme  
 Hanging úp in thy hóuse?”

“It is not féar” —  
 Thus ánswered hé —  
 “Nor scáred awáy  
 My lóve of glóry  
 And fáir achievement;  
 But slów old-áge,  
 With númbing fróst,

Has chilled my blóod,  
 And wórn out quite  
 My bódily vigor.  
 HÁd I but now  
 The yóuth I had ónce,  
 That yóuth in which  
 Yon wrétc'h exúlts  
 So cófidént,  
 Nor gift had I  
 Nor fáir steer néeded,  
 TÓ induce me  
 TÓ come fóward.  
 Who líkes may ták'e  
 The prize, for mé."

Só having sáid,  
 He cást intó  
 The mídst a páir  
 Of móst enórmous,  
 Weíghty gáuntlets,  
 With whose hárd hide  
 Dóughty Éryx  
 Úsed to stráp  
 His hánds and árms,  
 Évery time  
 The lists he éntered.

All minds were astóunded,  
 So huge were those sévenfold  
 Plies of ox-léather,  
 So stiffened with in-plaited  
 Íron and léad.  
 Abóve all the rést

Dares' sélf is astónished,  
 And will upon nó account  
 Try the encóunter.  
 Then, while the magnánimous  
 Són of Anchises  
 Swings hither and thither  
 And túrns every wáy  
 The vólume imménse  
 Of those pónderous bánds,  
 The óld man gives útterance  
 To wórds such as thése:—

“And whát had ye sáid,  
 HÁd ye but Hércules'  
 Ówn gauntlets séen,  
 And the sád fight he fóught  
 Upon this very shóre?  
 These gáuntlets belónged  
 To thine hálf-brother Éryx  
 (Thou sée'st them with blóod still  
 Besprinkled and bráins);  
 With thése he confrónted  
 Mighty Alcídes;  
 To thése I was úsed,  
 While a frésher blood-cúrrent  
 Supplied me with vigor,  
 And nót yet had óld age  
 Énviously sprinkled  
 My témples with hóar.  
 But if Trojan Dáres  
 These wéapons refúses,  
 And géntle Enéas  
 Is sátisfied só,

And if my abéttor  
 Acéstes appróves,  
 Let us máke the fight équal;  
 I dó not insist  
 On the gáuntlets of Éryx  
 (Dismiss thy misgivings);  
 And thóu, put thou óff  
 Thy Trójan gloves téo."

He sáid, and his dóublet  
 Threw óff from his shóulders,  
 His gréat limbs laid báre  
 And his gréat bones and múscles,  
 And fórth in his might stood  
 In the mídst of th' aréna.

Then the séed of Anchises  
 Like gáuntlets brought fórth,  
 And with the matched wéapons  
 The sire strapped the hánds  
 Of the óne and the óther.  
 Upright on their tóes  
 In an instant both róse;  
 And undáunted arms high  
 Lifting úp toward the sky,  
 And lófty heads dráwing back  
 Fár from the stróke,  
 With hánd to hand spárring,  
 The báttle provóke.

More nimble the óne  
 In the pride of his yóuth;

Stronger limbed was the óther,  
 And móulded gigántic,  
 But trémulous slów  
 Are his tóttering knées,  
 And his vást limbs shake sóre  
 With the pánt of his bréathing.

Mány a blów  
 They tóss to and fró,  
 Áll to no púrpose;  
 Mány a blów  
 Loud ráttling rings  
 On hóllow chést  
 And sídes, redóubled.  
 Abóut ears and témples  
 Róves the hand fréquent,  
 And únder the hárd cuffs  
 The jáws go crick cráck.

In the sáme sustained pósture  
 Entéllus stands héavy,  
 And with vigilant eýes  
 The pásses avóids  
 By ónly inclining his bódy.  
 His oppónent, like óne  
 Who bríngs works of wár  
 To béar on a high-seated city,  
 Or sóme mountain cástle beléaguers,  
 On this side tries nów,  
 Now on thát the appróaches,  
 And the whóle place abóut  
 Reconnóitres with skill,

And with várious assáults  
Inefféctual présses.

Réars himself upright  
Entéllus, and shóws  
His right hand uplifted;  
The óther wares quick  
The dówn coming blów,  
And with nimble evásion  
Slips óut of the wáy.  
Entéllus dischárges  
His stréngth on the winds,  
And tó the ground pónderous  
Fálls of himsélf  
With his vást heavy wéight:  
As on Érymanth sómetimes,  
Or ón mighty Ída,  
A hóllow pine túmbles  
Torn úp by the róots.

All at ónce and togéther,  
In their interest for éither,  
The Teúcri rise úp  
And the yóuth of Trinácria;  
To the ský mounts the clámor:  
Acéstes the first is  
Who rúns to, and pitying  
Lifts from the gróund up,  
His équal - aged friend.

But, by his mischánce  
Nor retarded nor scáred,  
The héro retúrns

But more keen to the fight,  
 Of valor self-conscious,  
 Wrath rousing his vigor,  
 Shame kindling his might;  
 And, all in a glow,  
 Drives over the whole plain  
 DARES headlong before him,  
 And now with his left hand  
 Redoubles his blows,  
 And now with his right.

There 's no stop nor stay,  
 But with blows of each hand,  
 As thick, fast, and frequent,  
 As pattering hailstones  
 Down showering on roof-tops,  
 The hero thumps Dares,  
 And knocks him about.

Then father Enéas,  
 Permitting no further  
 Their ires to proceed,  
 Nor Entellus to rage on  
 In such bitter spirit,  
 Put an end to the fight,  
 And rescued tired Dares,  
 And with kind, petting words  
 Thus to him said:—

“Luckless wight, what delusion  
 So strong has possessed thee?  
 Percéiv'st not, thou warrest  
 Against a God's strength,

And that Héaven 's turned agáinst thee?  
 Give wáy to the Gód."  
 He sáid, and the báttle  
 Decláred to be énded. . .

But awáy to the véssels  
 His fáithful compánions  
 Bring Dáres, his crázy knees  
 Drágging alóng,  
 His héad now to this  
 Now to thát side tóssing, . .  
 And clóts of blood mixed with teeth  
 Fróm his mouth spéwing;  
 Then, súmmoned, the swórd  
 And the hélm̄et recéive,  
 And léave to Entéllus  
 The pálm and the búll.

Then, exúberant in spirits  
 And próud of the búll:—  
 "Goddess-bórn," says the victor,  
 "And yé other Teúcri,  
 Behóld both what stréngth  
 My yóuthful frame ónce had,  
 And from whát certain déath  
 Ye have Dáres delivered."

He sáid, and right ópposite  
 The fáce of the stéer stood,  
 That was bý-standing thére,  
 The prize of the báttle;  
 And rising bolt-úpright,  
 And dráwing back his right hand,

Swung the hard gáuntlet  
 Between the two hórns,  
 And the fróntal bone fráctured,  
 And crushed in the bráin;  
 Próstrate the felled ox  
 Lies on the swárd stretched,  
 Senseless and quivering.  
 Then, óver him stánding,  
 These wórds he put fórth:—  
 “With this bétter life, Éryx,  
 I páy thee in fúll  
 For my nót killing Dáres,  
 And victórious here pút by  
 My gáuntlets, and with them  
 The árt pugilístic.”

Then stráightway Enéas  
 Invítes to compéte,  
 Who háply may wish,  
 In the swift arrow cóntest,  
 And the prizes sets óut;  
 And Seréstus’ ship’s mást  
 With his húge hand erécts,  
 And suspénds in a nóose,  
 From the tóp of the mást,  
 The márk to be áimed at,  
 A swift-winged pigeon.

The compétitors méet,  
 And into a bráss helm  
 Their lót-counters flinging,  
 Forth cómes first of áll,  
 Amid shóuts of appláuse,

The lót of Hippócoon,  
 Hýrtacus' són.  
 Close áfter whom follows  
 Mnéstheus, just nów  
 In the ship-race victórious,  
 Mnéstheus with ólive bough  
 Gárlanded gréen.  
 Third comes Eurýtion,  
 Who cláims thee for bróther,  
 O Pándarus most glórious,  
 Thóu that in óld time,  
 Obédient to órders,  
 The first wert thy wéapon  
 To fling midst the Achivi,  
 And th' ármistice bréak.  
 Lowest dówn in the hélmets  
 And lást lay Acéstes;  
 For hé too had dáred  
 In the tásks of the yóung man  
 His hánd's strength to trý.

Then évery man tákés out  
 His sháft from his quiver,  
 And gállantly évery man  
 Bénds his strong bów;  
 And first from the twánging string,  
 Cleaving the swift air,  
 Through the ský speeds the árrow  
 Of Hýrtacus' són,  
 And cómes and sticks fást  
 In the frónt of the mást:  
 The mast thróugh and through quívers,  
 The frightened bird flútters,

And fills the place róund  
With its clápping wings' sóund.

Bold Mnéstheus next áfter,  
With bended bow stánding,  
His áim took on high  
With strained sháft and strained eyé,  
But, alás! the bird missed,  
Though he bróke the lint nóose  
In which, tied by the foot,  
From the tall mast it húng:  
And awáy to the sóuth winds  
And dárk clouds it fléw.

Then in áll haste Eurýtion,  
Who for sóme time was hólding  
Bow bент and shaft lévelled,  
Made a vów to his bróther,  
And únder the bláck cloud  
Cóvered and pierced  
With his árrow the pigeon,  
That in the free ský there  
Its glád wings was clápping.  
Life léaving abóve  
In the stárry ethéreal,  
It túmbles down sénseless,  
And báck to the gróund  
Brings the sháft in the wóund.

Sire Acéstes, the ónly  
Remáining one nów,  
Though the victory 's lóst,  
Yet his science to shów  
In twánging the bów,

High into the sky  
 His arrow let fly.  
 Here meets the eye sudden  
 What diviners too late,  
 By the great event taught  
 To prognosticate right,  
 Have declared was an omen  
 Of import terrific;  
 For the reed, in th' untroubled  
 Clouds of the fine weather,  
 Took fire as it flew,  
 And its path marked with flame,  
 Then into the thin winds  
 Away withdrew spent.  
 So oftentimes fly  
 Shooting stars through the sky,  
 And draw after them sweeping  
 Their long trail of hair.

Confounded, astounded,  
 To the Gods pray the Teucri  
 And men of Trinacria;  
 Nor refuses the omen  
 Most mighty Enneas,  
 But embraces, and heaps  
 With great gifts, glad Acastes,  
 And thus to him says:—  
 “Accept this, O father;  
 For Olympus' great king  
 By this portent declares thee  
 Entitled to honor  
 Apart and especial.  
 This rich-embossed winebowl,

Which gréat-aged Anchises  
 Himsélf once posséssed,  
 Thou shalt háve for thy bóon.  
 Thracian Císseus of óld  
 On my párent Anchises  
 The gréat gift bestówed  
 To be képt as memórial  
 And plédge of his lóve."

He sáid, and salúted  
 Acéstes first victor,  
 And bóund round his témples  
 With láurel-branch gréen.  
 Nor did wórthy Eurýtion,  
 Though 'twas hé alone bróught down  
 The bíd from the high sky,  
 With jéalousy lóok  
 On the hónor put pást him.  
 For the néxt gift comes in  
 He that rúptured the córd;  
 Last is hé whose swift árrow  
 Stood fixed in the mást.

But fáther Enéas,  
 Ere énded that gáme was,  
 Calls Epýtides tó him,  
 Compánion and guárdian  
 Of béardless Iúlus,  
 Ánd in his trústy ear:—  
 “To Ascánius awáy quick,  
 And if he has with him  
 His yóung troop of hórsemen  
 All equipped now and réady

To go through their manœuvres,  
 Bid him with them come hither  
 In arms, and parâde  
 To his grandfather's honor.'  
 Out of the long circus  
 Himsélf bids depârt  
 The whole influx of péople,  
 And léave the field frée.

All glittering alike  
 On their well-bitted hórses,  
 The láds make their éntry  
 In sight of their sires,  
 Admired by the whóle youth  
 Of Tróy and Trinácrìa,  
 And cheéred as they gó.  
 They áll wear their háir,  
 As required by the cùstom,  
 Cut clóse in a róund crop;  
 Two stéel-pointed lánces  
 Of córnel each carries,  
 And sóme on their shóulders  
 A smóoth burnished quíver;  
 At the tóp of the chést  
 Round the néck goes a cóllar  
 Of fléxile gold twisted.

Thrée troops of hórsemen,  
 Distinct and apârt,  
 Perámbulate thíre,  
 Each tróop with a cáptain;  
 Twice six glittering yóuths  
 Every cáptain commánds.

One yóuthful troop 's léd  
 In ovátion alóng,  
 By a tiny Priám  
 (Called áfter his grándsite),  
 Thine illústrious óffspring,  
 Polítes, and sóon  
 With a néw, vigorous gráft  
 To add stréngth to th' Itálians.  
 The pásterns are white  
 Of his pied Thracian chárger,  
 And lóftily cárried  
 The próud forehçad white.

Átys, from whóm come  
 The Látin clan, Átii,  
 Little Átys is néxt,  
 The fávorite boy-friend  
 Of the bóy Iúlus.

Last and lóveliest of áll  
 Iúlus comes, móunted  
 On chárger Sidónian,  
 By fáir Dido given him  
 In remémbrance of hér  
 And in plédge of her lóve.  
 On áged Acéstes's  
 Hórses Trinácrian  
 Ride the rést of the yóuths.

Pit-a-pat gó their hearts,  
 Ás the Dardánidae,  
 Gázing delighted,  
 Ánd in their fáces

Trácing their fóresires,  
Recéive them with pláudits.

When nów round the whóle  
Of the séated assémbly  
They have ridden, with jóy,  
In their rélatives' sight,  
And to sét out are réady,  
Epýtides gives them  
The signal from fár  
With whip-crack and shóut.

Each tróop then divides  
Into twó equal párts,  
Which túrn about quick,  
And trot óff from each óther;  
Then whéel round agáin  
At the wórd of commánd,  
And chárge, face to fáce.

Then their táctics they chánge,  
And in ópposite ránks  
Advánce and retire,  
And retire and advánce,  
And whéel round and róund,  
And in intricate rings  
Intercépting and cróssing  
And báffling each óther,  
Fight óut their sham báttle;  
Sometimes their backs túrning  
Defénceless and róuted,  
Sometimes spéar grappling spéar,

And thén again, péace made,  
Paráding united.

As the íntricate blíndways  
And thóusand turns púzzling  
Of the Lábyrinth they téll of,  
In high Crete of óld,  
Where nó clue to guide you  
Back, fóward, or óut,  
You wándered for éver  
Abóut and abóut:  
So púzzled the trácks  
Of the sóns of the Teúcri,  
So perpléxedly wóven  
Sportive báttle and flight,  
Like the gámbols of pórpoises  
Pláyfully frisking  
Ín the sea-wáters  
Carpáthian or Líbyan.

Ascánius of óld,  
Whén róund Longa Álba  
He dréw his walls' círcle,  
Re-estáblished this gáme  
And these mánege manoeúvres,  
And táught the old Látins  
How himsélf, when a bóy,  
And the Trójan lads with him,  
Had been úsed to perfórm them.  
The Álbans their yóuth taught,  
From whóm mightiest Róme  
In due course received,  
And, hónoring her fáthers,

Presérves to this dáy  
 The spórt they call Tróy  
 And the Trójan Battálion.  
 So múch for the gámes  
 In the sáinted sire's hónor.

Here Fórtune, unfaithful,  
 Begán first to chánge;  
 For whilst at the túmulus  
 With várious amúsements  
 The dáy 's solemnised,  
 Júno Satúrnian,  
 Mány a scheme póndering,  
 And nót sated yét  
 Of her áncient ill will,  
 Dówn from heaven Íris  
 On fáir wafting bréezes  
 To the Ílian fleet sént.

Swift alóng her bow's páth  
 Of a thóusand bright dýes,  
 Down unséen runs the máid;  
 The great cóncourse survéys,  
 Round the coast casts her eyés,  
 And obsérves the port émpty,  
 Desérted the fléet.

But apárt on the lónely beach,  
 Wéeping in sécret,  
 Troy's mátrons were wáiling  
 The lóss of Anchises;  
 And áll, as they wépt,  
 On the déep sea were gázing:—

“Alás, such a lóng way 's  
 Still lyíng before us,  
 And, tired as we áre,  
 We have só much sea wáter  
 To sáil over still!”

It was thus with one vóice  
 They áll were excláiming;  
 A city 's their práyer;  
 They are sick, sore and sórry,  
 And the tóils of the séa  
 Will no lónger endúre.

Into the midst of them,  
 Práctised in mischief  
 Thérefore she flings her,  
 And púts off the figure  
 And vést of a Góddess,  
 And mákes herself Béroë,  
 The áged spouse becómes  
 Of Tmárian Dorýclus,  
 Who ónce possessed chíldren  
 And kindred and náme.

In this guise amidst  
 The Dárdan dames míngling:—  
 “Wretched wómen,” she cries,  
 “Whom Acháian hands lóng ago  
 Drágged not to sláughter,  
 When fierce raged the báttle  
 Your náive walls róund —  
 O unfórtunate créw,  
 For whát worse destrúction  
 Does Fórtune reserve ye?

The seventh summer now  
 See the rising of Tróy,  
 Hurse is revolving,  
 Land and o'er water  
 Linding still;  
 Savage rocks.  
 Skies are roaming.

Ed on the billows,  
 See through the great sea

Itália, that ever

Before us is fleeing.

In the fraternal

Domáins here of Éryx,

Hére where we 're kindly

Received by Acéstes,

What hinders from founding

Our city's walls hére,

And éntering at ónce

On a citizen life?

O my cóuntry, and O ye

Penátes, in vain

Rescued out of the fóe's midst,

Shall there not, now at lást,

Be a city called Tróy?

Am I nō where to sée

A Simoïs' or Xánthus'

Hectórean stréam?

Nay, náy, come along,

And hélp me to bURN down

These unlucky véssels;

For prophétic Cassándra's form

Séemed, as I slépt,

A lit torch to hÁnd me;

Here, she sáys, is your hóme,  
 In this spót seek your Tróy.  
 Opportúnity wórks,  
 And the great pródigy  
 Mécets with no hindrance:  
 See hére where to Néptune  
 Four áltars are stánding;  
 With lit brands, with cóurage  
 The Gód's self supplies us."  
 She sáid, the way léd,  
 And the ránkling fire séized,  
 And, with right hand uplifted,  
 From whére she stood, brándished  
 And with might and main flúng.

The spírits are róused  
 Of the Ílian mátrons,  
 With amázement their héarts struck;  
 And óne of the óldest  
 Of the whole númer,  
 Pýrgo, nurse róyal  
 Of the so númerous  
 Chíldren of Priam:—  
 “No Béroë Rhoetéan,  
 No spóuse of Dorýclus  
 Ye have hére, dames;” she cries:  
 “See hów her eyes búrn,  
 Mark her beautý divine,  
 Her expréssion, her spírit,  
 Her vóice and her gáit.  
 I mysélf but just nów,  
 When I cáme away híther,  
 Left Béroë sick,

And in sád disappóintment  
 That shé, only shé,  
 The great óffice should miss,  
 And nót pay Anchises  
 The mérited hónors."

She sáid, and the mátrons  
 At first stood uncértain  
 And éither way swáying ;  
 Ánd on the véssels  
 An ill eye were cásting —  
 On the óne hand sore lóve  
 Of the lánd that was présent,  
 On the óther the cáll  
 Of the Fáte-destined réalms —  
 When the Góddess her wings spread,  
 And úp through the sky sped  
 Her flight the clouds únder,  
 Alóng the great bów.

Then indéed, by the pródigy  
 Smóte with amázement,  
 Impélléd by a fúry,  
 The mátrons a shóut raise  
 At ónce and togéther,  
 Snatch the fire from the héarths,  
 (While sóme strip the áltars),  
 And fling bránds with their whóle force,  
 And léafy twig - fággots.  
 Through óars and row - bénches  
 And páinted pine póops  
 With lóose reins caréers  
 Raging Vúlcan unbridled.

To the tómb of Anchises  
 Ánd to the théatre's.  
 Wédge-grouped spectátors  
 Eumélus the néws brings  
 That the fléet is on fire;  
 They look báck and themselvés sec  
 The dárk, showering áshes;  
 And Ascánius the fírst is  
 (Just só as he wás there,  
 All jóyous condúcting  
 His hórsemen's manoeúvres)  
 Off to the distúrbed camp  
 At full speed to gallop,  
 Nór can his térrified  
 Guárdians restráin him:—

“What strange mádness is this?  
 What wóuld ye be át now?  
 What wóuld ye?” he cries:  
 “Ah! unháppy townswómen,  
 It is not the fóe,  
 Not the cámp of the Árgive,  
 'Tis your ówn hopes ye bún.  
 See, í 'm your Ascánius!”  
 And he tóok off and thréw  
 At their féet down before thém  
 The hélm̄et he wóre  
 In the shám-fight amúsement.  
 At the sáme time Enéas  
 Comes úp in all háste,  
 And the Teúcrian bands cóme.  
 But the wómen, affrighted,  
 Awáy flee on áll sides

Wide over the shóre,  
 And into the wóods steal,  
 Or skulk into whatéver  
 Caves and hóles they can find.  
 They repént their attémpt,  
 They 're ashámed of the líght,  
 They acknówledge their friends,  
 Their whóle temper 's chánged,  
 And óut of their bréasts  
 They have quite shaken Júno.

But nót the less rágés,  
 For áll that, the fire,  
 Nor abáte the flames thérefore  
 Their wild, untamed stréngth;  
 Benéath the moist tímbers  
 The cálking tow smóulders, •  
 And slów vomits smóke:  
 The élément súpple  
 Gnaws slówly the húlls;  
 The pést descends dówn  
 Through the whóle of the fráme:  
 All the stréngth of the héros,  
 All the flóods they throw ón it,  
 Aváil not to stáy it.

Then géntle Enéas  
 Tears his vést from his shóulders,  
 His hánds toward heaven stréetches  
 And the Góds' help invókes:—  
 “O omnipotent Jóve,  
 If not yét to a mán  
 Thou detéstest us Trójans,

If thou 'st still some remáins  
 Of the pity wherewith  
 Thou wast wónted of óld  
 To regárd human tróubles,  
 Grant our ships now, O Síre,  
 An escápe from this fire,  
 And rëscue Troy's slénder  
 Estáte from destrucción;  
 Or compléte thy work óutright,  
 And, if súch my desérving,  
 With ángry bolt hére  
 On this spót overwhélm me,  
 Ánd with thy right hand  
 To déath send me dówn."

Scárce had he úttered,  
 When the ráins were let lóose,  
 And a dárk tempest rágéd  
 Beyond précedent fúrious,  
 And híghlands and pláins  
 With thúnderpeals ráttered.  
 Down fróm the whole éther  
 'Tis óne pour of wáter;  
 One thick, rushing shówer  
 Of black bláck, troubled sóuth-rain.  
 The ships fill, and run óver,  
 The chárged timber 's drénched,  
 The fiery glow 's quénched,  
 And fróm the pest sáved  
 All the véssels but fóur.

But fáther Enéas,  
 By the sóur mischance shócked,

Weighty cárēs in his bréast  
 With himsélf was revólving,  
 And betwéen the two wáys  
 To and fró vacillátинг:  
 Should he séttle down thérę  
 In the fields of Sicília  
 And forgét the fates quite,  
 Ór for th' Itálian coasts  
 Máke right ahéad.  
 Then élderly Náutes,  
 Whom Pállas Tritónian  
 Had spécially tаught,  
 And réndered distinguished  
 Abóve every óther  
 For sóothsaying skíll —  
 (Her ánswers would téll him  
 What it wás the great wráth  
 Of the Góds was forebóding,  
 What is wás the Fates' préordained  
 Órder required),  
 In consoling words thús  
 To Enéas begán:—

“ Whíther the Fátes  
 Do so púll and re-púll us,  
 Goddess - bórн, let us fòllow.  
 Let whát will, be cóming,  
 No fórtune 's so bád  
 But it máy be surmóunted  
 By pátient endúrance.  
 There 's Acéstes, a Dárdan  
 And fróm the Gods sprúng,  
 To him impart fréely

Thy plán of proceeding;  
 He 's réady and willing  
 To hélp and advise thee.  
 The créws of the lóst ships  
 Hand óver to him,  
 And whoéver are sick  
 Of the gréat undertákings  
 And óf thy concérnments,  
 And the véry old mén,  
 And the séa-weary mátrons;  
 And chóose out the wéak ones  
 And súch as are tímid,  
 And hére in this lánd  
 Let them fix their abóde,  
 And bestów on their city  
 (Thou 'lt allów them the privilege  
 Of chóosing the náme)  
 The náme of Acésta."

'Twas thén indeed, thén,  
 That, inflámed by the wórds  
 Of his élderly fríend,  
 He was réally distrácted:  
 And dárk Night was nów  
 Alóng the sky dríving  
 In páir-in-hand téam,  
 When, dówn from heaven glíding,  
 Appéared on a súdden  
 The fórm of his párent  
 Anchises, and séemed  
 Words like thése to pour sórth:—  
 “O són, once than lífe  
 (When I hád lífe) more déar;

O són by the Ílian fates  
 Hárassed so sóre;  
 By that Júpiter, whó  
 Drove the fire from thy ships,  
 And from high heaven at lást  
 Took compássion upón thee,  
 I come hither, commánded.  
 Obéy the advisings  
 Of élderly Náutes,  
 That so chármingly fit  
 With the présent conjúcture:  
 Yóuths of the stóutest heart  
 Chóose out and take  
 To Ítaly with thee;  
 Thou 'st a rúde, hardy péople  
 In Látium to wár down.  
 But the únder-ground dwélling  
 Of Dis visit first,  
 And thróugh deep Avérnus  
 Come dówn, son, and méet me;  
 For nót kindless Tártarus'  
 Glóomy shades ówn me;  
 In delightful Elýsium  
 I wón with the géntle.  
 Holy Sibyl, when mány  
 A bláck sheep has bléd,  
 Shall hither conduct thee.  
 Of thine whóle future ráce  
 And the city vouchsáfed thee  
 Thou shalt thén be infórmed.  
 And nów fare thee wéll!  
 Humid Night has the hálf  
 Of her jóurney compléted,

Ánd with his pánting steeds  
 Féll Morn blows ón me.”  
 He sáid, and like smoke  
 Into thín air awáy fled.

“Whither rúshest thou thén ?”  
 Says Enéas, “or whíther  
 Beták’st thyself fróm me ?  
 Whom fléeest? who kíeeps thee  
 Awáy from my árms ?”  
 So sáying, he stirred up  
 The fire’s sleeping émbers,  
 Ánd fumigáted  
 Pergámean Lár  
 And hóar Vesta’s shrine  
 With a fúll box of íncense,  
 And óffered the blést meal,  
 And pút up his práyer.

The wórship compléted,  
 He súmmons his péers  
 And, abóve all, Acéstes;  
 And Júpiter’s órders  
 Lays fúlly before them,  
 And his déar sire’s injúctions,  
 And his ówn, formed opíón.  
 Acéstes gainsáys not;  
 The vóte ’s not long pássing;  
 They transcribe to the city  
 And sét down from trável  
 The mátrons and áll who  
 To stáy are inclíned,  
 Minds whólly devóid

Of the pássion for glóry.  
 Themsélves then repláce  
 The half-éaten ship-tímbers,  
 Make néw the row bénches,  
 And with óar and rope-táckling  
 Rig out afrésh;  
 They 're a bráve, gallant créw,  
 Though they müster but féw.

In the méantime Enéas  
 Marks óut with plough-fúrrow  
 The site of the city,  
 And lóts out the dwéllings;  
 And hére bids be Ílium,  
 And thére bids be Tróy.  
 And Trójan Acéstes  
 Delights in his réalm,  
 And, fixing by édict  
 A Fórum, presides  
 O'er the Fáthers assémbled.  
 On Éryx' high tóp too,  
 Not fár from the sky,  
 For Vénus Idálian  
 A séat is estáblished;  
 And to Anchises' tomb  
 Added a priest;  
 And a gróve consecráted,  
 With wide-spreading púrlieus.

And nów for nine dáys  
 All the péople were féasted,  
 And ófferings, for nine days,  
 Were láid on the áltars;

And benéath the mild bréezes  
 The séa-plain lay lével,  
 And the stéady and fáir breath  
 Of Áuster once móre  
 To the high-deep was cálling —  
 Then thróugh the bayed shóres  
 The great wáiling arises;  
 In mútual embráces  
 They linger, and dráw out  
 The dáy and the night;  
 And the mátrons themsélves  
 And thóse very mén  
 To whóm the sea's fáce  
 But just nów seemed so róugh,  
 And the wéather a thing  
 That was nót to be bórne,  
 Are desirous to gó,  
 And endúre to the énd  
 All the tóil of the trável:  
 Whom with kind, friendly wórds  
 Good Enéas consóles,  
 And with téars recomménds  
 To their kinsman Acéstes;  
 Then thrée calves commánds  
 To be sláughtered to Éryx,  
 And a lámb to the Témpests,  
 And one áfter anóther  
 To lét go the cábles.  
 Himsélf, with a clipped  
 Olive wréath round his héad,  
 Stands far óff on the bów,  
 And into the sált waves  
 The éntrails consigns,

And the flowing wine pours.  
 A wind rises ast  
 And convóys them alóng;  
 And, áll hands with rival oars  
 Smíting the déep,  
 O'er the séa-plain they swéep.

But cáre-harassed Vénus  
 Meanwhile accosts Néptune,  
 And from her bréast forth  
 Pours this lamentátion:—  
 “The sérious and éver-  
 Unsátiated ánger  
 Of Júno's breast, Néptune,  
 Compéls me to áll  
 Sorts of práyers to descénd;  
 Unsóftened by léngth of time,  
 Untouched by pity,  
 Unsubdúed by the Fátes,  
 By Jove's mandate unquélléd,  
 She néver rests quiet.  
 Not enough for her hórrible  
 Spite to have tortured  
 With áll sorts of torturé  
 And óut of the midst  
 Of the Phrygian nátion  
 Cut their cápital city,  
 She must pérsecute still  
 Murdered Tróy's poor remáins,  
 Her bónes and her cinders;  
 Best knówn to hersélf  
 The cáuse of such fury.  
 Thou thysélf art my witness,

What a cóil but just nów  
 She raised, áll of a súdden,  
 In the Libyan sea-wáters;  
 How the whóle sea and sky  
 She mixed úp in one póther,  
 On th' Eólian blasts squálly  
 Relying in váin —  
 In thy realms she dáred this.  
 See tóo, how she has driven  
 Troy's dámes into crime,  
 And fóully our ships burned,  
 And ón an unknówn land  
 Compélled us to léave  
 Our cómrades behind us.  
 One thing, and one ónly,  
 Remáins for us nów,  
 Ánd for that ónly  
 One thing I entréat thee,  
 Safe vóyage acróss  
 To Lauréntian Týber,  
 If the Párcae permit us  
 Our city to fix there,  
 And if I claim nóthing  
 But whát 's been accórded."

Thus spóke then the déep sea's  
 Satúrnian contróller:—  
 “Thou 'st all right, Cytheréa,  
 To confide in my réalms,  
 Since from thém thou art sprúng:  
 I desérve it too fróm thee:  
 For théé I 've suppréssed oft  
 The wild, raging fúry

Both of sky and of sea;  
 And that I have not  
 Of thine Enéas  
 Taken less care on land,  
 Let Xánthus and Sínois  
 Testify for me.  
 When against their own walls  
 Pursuing Achilles  
 Dashed Tróy's half-dead squádrons,  
 And slew many thousands,  
 And, with dead bodies filled up.  
 The rivers' beds groaned,  
 And Xánthus no longer  
 Could find out a passage  
 Or roll to the sea,  
 From mighty Pelides,  
 For whom he was no match  
 In Gods or in strength,  
 Safe in a cloud's hollow  
 I snatched off Enéas,  
 Though strong my desire  
 To overturn from the bottom  
 That perfidious Troy city  
 Mine own hands had built.  
 Now too I've the same mind  
 Unaltered and steady;  
 Fear not — he shall safely  
 Reach, as thou wishest,  
 The port of Avérnus,  
 With the loss, on the deep.  
 Of a single man only,  
 Whose one life shall ransom  
 The lives of the many."

The sire, with these words  
 Having gladdened and soothed  
 The heart of the Goddess,  
 Puts the bit in the mouths  
 Of his wild, foaming steeds,  
 With their gold harness yokes them,  
 Lets run through his hand loose  
 The whole length of the reins,  
 And in his dark-blue car  
 Flies lightly along  
 O'er the face of the sea:  
 The swollen waters subside,  
 And spread level under  
 His thundering axle;  
 Out of the vast ether  
 Away flee the storms.  
 In his motley cortége  
 Was the great, monstrous whale,  
 And old Glaucus' choir,  
 And Inoan Palémon,  
 And swift-speeding Tritons,  
 And Phorcus' whole muster;  
 On his left hand was Thétis  
 With Nescá, Thalia,  
 Cymódoce, Spio,  
 The maid Panopéan,  
 And Mélité.

Here through the mind anxious  
 Of father Enéas  
 Bland joy in its turn thrills;  
 He commands them to set up  
 All the masts quickly,

And the sáils on the yárd spread.  
 They unfúrl sail togéther,  
 First on the lárboard side,  
 Thén on the stárboard side,  
 Ánd to the gúnnel  
 The cléw-lines brace fást;  
 All at ónce they heave úp  
 Their yárd-horns on high,  
 Then hául them taught áft,  
 And before the wind scúd.  
 Palinúrus, ahéad,  
 The dénce squadron léd;  
 All the óthers were órdered  
 To shápe course by him.

And now dám Night had réached  
 About hálfway her góal,  
 And beside their oars strétched  
 All alóng the hard bénches  
 The sáilors in still sleep  
 Their limbs had reláxed,  
 Whén from th' ethéreal sky  
 Dówn gliding light,  
 The mürky air párting,  
 And scáttering the dárkness,  
 Sómnu to thée comes,  
 Ó Palinúrus,  
 Ánd for no fáult of thine  
 Brings thee sad slúmbers;  
 And, in figure like Phórbas,  
 On the high poop the Gód sat,  
 And pójured this discóurse:—

“Palinúrus lásides,  
 Stéady the fléct goes  
 Before the fair wind;  
 'Tis the hóur of repóse;  
 Lay thine héad down to slúmber,  
 And stéal for thy tired eyes  
 A móment of rést:  
 I mysélf for a while  
 Will take ón me thy dúty.”  
 To him Palinúrus,  
 His eyés scarce uplifting:—  
 “And desírest thou mé  
 To confide in this mónter;  
 As if I knew nót  
 What the plácid face méans,  
 And the cálm of the sált sea?  
 Or wóuldst thou have mé,  
 Whom a fáir-seeming sky  
 So óften has chéated,  
 Give Enéas in chárge  
 To the tréacherous bréezes?”

He sáid, and kept wáatching  
 With fixed eyes the stárs,  
 And clung clóse to the tiller,  
 And wóuld not let gó:  
 Then ó'er both his témples,  
 Behóld! the God shákes  
 A bóugh drenched in Léthe's  
 Stygian déw soporific,  
 And reléases his swimming  
 And únwilling eyés.  
 No sóoner the first touch

Of sléep unexpected  
His límbs had reláxed,  
Thán with his whóle weight  
He léans down upón him,  
And into the cléar water  
Pushes him héadlong,  
With the bróken-off hélm  
And a párt of the póop,  
And óft on his cómrades  
In váin for help cálling;  
Then úp to the thin air  
Awáy soars himsélf.  
But the fléet notwithstanding  
Sails dáuntlessly ón,  
In sirc Néptune's word sáfe:  
And nów they were néaring  
The rócks of the Sirens,  
Dángerous of óld,  
And with sáilors' bones white;  
Far óff heard the cónstant  
Hoarse róar of the bréakers;  
When the Fáther, percéiving  
The ship drifting wide  
For wánt of her hélm'sman,  
Himsélf steered her ón  
Through the midnight wáters,  
Much shócked, and laménting  
With mány a gróan oft  
The ill chánce of his friend:—  
“O tóo much confíding  
In fáir sea and ský,  
On an únknown shore náked,  
Palinúre, thou shalt líe.”

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## VI.

With téars he sáid, and gáve his fléet the réins;  
Ánd at last glídes to Cúma's shóres Euboéan.

Móored by the áncor's tooth tenácious,  
The véssels' curved sterns líne the cóast;  
Óut toward the séa the próws are túrned:  
Fórth on the shóre Hespérian léap  
The árdent yóung men in a bánd:  
Sóme for the séeds of fire make séarch,  
Whére in the flint's veins théy lie hídden;  
Sóme through the wóods scour ánd the déns  
And thicket of their wíld indwéllers,  
Or find and shów where flów the rivers.

But kínd Enéas séeks afár  
The stéep where high Apólló réigns,  
Ánd the vást and áwful cávern,  
Sécret háunt of dréad Sibýlla,  
Whóm the séer of Délos fills  
With inspirátions high and mighty,  
Ánd foreknówledge óf the fúture.

Ánd now to the gróves of Trívia  
Ánd the gólden fáne they cóme;

Dédalús, so sáys repórt,  
 Fróm the realms of Minos fléeing,  
 Dáred on fóward-béaring pinions  
 Tó confide him tó the sky,  
 And, by that unfrequénted róute  
 Tóward the gélid Árctic sailing,  
 Lightly sét his foot at lást  
 Ón the high Chalcidic stéep.

Hére where he first touched lánd agáin,  
 He ráised thee, Phoébus, á vast témples,  
 And in it cónsecráted tó thee  
 The wings with which he had rowed thíther.  
 Andrógeos' déath was ón the dóors,  
 And the Cecrópidaé compélled  
 To páy away in ánnual mulet,  
 Ah wóe! seven of their sóns alive:  
 You sée before you stánding thérę  
 The úrn from whence they 've dráwn their lóts.

And córrespónding, ópposite,  
 The Gnóssian lánd, raised ó'er the séa,  
 Displays the unnáatural, stólen connéxion  
 Of Pasiphaë with the búll,  
 And the móntroous passion's frúit,  
 The biform Minotáur, memórial  
 Of the confúsion bétween kinds.

Here tóo is sén th' élaborate hóuse,  
 That máze from which there 's nō escáping —  
 But Dédalús, out of compassion  
 Tó the gréat love of the quéen,  
 With a clúe the captíve's blind steps

Hímsel guíded, ánd unrávelled  
The buílding's cúnning róundabóuts.

Thou tóo, O Ícarús, hadst hád,  
Hád the fáther's grief permitted,  
A lárge share in so gréat a wórk —  
Twice he essayed in góld  
The disáster to móuld:  
Twice the patérrnal hands  
Pówerless fell.

Bút before they cónld entírely  
With their eyés the wórk go óver,  
Achátes, whóm they hád before them  
Despátched as cóurier, hád retúrned,  
Ánd Deiphobe, Gláucus' dáughter,  
Phoébus' and Trivia's priestess, with him,  
Whó in thése words to the king:—  
“This is nò time fór sight-séeing;  
Bétter fár it wére to óffer,  
Ás demánded by the cùstom,  
Séven steers fróm th' unblémished hérd,  
Ánd an équal númer chóice sheep  
Thát have cút their sécond-yéar teeth.”

The priestess, whén she hád in thése words  
Addréssed Enéas (nór were théy  
Slów to perfóm the rituál órdered),  
Ínto the high fane cálls the Teúcri.

The side of thé Euboéan róck  
Ínto a cávern húge is hóllowed,  
Whíther a húndred wide appróaches

Thróugh a húndred bróad mouths léad,  
 Whénce the ánswers óf the Sibyl  
 - In a húndred vóices rúsh.

Tó the éntrance théy had cóme,  
 Whén the virgin:— “Tó demánd  
 The fátes now is the time,” she sáys:  
 “The Gód! see thére! the Gód! the Gód!”

While thus before the dóor she spóke,  
 Her cóuntenánce, all óf a súdden,  
 And cólor chánged; intó disórder  
 Féll her combed háir; high héaved her bréast,  
 Sávage and rábid swélléd her héart;  
 Táller than húman lóoks her státure,  
 Lóuder than mórtal’s sóunds her vóice,  
 As clóser still and clóser ón her  
 Blóws the Gód’s inspiring bréath: —  
 “Why so slów with thy vóws and práyers,  
 Trójan Enéas, why so slów?  
 Néver, until thou hast vówed and práyed,  
 Will this astóunded dwélling ópen  
 Its mighty, yáwning móuth.”  
 This sáid, she húshed; an icy trémor  
 Thrilled through the hárdy Teúcrians’ bónes,  
 And fróm the bótton óf his bréast  
 Poured fórth these práyers the king: —

“O Phoébus, óf Troy’s grieveous tóils  
 Compássionate éver; whó diréctedst  
 Straight agáinst Eáclides’ bódy  
 Páris’ Dárdan sháft and hán;d;  
 Fóllowing whose guídance I have éntered

So mány séas encómpassing  
 So mány widely trénding cóasts,  
 Éven to the quite out-óf-the-wáy  
 Massýlian tribes, and tó the lánds  
 That lie behind the scréen of the Sýrtes;  
 Nów that, at lást, we háve caught hóld  
 Óf the fúgitive shóre Itálian,  
 Lét our évil Trójan fórtune  
 No further gó alóng with us.  
 Ye tóo, Gods áll and Góddesses,  
 To whóm Dardánia's mighty glóry,  
 And Ílium gáve such úmbrage, yé  
 May wéll spare nów the ráce Pergámean:  
 And thóu, most hóly séer prophétic,  
 Gránt me — I ásk a débt — the réalm  
 My fátes have prómised mé in Látium;  
 A séttlement fór the Teúcrians thére,  
 Ánd for Troy's trável-hárassed Góds.  
 To Phoébus ánd to Trívia thén  
 I 'll fóund a sólid márble témples,  
 And sét apárt days tó be képt  
 Féstive in Phoébus' náme and hónor.  
 Thee tóo, O grácious máid, awáits  
 A gréat shrine in our réalm; for thére  
 A brótherhóod I 'll cónsecrát,  
 To táké charge óf thine óracles,  
 Ánd the mystérious fátes intérpret,  
 Appóinted tó befáll my line.  
 Only trust nót to léaves thy vérses,  
 Lést, of the rápid winds the spórt,  
 Hére and thére they fly disórdered:  
 Sing them thysélf, I práy."  
 No further wórd he ádded.

Bút, of Phoébus nót yet páient,  
 The séer ramps in the cáve, outrágeous,  
 To sháke off, if she máy, the gréat God;  
 So much the móre in hánd he bárs her,  
 So much the móre her rábid móuth  
 Wórries and wórks, and támes her wild heart.

And now the búilding's húndred húge doors  
 Ópen spontáneous, ánd the séer's  
 Respónses thróugh the áir transmit:—  
 “O thóu who hást at lást o'ercóme  
 The mighty périls óf the séa  
 (Lánd's greater périls yét awáit thee),  
 The Dárdans tó the réalm Lavinian  
 Shall cóme — thine ánxious dóubts dismiss —  
 Bút they shall rúe the dáy they cáme:  
 Wárs, horrid wárs, I sée; and Týber  
 Fóaming with a blóody flóod.  
 Néver shalt thóu a Símoüs wánt,  
 A Xánthus, ór a Dóric cámp;  
 In Látium 's provided fór thee  
 A néw Achíllés, ánd no léss  
 Bórn of a Góddess thán the fórmér;  
 And néver will the Teúcrians' bággage,  
 Júno, be ábsent fróm them fár.  
 Whére 's the Itálian tribe or city,  
 To which in thát thine hóur of néed  
 Thou shált not ráise thy crý for hélp?  
 Agáin the cáuse of só great trúble  
 Shall bé a strángér bride's espousal  
 By a Teúcrian bridegroom-guést.  
 But yield not thóu to évil fórtune;  
 Ráther confrónt the ill more boldly

The móre advérse it cómes upón thee.  
 Salvátion's wáy will ópen tó thee  
 Fróm a quárter whénce of áll  
 Thou hóp'st it léast, a Gráian city."

In such dark wórds the trúth invólving,  
 The Cúman Sibyl fróm the shríne  
 Cháunted her fríghtful rhápsody,  
 And máde the cávern róund rebéllow;  
 So crúelly Apóllo chécked  
 Her ráging móuth's bars with the bit,  
 And dág intó her side the rówels.

Át the fírst pause óf her fúry,  
 First rest óf her rábid móuth,  
 Héro Enéas thús begins:—  
 “Néw to mé or únexpécted  
 Ríses, máid, no fórm of trúble:  
 I have foreséen and in my mind  
 Préviously gone thróugh the whóle.  
 One thing I bég; since hére, they sáy,  
 The dóorway óf the inférnal king,  
 And hére the dismal láke that cómes  
 From the óverflów of Ácheron,  
 Shów me the wáy that í should gó  
 My déar sire's fáce once móre to sée,  
 Ópen the sácred pórtals fór me;  
 Hím from the énemy's midst I snáttched,  
 Upón these shóulders bórre him óff  
 Through flámes and thóusand following wéapons;  
 Wéak as he wás, he wént with mé  
 Áll the seas róund, my trável's cómrade,  
 Bore áll the thréats of wáves and wéather,

To yéars declining só unsuited.  
 Náy, himself bégged me ánd commissioned  
 To cóme thus suppliant tó thy dwélling.  
 Take pity, gráciouſ maid, I pray thee,  
 Both ón the són and ón the sire;  
 For thine is hére the pówer supréme,  
 And not idly Hécate gáve thee  
 Dominion ó'er Avérnus' gróves.  
 If Órpheus with his Thrácian lýre's  
 Resóunding strings could súmmon báck  
 His spóuse's Mánes;  
 If Póllux fór his bróther's lífe  
 Could give his ówn lífe in redémption,  
 And that róad pass ánd repáss,  
 Life for déath so óften chánging —  
 Or néed I méntion mighty Théseus,  
 Gréat Alcides néed I méntion?  
 I too am sprúng from Jóve supréme."  
 So prayed he bý the áltars holding;  
 And thus begán the próphetess:—

"Trójan Anchisiades, séed of the Góds,  
 The descént to Avérnus is éasy —  
 Day and night open stánds  
 The dóor of dark Dis —  
 But thy stéps to the úpper air  
 Báck to retráce,  
 That indéed is labórious,  
 Hard wórk indeed thát,  
 By those ráre ones accómplished,  
 Whom, bórн of the Góds,  
 Just Júpiter favored,  
 Or árdor of virtue

Bore alóft to the éther:  
 Wide wóods intervéne,  
 And aróund with dark bósom  
 Cocýtus' stream winds;  
 But if twice to sail  
 The Stygian lake óver  
 So stróng be thy pássion,  
 If so kéen thy desire  
 Black Tártarus to sée twice,  
 And thou lik'st at the mad toil  
 To take thy full swing,  
 Hear what 's first to be dóne:  
 On a dárk shady trée  
 There gróws a bough sácred  
 To Júno Inférnal;  
 All gólden its léaves are,  
 Its tóugh stem all gólden;  
 In the déphts of the gróve,  
 In the glóomy glen's déphts,  
 It lies hidden obscúre; .  
 Yet may no one énter  
 The únderground wórld,  
 Ere this gólden-tressed shóot  
 He has plúcked from the trée.  
 This gift as her ówn  
 Fair Prosérpina cláims,  
 And commánds to be bróught her.  
 The first branch off-bróken,  
 Anóther gold bóugh  
 With like golden léaves  
 Shoots óut in its stéad.  
 So explóre the place róund,  
 Till the bráñch thou hast fóund,

And then with thy hand  
 (With thy hand it must be)  
 Break it off from the tree;  
 For 'twill go with thee ready,  
 If for it thou 'rt fated;  
 Else no strength of thine,  
 Not even with hard steel's help,  
 May avail to compel it.  
 I will tell thee besides,  
 Thy friend lifeless lies  
 (Ah! little thou dream'st it)  
 And with his dead body  
 Pollutes the whole fleet,  
 Whilst here thou keep'st hanging  
 About my purlieus,  
 And for oracles seek'st.  
 Him away carry first,  
 And duly dispose  
 In his home in the tomb;  
 Then bring thy black cattle,  
 And make thy sin-offering.  
 That done, the groves Stygian  
 At last thou shalt see,  
 And the realms that no entrance  
 Allow to the living."

She said, and her mouth closed,  
 And further word spake not.

Enéas, with fixed eyes and sad,  
 In his mind the dark future revolving,  
 Quits the cave, and with faithful Achates,  
 Than himself no less careful and anxious,  
 Along walking, various discusses

What cómrade the prophéteSS méant,  
 Whose déad body wás to be búried;  
 When, lo! as they cóme to the béach,  
 Misénus they sée lying déad,  
 Of a nóbler death wéll worthy hé:  
 Than Misénus Eólides nóné  
 With the sóul-stirring blást of the trúmpet  
 Knew bétter the báttle to kíndle;  
 Great Héctor's compánion he 'd béen,  
 And, distínguished for blówing the trúmpet,  
 Distínguished for húrling the spéar,  
 In the fight had his státion near Héctor;  
 But whén Hector's life had becóme  
 The préy of victórious Achílles,  
 The redóubtable chámpion attáched him  
 To Dárdan Enéas, a pátron  
 To Héctor himsélf not inférior.  
 But nów as he chánced to be máking  
 The séa with his hóllow conch ring,  
 Ánd in his fólly had chállenged  
 The Góds to a trial of skíll,  
 Jealous Triton, if trúe what they sáy,  
 Came póunce on his ríval and drówned him  
 In the midst of the fóaming sea-bréakers.

So abóut him they áll,  
 And géntle Enéas  
 Móre than the rést,  
 Raise the lóud shout and cry,  
 And áll the while wéeping  
 Make hásTe to perfórm,  
 Withóut stop or stáy,  
 The commánds of the Síbyl, . . .

And strive toward the sky  
 With felled trees to raise high  
 The funereal pyre.  
 Into the old wood,  
 Lofty stable of wild beasts,  
 Away they are gone;  
 Down tumble the pine trees,  
 The evergreen oak  
 Rings with their axe stroke;  
 The trunk of the ash  
 With their wedges is rent,  
 And split into billets;  
 Rolled down from the hills  
 To the heap the great Ornus.

In the midst of such labors  
 Enéas is foremost,  
 And, girded with like tools,  
 Exhorts on his comrades;  
 And, on the immense wood  
 His look forward casting,  
 Ponders thus in his sad heart,  
 And thus aloud prays:—

“Might but that golden bough  
 Now in this great wood  
 Show itself on its tree,  
 Since but too true, alas!  
 All the prophetess said,  
 O Misénus, of thee!”

Scarce had he the words said,  
 When two doves, before

His véry face, chanced  
 From the ský to come flying,  
 And lit on the gréen sward:  
 Then the mightiest héro,  
 With jóy recognising  
 His móther's birds, práyed:—

“My guides be yé,  
 If wáy there bé,  
 And thróugh the áir  
 Befóre me gliding  
 Léad me whére  
 The rich branch shádes  
 The gróve's rank sóil.  
 And thóu, thy són,  
 O Góddess móther,  
 In this his hóur  
 Of néed, forsáke not.”

He sáid; and his stép staid,  
 The birds' route obsérving,  
 And which way to gó  
 They might give him the signal.  
 So fár as the eyé  
 Of óne coming áfter  
 Might still in view hold them,  
 Alóng they went flying,  
 And feeding betweén times;  
 Bút to Avérnus's  
 Ill-smelling thróat  
 No sóoner they cóme,  
 Than úp lightly rising  
 They glide through the cléar air,

And take their perch thérē  
 Where he só much desired,  
 Side by side on the tréē  
 Through whose boughs shone contrásted  
 The rádiance of góld.  
 You have seen in the woods,  
 How the mistletoe (birth  
 Of a tréē not its ówn)  
 Wraps the tāper stem róund  
 With its yóung, saffron shóots,  
 And piits forth its fóliage,  
 And flórishes fair  
 In the cold of the winter:  
 So lóoked the gold bough  
 On the shády holm óak,  
 In the light breezes só  
 The métállic leaf cráckled.  
 Enéas forthwith grasps  
 And éagerly bréaks off  
 The slów - yielding bough,  
 And to prophétic  
 Sibýlla's home bárs it.

On the shóre in the méantime  
 The Teicri no less  
 Were bewáiling Misénus,  
 And on the thánkless  
 Áshes bestówing  
 The last márks of respéct.  
 And first of oak - billet  
 And únctuous tórchwood  
 They búild the huge pýre,  
 And with dark fóliage

Its sides intertwine,  
 And funéreal cýpresses  
 Sét up before it,  
 And with árms bright and shining  
 Adórn it abóve.  
 And sóme brazen cáldrons  
 Of wáter get réady,  
 And bóil on the fire;  
 Then báthe and anóint  
 The cold corpse, and óver it  
 Ráise the loud crý;  
 On the cóuch then they láy out  
 The bódy laménted,  
 And óver it cást  
 The well-knówn purple quílt.

Some téke on their shóulders  
 The gréat bier, sad óffice!  
 Or únder the pýre  
 The tórch hold, and túrn  
 Their fáces aside  
 As their sórefathers úsed;  
 Or from mány a lárgé bowl  
 Pour óil on the pýre,  
 And húge heaps of víands,  
 And ódorous gúms,  
 And búrn all togéther.

But whén into áshes  
 The búrning pyre sánk,  
 And the fláme played no lónger,  
 They throw wine on the rélicas  
 And bibulous émbers;

And in a brass cásket  
 Corynéus collectés  
 And inclóses the bónes.  
 Thén round the cómpany  
 Thrée times he cárries  
 The púre, lustral wáter,  
 And, ás he goes, sprinkles  
 With ólive branch lúcky  
 The light dew upón them,  
 And the lást, last words útters.

But géntle Enéas  
 On tóp of him pláces  
 A gréat mass sepúlchral,  
 The héro's arms béaring  
 And trúmpet and óar,  
 At the sóot of that móuntain  
 High in the air tówering,  
 Which nów has from him  
 The náme of Misénus,  
 And will through all áges  
 Perpétuate the náme.  
 This dóne, he procéeds with,  
 And éxecutes quickly,  
 Sibýlla's commánds.

By a bláck lake protécted  
 And glóomy woods róund,  
 There gáped with a vást  
 Awful yáwn a deep cávern  
 All rúggéd with shíngle,  
 Over which without hárñ  
 Could no flyíng thing páss,

Such a stéam from its dárk jaws  
 Exháled to heaven's cónvex;  
 For which réason the Gráii  
 The pláce called Avérnus.

Hére first the priestess  
 Sets fóur black steers stánding,  
 Ánd on their fóreheads  
 Póurs the wine sídeways;  
 And plúcking the úppermost  
 Háirs 'twixt the hórns,  
 Pláces the firstlings  
 On the fire of the áltar,  
 And alóud calls on Hécate  
 In Érebus poténtial  
 As wéll as in héaven.  
 And óthers the júgulars  
 Incíse from belów,  
 And in wide, shallow sáucers  
 Recéive the warm blóod.  
 To the móther of the Fúries,  
 And tó her great síster,  
 Enéas himsélf slays  
 A fléecy, black lámb,  
 Ánd to thee, Próserpine,  
 A bárren-wombed héifer;  
 Then tó the king Stýgian .  
 The night altar ráises,  
 And an óx's whole cárcase  
 Upón its fire pláces,  
 And óver the hot roast  
 Póurs the fat óil.

But, behóld! at sunrise  
 The ground únder their féet  
 Is beginning to béllow,  
 And the móuntain tops wóody  
 To quáke to and fró,  
 Ánd through the dárkness  
 Dog-bitches are hówing;  
 For the Góddess is cóming:—

“Off! off! ye profáne ones,”  
 The próphetess cries:  
 “Let not óne of you ánywhere  
 In the grove linger —  
 But thóu, draw thy swórd,  
 And set óut on thy róad;  
 For cóurage, Eneás,  
 Now, now is the time;  
 For firmness the time ’s now.”  
 These wórds having úttered,  
 She plúnged all infúriate  
 Into the cáve’s mouth;  
 Hé, with no timid step,  
 Kept páce with his guíde.

Ye Góds who rule óver  
 The émpire of spirits,  
 And yé, silent Shádes,  
 Ye, Cháos and Phlégethon,  
 Régions of wide-brooding  
 Stillness and night,  
 Be the privilege allówed me  
 To téll what I ’ve héard,  
 Your sánction accórded

The things to révéal  
 That in dárkness are súnk  
 And the déphts of the éarth.

In the lónely night, dárkling,  
 They wént through the sháde,  
 Through the réalms unsubstántial  
 And mánsions of Dis,  
 As one trávels in the wóoods  
 By the créscent moon's twílight,  
 When Júpiter plúnges  
 The ský into shádow,  
 And mürky night strips  
 The wórd of its cólor.

In the véstibule's frónt,  
 And the véry beginning  
 And jáw's edge of Órcus,  
 Remórse has her cóuch placed  
 With Sórrow beside her,  
 And thére pale Diséases  
 And sád Old Age dwéll,  
 And Pénury vile,  
 And ill-cóunselling Húnger,  
 And Féar, Death and Tóil,  
 Frightful fórms to behóld,  
 And, Déath's cousin, Sléep,  
 And the críminal Pássions;  
 And in frónt, as thou énterest,  
 Déath-dealing Wárfare,  
 And the Euménides'  
 Íron bedchámbers,  
 And Discord insénsate,

With blóody band tyíng  
The snákes of her háir.

In the midst an aged élm  
Its wide-branching árms  
Huge and shády spreads óut,  
Under whóse every láef,  
Vain, incónsequent Dréams,  
They sáy, have their dwélling  
And néstle in clústers.  
Many móntsters besides  
Of béstly forms várious  
Abóut the doors kénnel;  
Centaurs, Górgons, and Hárpies,  
Half-mán half-fish Scýllas,  
Hundred-handed Briáreus,  
Lerna's bést hissing hórrid,  
Flame-bélching Chiméra,  
And the thrée-bodied Sháde.

Here Enéas his swórd grasps,  
In sudden alárm,  
And presénts the drawn édge  
To thém coming ónward,  
And séems to be bést  
(Were it nót for the wárning  
His skinned comrade gives him,  
That they 're nóthing but thin  
Unsubstántial souls flitting  
Under sémblance of bódies)  
To rush in upón them,  
And, áll to no púrpose,  
Cleave the shádows in súnder.

From hénce the road léads  
 Tó where Tartárean  
 Ácheron's wáters  
 In vást muddy whílpool  
 Rising belch óver  
 The whóle of their sánd and lees  
 Ínto Cocýtus.  
 A férryman hórrid  
 Has chárge of these wáters,  
 Charon, térribly squálid,  
 With eýes of flame stáring,  
 And gréat grisly béard  
 Uncáred on chin lyíng,  
 And sórdid garb hánging  
 Tied óver his shóulder:  
 Althóugh somewhat áged,  
 The Gód is still hárdy,  
 And wéars his years wéll;  
 And himsélf with a lóng pole  
 The bóat forward scúlling,  
 Himsélf the sails ténding,  
 Acróss in his rústy craft  
 Férries his fréight.

With a rúsh the whole crówd  
 Toward the férry was póuring;  
 Men and mátrons were thére,  
 And magnánimous héroes,  
 The tásk of life óver,  
 And yóung lads and máidens,  
 And yóuths whom their párents  
 Saw ón the pile pláced;  
 As númerous as léaves fall

Detached in the fórest,  
 In the first chill of áutumn;  
 Or as birds from the high-deep  
 Tóward the land shóaling  
 When the cold season róuts  
 And to sunny climes sénds them  
 Awáy beyond séa.

Across to be férried  
 The fóremost were bégging,  
 And in lóve with the fúrther bank  
 Stréttched their hands óut;  
 But the bóatman sevère  
 Now sóme takes, now óthers,  
 And sóme from the stránd  
 Removes far and keeps óff.

Then Enéas in wónder  
 And móved by the túmult:—  
 “What méans,” says, “O máiden,  
 To the river such cóncourse?  
 What is it these sóuls seek?  
 Or fróm the banks whý  
 Are sóme of them turned back,  
 While sóme of them óver  
 The livid straits rów?”  
 To whóm briefly thús  
 The áge-stricken priestess:—

“O són of Anchises,  
 Gods’ óffspring undóubted,  
 Of Stýx and Cocýtus  
 Thou sée’st the deep wáters,

Which nō God may swéar by  
 And nót keep his óath.  
 Unbúried, forlórn,  
 All the crówd thou see'st hére;  
 Yon férryman 's Cháron;  
 Acróss sail the búried.  
 These hórrible bácks  
 And this hóarse stream to cróss  
 No sóul is permítted,  
 Ere his bónes in the tómb rest.  
 A húndred years flitting  
 They wánder these shóres round;  
 Then at lást are admítted  
 To visit agáin  
 The so múch longed-for wáters."

Stayed his stép and stood still  
 The séed of Anchises,  
 Pitying their hárd lot,  
 And múch within póndering;  
 For thére he saw sád  
 And withóut funeral hónors  
 Leucásp and the Lýcian  
 Crew's cáptain, Oróntes,  
 Both togéther by Áuster  
 O'erwhélméd in the wáters,  
 And súnk with their shíp,  
 As from Tróy they sailed óver  
 The stórmý sea-pláin.

And behóld sauntering thére  
 Palinúrus the stéersman,  
 Who, while wáatching the stárs,

Had fállen overbóard  
 From the stérn, in the midst  
 Of the láte Libyan vóyage;  
 Whóm when he rēcognised  
 Sórrowing thérē  
 (And not éasily éither,  
 So gréat was the dárkness),  
 He thus prior addréssed:—  
 “What Gód snatched thee fróm us  
 And míd the sea drówned,  
 Palinúrus, come téll me;  
 For in this sole respónse,  
 That thou shóuldst to Ausónia’s bounds  
 Vóyage in sáfety,  
 Has Apóllo decéived me,  
 Whom áught but truth-spéaking  
 I fóund before néver.”

“O commánder,” he ánswered,  
 “The cúrtain that cóvers  
 The tripod of Phoébus,  
 Has nót played thee fálse;  
 Nór in the séa-plain  
 Has ány God drówned me;  
 For whíle to my póst  
 At the hélm I kept clóse,  
 And steered stéady alóng,  
 I féll headlong dówn  
 And dragged with me, it chánced,  
 And with gréat force awáy  
 From its pláce tore, the rúdder.

“By the róugh seas I swéar,  
 I feared léss for mysélf,  
 Thán lest thy véssel,  
 Deprived of its tákkle,  
 Its stéersman o’erbóard,  
 Should nót prove a mátch  
 For so gréat, rising wáves.  
 During thrée stormy nights,  
 Over séa-plains imménde,  
 Notus bóre me alóng  
 Through the rúde dashing wáters;  
 Scarce at lást on the fóurth day  
 From tóp of the wáve  
 Had I view of Itália.

“To the lánd by degrées  
 I had flóated, and nów —  
 Was júst out of dánger,  
 When the nátives, mistáking me  
 För a rich bóoty,  
 Fell crúelly ón me,  
 Weighed dówn as I wás  
 With my wét clothes, and gráppling  
 With my hánds crooked upón  
 The cliff’s rough projéctions —  
 And nów the waves háve me,  
 Ánd the winds tóss me  
 Abóut on the shóre.

“Bút by the sky’s  
 Pleasant light and áir,  
 By thine hópeful Iúlus  
 And thy síre I entréat thee,

O invincible, réscue me  
 Óut of these tróubles,  
 Ór to the Véline port  
 Gó, for thou 'rt áble,  
 And thrów earth upón me;  
 Or if thou at áll may'st,  
 And thy Goddess-móther  
 Points óut any wáy  
 (For without the Gods' sánction  
 Thou attémp'tst not, I think,  
 O'er these rivers to sáil  
 And this gréat, Stygian flóod),  
 To a póor wretch thy hán'd stretch,  
 And táké me alóng with thee  
 Óver the wáters,  
 That in déath I may find  
 At least sóme place of quiet."

These wórds he had sáid,  
 When the próphetess thús:—  
 “Whence, Ó Palinúrus,  
 This pássion so díre?  
 Shalt thóu to the shóre  
 Unpermitted go dówn?  
 Shalt thóu, unentómbed,  
 The sevérre Styx behóld,  
 The Euménides' river?  
 Abándon the hópe  
 That the fátes of the Góds  
 May be bén't by entréaty;  
 But héar and remémber,  
 And fróm my words táké  
 For thine hár'd case some cómfort:

Thy néighbours, impélled  
 By pörtents from héaven,  
 Shall expiate thy déath  
 Far and wide through their cities,  
 And a túmulus búild thee,  
 Ánd at the túmulus  
 Rítes annivérsary  
 Perfórm in thine hónor,  
 And the pláce shall for éver  
 Be cálled Palinúrus."

These wórds soothed his cáre,  
 And his héart for a líttle while  
 Éased of its sádness;  
 That the lánd bears his náme  
 Is a pléasant thing tó him.

They procéed therefore ón  
 With the jóurney in hánd,  
 And draw néar to the river:  
 But whén from Styx' wáters  
 The bóatman behólds them  
 Through the silent wood cóming  
 And tóward the bank túrning,  
 He thus prior accósts,  
 And begins thus to chide them:—

“Halló! whosoéver  
 Thou árt, that in árms  
 Appróachest our river,  
 Say whérefore thou cóm'st —  
 From that véry spot sáy —  
 And stóp thy step thére.  
 This of Shádows the pláce is,

And Sléep, and Night drówsy;  
 Live bódies to férry  
 In Stýgian boat óver  
 Were high misdéméanor;  
 And smáll cause have í  
 To be glád that I tóok  
 On the férry Alcides,  
 Or Pirithous and Théseus,  
 Invincible thóugh they were,  
 Ánd of Gods sprúng.  
 The one sóught to imprison  
 The kíeper Tartárean,  
 And drágged him all trémbling  
 From the véry king's thróne;  
 The óthers Dis' lády's  
 Abdúction attémpted."

To which the Amphryísian seer  
 Briefly thus ánswered:—  
 “No such plótting is hére  
 (Thou néed'st not so frét thee),  
 Nór by these wéapons  
 Dó we mean fórcé;  
 The huge dóor-watch for ús  
 May for éver and éver  
 In his cávern keep bárking,  
 To the blóodless Shades' térror;  
 'Cross her úncle's door sill  
 Chaste Prosérpina néver  
 For ús need set fóot.  
 Trójan Enéas,  
 The géntle and bráve,  
 To Érebus' lówest shades

Hére is descénding  
 To visit his sire.  
 If that pícture of ténderness  
 Móve thee no jót,  
 At léast thou 'lt acknówledge  
 This bráñch" — and she shówed  
 The bráñch, that lay hid  
 In the fóld of her vést.

The swéll of his ire  
 Subsídes from his héart,  
 And no móre words there pássed,  
 But with wónder regárding  
 The réverenced gift,  
 The fáted wand, nót  
 For so lóng a time séen,  
 He 'bóuts his dark-blúe skiff,  
 And dráws near the báñk;  
 Then máking rough cléarance  
 Of the sóuls that were sitting  
 Alóng the long bénches,  
 Throws ópen the gángway,  
 And into the bóat's hull  
 Takes gréat-sized Enéas:  
 Oppréssed by the wéight,  
 The stítched wherry gróaned,  
 And let in through its léaks  
 A gréat plash of wáter;  
 But at lást on the fár side  
 Sets dówn without dámage  
 In the yéllow-green sédge  
 And river slob úgly  
 Both héro and séer.

In a cáve right in frónt  
 Huge Cérberus lies coucherant,  
 Uncouth mónter, and mákes  
 With his triple throat's. bárking  
 The whóle realm resóund.  
 To him the seer flings  
 (For she sées on his néck  
 The snakes bristling alréady)  
 A cáke sweet with hóney  
 And drugged with narcótics.  
 Wide ópening his thréé  
 Ravening gúllets, he séizes  
 The góbbet thrown tó him,  
 Then ón the ground stréetches  
 His uncouth chine óut,  
 And húge and reláxed lying  
 Fills the whole cáve.  
 Enéas, the guárd  
 Of the pússage entránced,  
 Mákes good his éntrance,  
 And with light foot behínd leaves  
 The bánk of that flóod  
 That is néver recróssed.

Immédiately héard  
 In the éntrance the vóices  
 Of children's souls wáiling,  
 Which, ére they had tásted  
 Of swéet life their sháre,  
 A dark dáy snatched awáy  
 From the bréast, and consigned  
 To a prémature gráve.

Beside these were thóse  
 Who to die were condémned  
 On a fálse accusátion.  
 (Nór were the pláces  
 At rándom appóinted,  
 Or withóut judge's séntence;  
 But président Minos  
 Shakes úp in the úrn  
 The bállots for júdges,  
 And assémbles togéther  
 The stílly souls áll,  
 And mákes inquisition  
 Respécting the crímes  
 That in life they 've committed.)

Next to thése dwell in sádness  
 Those whó the light lóathed,  
 And though guilty of nó crime  
 Laid hánds on themsélves,  
 And their líves threw awáy.  
 How gládly they 'd póverty  
 Nów bear, and hárd toil,  
 Abóve in the éther!  
 But the Fátes stand oppósed,  
 The háteful wave binds them,  
 And níne times wound róund them  
 Sevére Styx's wáters  
 Cut óff their retúrn.

Not fár hence are shówn  
 On évery side spréading  
 The Sórrowful Pláins  
 (For by thát name they 're cálled)

Where, under the cover  
 Of myrtle groves, wänder  
 In sécret paths hidden  
 Those whóm unrelénting  
 And crúel love's plágue  
 To the córe has corróded;  
 Not éven in death's sélf  
 Do their sórrows forsáke them.  
 Here he sées Eriphýle  
 Displáying in sádness  
 The wóunds which her són's  
 Cruel hánd had inflicted;  
 He sées here Pasíphaë,  
 Phédra, and Prócris,  
 And Evádne, and Láodamia,  
 And sómetime male Céneus  
 Now fémale agáin  
 And to his first sex  
 By Fáte's will retúrned.

And thére in the midst of them,  
 Frésh from her wóund,  
 In the gréat forest wándered  
 Phoenician Dido:  
 Whom sóon as Troy's héro,  
 Not fár from her stánding,  
 Behéld through the shádow,  
 And récognised dim,  
 As óne who the néw moon  
 Sees thróugh the clouds rising,  
 Or imágines he sées,  
 He wépt, and with ténderness  
 Thús to her sáid:—

“The news then was true,  
 O unfortunate Dido,  
 Thát thou laidst violent  
 Hánds on thyself;  
 And í have, alás! been  
 The cáuse of thy déath —  
 But I swéar to thee, quéen,  
 By the lights of the sky,  
 And the Góds above dwélling,  
 Ánd by whatéver faith  
 Réigns undergróund,  
 ’Twas agáinst my will sóre  
 From thy coasts I depárted.  
 Those sáme Gods’ commánds,  
 Which now fórce me to trável  
 Through these shádowy pláces  
 Of hóar desolátion  
 And this night profóund,  
 Impérious compélled me;  
 Nor cóuld I have thóught  
 Thou hadst félt, at my párting,  
 A páng so sevère.  
 Stay — withdraw not — whom flée’st?  
 ’Tis the lást time by Fáte  
 I ’m allowed to addréss thee.”

Her búnning ire’s scówl  
 Eneás with súch words  
 And súch tears was sóothing;  
 But awáy she turned fróm him,  
 And ón the ground mótionless  
 Képt her eyes fixed,  
 And no móre her look áltered

For all he could say  
 Than if 'twere a hard  
 Flinty rock that stood there  
 Or tall cliff Marpessian;  
 At last she turns off short,  
 And flings herself spiteful  
 Into the shrubbery's  
 Covert umbrageous,  
 Where Sichéus, her former spouse,  
 Renders her love for love,  
 And with her sorrows  
 Grieves sympathétic.  
 Moved by the sad case,  
 And weeping, Enéas  
 Follows her pitying  
 For some time afar off;  
 On his appointed way  
 Then he proceeds.

And now they at last reach  
 Those distant retreats  
 Which brave warriors inhabit.  
 Here he comes across Týdeus,  
 And Adrastus' pale ghost,  
 And Párthenopéus  
 That warrior renowned.  
 And deep was his groan  
 When he saw the long muster  
 Of the Dardánidae  
 Fallen in battle,  
 Whom in the world above  
 He had so mourned —  
 When he saw Glaucus there,

And Thersílochus, Médon,  
 And Anténor's three sóns,  
 Ánd Polyphoétes,  
 Céres' priest hóly,  
 And Idéus who still had  
 His cháriot beside him,  
 And still held his árms.

Thick róund him the sóuls stand  
 Both on right hand and léft,  
 Ánd, not conténted  
 With séeing him ónce,  
 Love to línger alóngside  
 And méasure steps with him,  
 And ásk why he cómes.

Bút the battálions  
 Ágamemnónian,  
 And chiefs of the Dánaï,  
 When they sée through the shádow  
 The héro's arms gléaming,  
 Some in gréat trepidátion  
 And féar turn their bácks,  
 As toward their ships érewhile  
 Their flight they dirécted;  
 And sóme, making éffort  
 To ráise a great shóut,  
 Scarcely útter a squeak.

Here, with his whole pérsón  
 (His fáce both and límbs)  
 All crúelly mángled,  
 Deiphobus, Priam's son,

Álso he sées:  
 Both his hánds they are lópped,  
 Both his éars they are crópped,  
 Ánd with a wóund  
 Ignomínious shorn óff  
 His nóse from his fáce.  
 He knéw him, though hárdly,  
 As cówering he stóod there,  
 And stríving to cóver  
 His púnishment díre:  
 And óf his own mótion  
 Salúted him thús  
 In áccents well knówn:—

“O wárrior Deiphobus,  
 Teúcer’s blood lófty,  
 To dó thee this spite  
 Who could find in his héart?  
 Or whó had the pówer?  
 The repórt to me cáme  
 That, on thát final night,  
 Áfter thou hadst tired thyself  
 Killing Pelásgi,  
 Thou hadst pérished on tóp  
 Of a gréat heap of sláughter.  
 A cénotaph tó thee  
 I thérefore erécted  
 On the séacoast Rhoetéan,  
 And thrice in a lóud voice  
 Cálled on thy Mánes;  
 Thy náme and thine árms  
 Mark the pláce for thine ówn.  
 In ván I sought fór thee, friend,

Át my depárture,  
 In órder to láy thy bones  
 In their own lánd."

Priámides ánswered:—

"Thou hast léft nought undóne;  
 To Deiphobus' ghóst  
 Thou hast páid, O my friend,  
 All the fúneral hónors.  
 My déstiny 'twás,  
 And the wickedness déadly  
 Of the Lacónian,  
 That in thése evils plúnged me;  
 These tókens are hérs;  
 For hów in the mídst  
 Of false jóys we were pássing  
 That lást night thou knów'st  
 And must tóo well remémber,  
 When dówn on high Pérgamus  
 Cáme with a bóund  
 That fátal horse prégnant  
 With ármed men of wár,  
 She, únder preténce  
 Of a Bácchanal dánce,  
 Leading róund in procéssion  
 The “Évoë”-shóuting  
 Mátrons of Phrygía,  
 And high in the mídst of them  
 Hólding a húge torch,  
 From the tóp of the citadel  
 Signalled the Dánaï.  
 Exháusted with cárres,  
 And with drówsiness wéighed down,

I hád, at that móment,  
 Withdrawn to my lúckless  
 Connúbial bedcháamber,  
 Where ás I lay súnk  
 In a déep and sweet sléep  
 (Placid déath's very ímage),  
 My nótáble spóuse,  
 Having first from the hóuse  
 Remóved all my árms,  
 And from my pillow  
 My trústy sword stólen,  
 Throws wide ópen the dóors  
 And calls in Meneláus,  
 Expécting, no doubt,  
 By a bóon so impórtant  
 Conférred on her lóver,  
 To effáce from his mémory  
 Her fórmér misdéeds.

“But whý a long stóry?  
 They break into my cháluber,  
 Eólides with them,  
 That incíter to ill —  
 Ye Góds, to the Gráii  
 Requite like for like,  
 If I ásk for no móre  
 Than a júst retríbútion,  
 And nót for revénge.  
 But cóme, it 's thy túrn now  
 To sáy what chance hither  
 Hath bróught thee alive;  
 Have the Góds hither wárned thee?  
 Or hást thou thy cóurse lost

When ón the sea sáiling?  
 Or whát other áccident  
 Drives thee to visit  
 These drear, óvercast régions,  
 These súnless abódes?"

While thús they convérsed,  
 Auróra alréady  
 With her rósy four-hórse team  
 Had máde 'cross the sky  
 Half her vóyage ethéreal;  
 And they might have perháps  
 Whiled awáy in like mánnér  
 All the périod allótted,  
 Had not comrade Síbyl  
 Thus briefly admónished:—

— “Night cómes on apáce,  
 Enéas, while wé  
 The hóurs pass in wéeping.  
 This is the spót where  
 The róad into twó splits;  
 The right hand road 's óurs,  
 Which by gréat Dis's tówers  
 Condúcts to Elýsium:  
 The léft hand 's the pénal road,  
 Wáy of the wicked  
 To Tártarus kindless.”  
 Deíphobus ánswered:—  
 “Be not ángry, great priestess;  
 I 'll párt from ye hére  
 And to dárkness retúrn  
 And fill up the númer.

On, ón, O our pride,  
 And thy bétter fates úse."  
 No wórd more he úttered,  
 But túrned as he spóke.

Looking róund on a súdden,  
 Enéas behólds,  
 At the fóot of a róck  
 On the léft, a wide fórtress,  
 Round whose triple wall rápid  
 Tartárean Phlégethon  
 Its tórrent of flámes pours  
 And lóud rumbling stónes.  
 So sólidly buílt  
 Of ádamant píllars  
 Its húge gate in frónt,  
 That of mórtals no pówer,  
 No pówer of immórtals  
 To fórce it were áble:  
 High tó the air rises  
 The gáte tower of iron,  
 Where, with blóody pall gírt,  
 Sits Tisíphone sléepless,  
 And wátches the véstibule  
 Bóth day and night.  
 Groans are héard from within,  
 And whíps' cruel crácking,  
 And iron chains clánking.

Enéas stopped shórt  
 Ánd to the gréat noise  
 Listened affrighted:—  
 “What púnishments thése,

O déclare to me, máiden,  
 Or for whát crimes inflicted?  
 What gréat wail is this,  
 Rising high to the áir?"  
 Then the próphetess thus:—

"Renowned chief of the Teúcri,  
 Over thát wicked thréshold  
 Must no blámeless foot páss;  
 But Hécate hersélf,  
 When óver the gróves  
 Of Avérnus she sét me,  
 All the pénałties táught me  
 Óf the divine wrath,  
 And thróugh the whole léd me.

"Infléxibly rigid  
 And ábsolute rúles  
 Gnossian Rhádamanth hére,  
 Tries the cáse, and awárds  
 The rógués their chastisement,  
 Compélling them first  
 To conféss the deeds dóne  
 Abóve in the wórlid,  
 The atónement for which  
 (Inly plúming themsélvés  
 On the silly deceít)  
 They had pút off till déath,  
 Ánd until 'twas too láte.

"With avénging whip réady,  
 Insúlting Tisiphone  
 Instantly falls on

And láshes the culprits,  
 And her twisted snakes át them  
 . Thrústs with her láft hand,  
 Ánd her fell sisterhood  
 Cálls to come fóward.

“Then at lást, with a hórrible  
 Jár of their hinges,  
 The cursed gates are ópened:  
 Discérn’st what a guárd  
 In the véstibule wáatches?  
 Discérn’st at the dóor  
 What a figure keeps séntry?  
 More féll within séated  
 A Hýdra gapes hideous  
 With fifty dark swállows,  
 And Tártarus itsélf  
 With its héadlong abýsm  
 Down belów the Shades stréetches  
 Twice as déep as the héight.  
 When from éarth thou look’st úp  
 Toward ethéreal Olýmpus.

“Here dówn to the bóttom  
 With thúnderbolts húrled,  
 Roll gróveling the Títans,  
 The óld brood of Térra.  
 Here tóo I had sight of  
 Those bódies gigántic,  
 The twáin Aloídae,  
 Who attémpted the gréat heaven  
 To táké by assáult,

Ánd from his réalm above  
Dówn to thrust Jóve.

“Here tóo, undergóing  
His púnishment crúel,  
Salmóneus I sáw,  
Who, divine honors cláiming,  
And thinking to imitate  
Júpiter’s lightnings  
And thúndering Olympus,  
Dróve in ovátion  
With tórch round him brándished  
In fóur-in-hand cháriot  
Through Élis’ chief city,  
Ánd through the midst  
Of the Gráian péoples,  
Ánd, in his folly,  
Had fáin made the cláttter  
Of hórny-hoofed hórses,  
And cháriot of bráss  
On brass-viaduct rólling,  
Páss for the unpáralleled  
Thúndercloud vólley.  
But the Fáther almighty  
From amóng the thick clóuds  
Flung át him his missile  
(No smóky lamp wás it  
Nor túrpentine tórch),  
Ánd with a hideous whirl  
Dáshed him down héadlong.

“Here tóo to be séen  
Was ómni-productive Earth’s

Fóster-son Tityos,  
 Whose bódy lies spréad out  
 Over nine entire ácres.  
 And housed under whose tall chest  
 A húge, hideous vúlture  
 With hóoked beak sits grúbbing  
 For tit-bits his vitals,  
 And kéeps ever crópping  
 His liver immórtal.  
 Which, as fast as cropped, bóurgeons,  
 And bréeds him new tórmant,  
 Incéssant, for éver.

“Of the Lápithei whý  
 Ór of Piríthoüs  
 Néed I make méntion,  
 Ór of Ixion,  
 Right óver whom hángs  
 A dárk, flinty róck  
 Ever réady to fáll down  
 And, ás it were, fálling ?  
 On shining gold féet  
 Rest the high, genial sófas ;  
 With magnificence róyal  
 Besóre their eyes spréad out  
 The sumptuous repást ;  
 But the chief of the Fúries  
 Starts úp from a sófa,  
 And, with thúndering vóice,  
 And firebrand uplifted,  
 Forbids touch the viands.

“Here thóse who while living  
 Have háted their bróther,  
 Or raised hánf against párent,  
 Or chéated their client,  
 And thóse who in privacy  
 Óver a hóard  
 Of sáved money póred,  
 And for rélatives sét not  
 Some pórption aside  
 (And thése form the chief crowd),  
 Ánd for adultery  
 Thóse who were sláin,  
 And thóse perjured sláves  
 Who agáinst their liege lórds  
 Raised árm contumácious —  
 All thóse are shut úp here,  
 Abiding their tórmant.

“Ask me nót to infórm thee  
 What tortures they súffer,  
 Or hów in particular  
 Éach one is púnished;  
 Some a húge rock are rólling;  
 To a whéel’s upright spókes  
 Legs and árms some are tied;  
 There sits hapless Théseus  
 And thére will sit éyer;  
 Ánd from the dépth  
 Of his miséry Phlégyas  
 Calls alóud through the dárkness  
 To áll men his wárning:—  
 “Take a lésson from mé,  
 And hóld not too líghtly

The Góds who command you  
*·Be just in your dealings'.*"

"This óne here for góld  
 His fátherland sóld  
 And placed únder the thráll  
 Of a pówerful máster;  
 And ón the walls vénally  
 Pósted new láws,  
 And fróm the walls vénally  
 Óld laws took dówn:  
 With a súit against náture  
 His dáughter's bedchámber  
 That óther inváded:  
 Every óne of them dáred,  
 And dáring achieved,  
 Some enórmity hideous.  
 No, nót with a húndred tongues,  
 Nót with a húndred mouths,  
 Ánd voice of iron,  
 Could I describe all  
 Their crimes' various fórms,  
 Or enúmerate the módes all  
 In which they are púnished."

So said Phoébus' aged priestess,  
 And ádded:— "Come, háste;  
 Let 's get óver the gróund,  
 And pút the last hánd  
 To our gift's presentátion;  
 For I sée plainly yónder  
 The Cýclops-forged tówers,  
 And ópposite our fáce stands

The gateway's arched pórtal,  
Where our órders command us  
This gift to depósito."

When thus she had said,  
They proceeded side by side  
Along the dark wáy  
That remained intervéning;  
And whén to the dóors come,  
Enéas goes in,  
And with frésh water sprinkles  
His bódy, and hangs up  
The bránch in the éntrance.

These things at last dóne,  
Ánd the due cómpliment  
Páid to the Góddess,  
They réach the delightful  
And gréen grassy wóodlands  
Where the Bléssed reside.  
Here a wider-spread éther  
Invésts all the lándscape  
With bríllianter húes;  
They 've a sún of their ówn,  
And stars different from óurs.  
On the gráss in gymnástics  
Some súpple their límbs,  
Ánd on the táwny sand  
Spórtively wréstle:  
And sóme of them sing songs,  
And sóme of them dánce;  
And, dréssed in his lóng vest,  
The Thrácian bard to them

Trills the chánge斯 melódious  
Of Músic's seven sóunds,  
And now with his fingers  
Alóng the chords swéeps,  
Now with ivory quill.

Here tóo are those wárriors  
In bétter years bórн,  
That óld stock of Teúcer  
So lóvely to sée,  
Those magnánimous héroes,  
Assáracus, Ílus,  
And Dárdanus, Troy's fóunder.  
On their árms from a distance  
And shádowy cháriots  
With wónder he gázes;  
In the gróund stand their spéars fixed;  
Their hórses unyóked  
Graze all óver the pláin:  
Benéath the earth búried,  
They táke as much pléasure  
In cháriots and árms,  
And the cáring and fáttening  
Of sléek shining stéeds,  
As they tóok when alive.

And ló! he behólds  
On the right hand and léft  
Alóng the grass stréttched  
Others nóurishment tákking,  
And singing glad Péans  
In chórus amidst  
The odórous laurel gróves,

Whence Eridanus springs —  
 That river which rolls  
 Through the upper world's forest  
 Such a vast flood of waters.

Here the patriot handful  
 That bled for their country,  
 And those who were holy priests  
 While they were living,  
 And those hearts of gentleness,  
 Bards whose discourses  
 Were worthy of Phoebus,  
 And all those who had added  
 To civilisation  
 By inventions in arts,  
 And all those whose deservings  
 Had made them remembered,  
 Wear round their temples  
 The snowy white fillet:  
 Whom, as they flocked round them,  
 Sibylla addressed thus,  
 And chiefly Museus,  
 About whom was standing  
 And up to him looking  
 A great crowd of persons  
 All of whom he overtopped  
 By the height of his shoulders:—  
 “O say, happy souls,  
 And thou, excellent bard,  
 In what quarter 's Anchises,  
 Or where to be found?  
 For his sake we 've come,

And across Érebus'  
Gréat rivers sáiled."

To whórn then in fíew words  
Thus ánswered the héro:—  
“No fixed abodes bind us;  
We inhábit the gróve's  
Shady cóverts, or dwéll  
In frésh, watered méadows,  
And ón rivers' bácks.  
But yé — if so pléase ye —  
Cross óver this ridge,  
Ánd on the éasy path  
Át once I 'll sét ye.”  
He sáid; the way léd;  
And fróin above shówed them  
The fáir, similing pláins:  
Then they léft the hill tóp.

Now it chánced, sire Anchises,  
Far within a green vález's  
Inclósure, was pásing  
Befóre him in müster  
Those sóuls who should shórtly  
Ascénd to the light,  
And a cénsus was tákking  
Óf the whole númer  
Óf his dear óffspring,  
And cárefully stúdying  
The héroes' explóits,  
Their fates, mánners and fórtunes:  
But thróugh the grass tóward him  
As sóon as he sáw

*With both hands.*  
*With transport of joy,*  
*While tears his cheeks coursed down,*  
*In these words addressed him:—*

“And hast thou at last come,  
*And thy filial affection*  
*(As I well knew it would)*  
 The way’s hardships conquered?  
 And am I permitted  
 To look in thy face, son,  
 And hear thy known voice,  
 And speak with thee as wont?  
 So indeed I considered  
 And thought it would be,  
 Counting over the time,  
 And I find I’ve been right.  
 Escaped from what dangers,  
 My son, thou com’st to me!  
 After how many tossings  
 On land and on water  
 I have thee here safe!  
 How greatly I feared  
 Lest that Libyan kingdom  
 Should work thee some harm!”

“Thy ghost,” thus he answered,  
 “Thy sad ghost, O sire,  
 Several times manifested,  
 Has hither impelled me:  
 My ships in the Týrrhene sea  
 Stand at their moorings.

Give me, O give me,  
 Thy right hand, O sire,  
 And from my embracings  
 Withdráw thyself nót."

The téars, as he thus said,  
 Streamed fast down his fáce;  
 His árms round the sháde's neck  
 He thrice strove to thrów;  
 Thrice from his frústrate grasp,  
 Light as the winds,  
 As a flecting dream swift,  
 The shádow escáped.

In the méantime Enéas  
 Has séen, in a válley  
 Indénting the highland,  
 A wóodland seclúded,  
 And shrúbberies rústling,  
 And the river of Léthe  
 Close gliding alóng  
 By the plácid abóde.  
 On évery side róund  
 Innúmerous péoples  
 And nátions were flitting,  
 As thick as you 've séen,  
 In the fine summer séason,  
 Bees in the meads thrónging  
 Abóut the white lílies,  
 And settling dówn on  
 The flówers variegáted,  
 And with their búzzing hum  
 Fílling the pláin.

And whó are the people  
 That fill all its báanks  
 In such thick, swarming números.  
 Then fáther Anchises:—

“Those sóuls to whom dúa  
 Second bódies by Fáte,  
 Here, át the care-éasing  
 River of Léthe,  
 Drínk long oblívion  
 Of their first bódies.

This lóng time I 've wished  
 To point these out to thee  
 Hérc in thy présence,  
 And with thee count óver  
 The tálé of my óffspring,  
 That nót less than míne  
 May be thy exultátion  
 That Italy 's fóund.”

“And cán it be thóught, sire,  
 There áre any sóuls  
 That are hénce to ascénd  
 To the sky, and once móre  
 The dull body énter?  
 What dire yéarning is this  
 Of the wréttches for líght?”  
 “I 'll téll thee the whóle, son,  
 And nót in doubt léave thee,”

Thus Anchises the wórd took,  
 And expláined all in órder:—  
 “In the ský and the éarth  
 And the liquid sea - pláins,  
 The móon’s shining glóbe,  
 And the plánets Titánian,  
 There dwélls from the first  
 An intélligent mind,  
 A spírit intérnal,  
 Diffúsed through the mémbers  
 And sétting in mótion  
 The whóle, mighty máss.  
 Hence derived are the lives  
 Of mán, beast and bird,  
 And óf the strange mónters  
 Prodúced undernéath  
 The séa’s marble súrface.  
 In the émbryo of éach  
 Is a principle fiéry  
 Descénded from héaven  
 Although dúlled and impáired  
 By a fráil, earthy móuld,  
 And a frámework of flésh,  
 And límbs that must pérish?  
 From this cláyey admixture  
 Their féars and desíres come,  
 Their páins and their jóys,  
 And that, shut úp  
 In a dárk prison’s gloom,  
 They cást no look báck  
 On the ský’s radiant light.  
 Not éven with the lást  
 Closing dáy of their lives

Doës the bád wholly léave them,  
 Nor quite depart fróm them  
 The plágues of the flésh,  
 For múch of the ill  
 Has néeds grown invéterate,  
 And márvellous déep  
 The ingráin of long hábit:  
 They are thérefore torniénted,  
 And súffer the páins  
 Of their áncient misdéeds;  
 Some fórms unsubstántial  
 On crósses are spréad out,  
 And húng to the winds;  
 The déep dye of sin  
 Out of óthers is wáshed  
 Under vást floods of wáter,  
 Or búnrt out with fire;  
 And thén when at lást,  
 In long prócess of time,  
 The deep stáin is expúnged,  
 And the éssence ethéreal,  
 The éffluence fiery,  
 Left púre and unblémished,  
 And éach one his ówn  
 Special Mánes has súffered,  
 Into ámple Elýsium  
 We 're sént to range fréc,  
 And sóme few to stáy  
 And the glád fields inhábit.  
 But all thése thou see'st hére,  
 When a fúll thousand yéars  
 Have complétely rolled róund,  
 The Gód summons fórth

In these mighty numbers  
 To the river of Léthe,  
 That of past things oblivious  
 They may become willing  
 To re-enter the flesh  
 And return to the world."

Anchises these words said,  
 And into the midst  
 Of the crowded and buzzing  
 Assembly his son brought,  
 And with him the Sibyl,  
 And a tumulus mounted  
 From whence he might see  
 And have a front view of  
 The long array coming:—

“Come now and I'll tell thee  
 What fates shall be thine,  
 And what glory shall follow  
 The son of the Dárdan,  
 What a race of Itálians  
 From him is to spring,  
 What illustrious souls  
 Mounting up to the world  
 Shall call us forefathers.

“Thou see'st yonder that youth  
 On the sceptre-wand leaning;  
 He's the first for the light;  
 Of the mixed blood Itálian  
 He to th' ethereal air  
 First shall ascend,

And become Silvius  
 (That well-known name Álban),  
 Thy tóo late begótt  
 And pósthumous són,  
 Whom thy cónsort Lavinia  
 In thine óld age shall béal thee,  
 And in the woods réar up;  
 A king he 's himsélf,  
 And the fáther of kings,  
 And thróugh him descénding  
 Our líne shall rule lórdly  
 Ó'er Longa Álba.

“And néxt him see Prócas,  
 The Trójan stock's pride,  
 And Númitor, Cápys,  
 And, glórious no léss  
 For mártial achievements  
 Than for áll gentler vŕtues,  
 Silvius, thy námesake,  
 If to Silvius Enéas  
 Should éver descénd  
 The scéptre of Álba.  
 What gállant youths théy!  
 See what stréngth they displáy!  
 And hów with the pátriot  
 Citizen's óakleaves  
 Their témples are sháded!  
 These are théy who the cíties  
 Fidénae shall búild,  
 And Noméntum and Gábii;  
 Who shall pláce, on the hílls  
 Of Collátia, the cástle;

Ánd of Pométii  
 Láy the foundátions,  
 And Ínui Cástrum  
 And Bóla and Córা;  
 All thén noted pláces,  
 Now lán̄ds without náme.

“Aye; and Rómulus, Márs’ son —  
 Of the blóod of Assáracus  
 By Ília his móther —  
 Shall accómpany his grándsite.  
 See thére on his héad  
 How the Síre’s self alréady  
 Has sét the twain crésts,  
 Has márked him even hére  
 With the émblem of hónor  
 He ’s to wéar in the wórl̄d.  
 Behóld, son, the mán  
 By whose áuspices léd  
 That chívalrous Róme  
 Shall acquire a dominion  
 With Éarth coexténsive,  
 A spírit for which  
 Not Olýmpus too lófty,  
 And enclóse with one city’s wall  
 Citadels séven:  
 Happy móther of héroes !  
 Not móre blest than shé,  
 Drives through Phrýgia’s cities  
 Turret-crówned Berecýnthia,  
 The Góds’ happy móther,  
 Whose glád arms embráce  
 A húndred grandchildren,

Divinities áll,  
All instálled in high héaven.

“Now hitherward bénд  
Both thine eýes, and behóld  
Thine own nátion of Rómans:  
’Tis César thou hére see’st,  
And the whóle stock of Césars  
Who are yét to come fórth  
In Iúlus’s líne,  
The great firmament únder.  
This, this is the mán,  
The prómised man this,  
Of whóm thou ’st so óft heard —  
That César Augústus,  
The Gód Cesar’s són,  
Who shall bríng back to Látium  
And tó the fields érewhile  
Reigned óver by Sáturn  
The éra of góld;  
Who his swáy shall stretch óver  
Garamántes and Índi,  
And whát lands soéver  
Lie beyónd the eclíptic  
And páth of the plánets,  
Where ský-propping Átlas  
Spins róund on his shóulder  
The fírmament stúdded  
With bright-burning stárs.  
Of the ádvent of this man  
Even nów the realms Cáspian  
And lánd of Meótis  
Héar with a shúdder

In the Gods' answers;  
 And with consternation  
 Are seized even already  
 The seven mouths of Nile.  
 Not even Alcides,  
 What though he transfix'd  
 The brass-footed dove,  
 To Erymanth's woodlands  
 What though he gave peace,  
 And with his bow's twang  
 Made all Lerna tremble —  
 Not even conquering Bacchus,  
 Who from Nysa's high top  
 Drove in tiger-drawn chariot  
 With reins twined with vineleaves,  
 Equal space of land compassed:  
 And dove we doubt still  
 To add to our former deeds  
 Fresh deeds of prowess?  
 Or shall fear forbid us  
 To plant a firm foot  
 In the land of Ausonia?"

"But with brows decked with laurel  
 Who is that yonder  
 I see sacrificing?"  
 "By his grey locks I know him,  
 And by his beard grisly,  
 That king of the Romans  
 Who shall first set the city  
 On law's firm foundation.  
 To his great government  
 From her soil sterile

Diminutive Cúres  
Shall sénd him commissioned.

“Next to him succeeds Túllus,  
Who shall bréak the ináctive  
Repóse of his cóuntry,  
And to árms call the wárior-bands,  
Nów for some tíme  
Unaccústomed to triúmphs,  
And flágging in spirit.  
Close áfter whóm follows  
Rather váin-glorious Áncus,  
To whóm to be fánned  
By the pójular bréath  
Even nów 's but too pléasing.

“Dost thou wish me to shów thee  
The móndarchs Tarquínian,  
And the próud soul of Brútus  
His cóuntry's avénger,  
And the Fásces he wrung  
From the grásp of the týrant  
And restóred to the péople?  
This is that Brútus  
To whóm shall be first  
Committed the cónsulship  
Ánd the fell áxes —  
That únhappy sire  
Who for fáir freedom's sáke  
Shall cáll forth his ówn sons  
To súffer the pénalty  
Dúe to the néw crime  
Of wár 'gainst one's cóuntry.

Let posterity talk  
 Of the deed as they will,  
 The patriot's unbóunded  
 Passion for glóry  
 Will bear all before it.

“Aye, and fár off behóld too  
 The Décií and Drúsi,  
 And wielding the héadsman's axe  
 Rigorous Torquátus,  
 And Camillus home bringing  
 The stándards recóvered.

“But those sóuls whom thou sée'st there  
 In équal arms brilliant —  
 Concórdant souls nów  
 Whilst kept dówn under night —  
 Ah, what wárs they shall wáge,  
 What mürderous báttle,  
 Agáinst one anóther,  
 Let them dáylight but réach!  
 The fáther-in-láw,  
 To confrónt the son, cómes  
 From Monoécus' Arx dówn  
 And his rámpart of Álps:  
 With áll the arráy  
 Of his ármament éastern  
 The són-in-law méets him.  
 But dó not, my yóung friends,  
 To só bitter báttle,  
 Ah, dó not inúre ye!  
 Against fátherland's bówels,  
 Ah, túrn not your might!

And thóu, mine own blóod,  
 Be the first to leave óff —  
 Thou Olýmpus-sprung scion,  
 The swórd from thy hánd  
 Fling thóu away first.

“Yonder 's hé that retúrning  
 All glórious, victórious,  
 From the tákking of Córinth,  
 And róut of the Achívi,  
 Shall tó the high Cápitol  
 Drive his war-tríumph.  
 That óther shall Árgos  
 And Agamemnónian  
 Mycénæ o'ertúrn,  
 And fróm an Eácides,  
 Lineal descéndant  
 Of wárior Achílles,  
 Exáct retribútion  
 For his fóresires of Tróy  
 And the fóul desecrátion  
 Of the fáne of Minérrva.

“Who 'd léave thee behind him  
 Unménioned, O Cóssus?  
 Or thée, mighty Cáto?  
 The stóck of the Grácchi  
 Whó 'd leave unménioned?  
 Or wár's pair of thúnderbolts,  
 Libya's misfórtune,  
 The Scípiadae twáin?  
 Or Fabricíus, on smáll means  
 Commánding the déference

Páid to the rich?  
 Or thée, O Serránus,  
 The plóugh-furrow sówing?  
 But whíther awáy  
 So húrry me tired,  
 Ye fámy Fábian?  
 O Máximus thóu 'rt he,  
 That single one thóu,  
 Who by prócrastinátion  
 Restór'st us our lóst state.

“Other nátions, I dóubt not,  
 Will wórk brass with sófter,  
 More bréathing expréssion,  
 And óut of the márble  
 Draw féatures more life-like,  
 Will pléad causes bétter,  
 Ánd with the trácing rod  
 Dráw more corréctly  
 The gréat heavenly circles,  
 And the rising stars márk —  
 But, remémber it éver,  
 'Tis thy part, O Róman,  
 To góvern the nátions;  
 To spáre the submissive,  
 To wár down the háughty,  
 And impóse upon áll  
 Modes and hábits of péace.”  
 So sáid sire Anchises,  
 And as wóndering they lóoked on,  
 These wórds besides ádded:—  
 “See hów with the *Spólia*  
*Opíma* distinguished,

And áll overtopping,  
 Victórious Marcéllus  
 Comes márching on yónder!  
 In the midst of the gréat  
 Gallic túrmoil and túmult  
 This mán shall the Róman state  
 Hold firm and stéady,  
 And únder his hórse's hoofs  
 Tréad Carthaginian  
 And rébel of Gául;  
 And to fáther Quirinus  
 Suspénd the Spoils Róyal,  
 The thírd that were éver  
 By Róman arm wón."

And hére said Eneás —  
 For he sáw with him góing  
 A yóuth of rare beautý  
 And brillianly ármed,  
 But his brów far from chéarful,  
 And dówncast his eyés —  
 “Who 's that yónder, O sire,  
 That goes with him as cómraide?  
 His són perhaps is he?  
 Or óne of the gréat stock  
 Óf his descéndants?  
 How his cómrades buzz róund him!  
 What a hóst he 's himsélf!  
 But abóut his head flitting  
 Dark Níght spreads her sád shade.”  
 Then with gúshing tears thús  
 Replied fáther Anchíses:—

“Ínto thy fámy’s  
 Gréat grief, my són,  
 O máke not inquirý;  
 The Fátes shall but shów  
 This young mán to the wórlد,  
 And thén away báer him.  
 Too pówful, ye Góds,  
 Had becóme in your eyés  
 The bréed of the Rómans,  
 Had ye given them for góod and all  
 Présents like this.  
 How that Cámpus shall gróan there  
 Beside Mars’ great city!  
 What funéreal rites, sire  
 Tiberíne, thou shalt sée,  
 Ás by that níewly-raised  
 Túmulus thou glídest!  
 Néver of Ílian stock  
 Bóy shall be bórн  
 That shall ráise in his Látin  
 Grandfáthers such hópe;  
 Of nó other són  
 Shall the cóuntry of Rómulus  
 Máke so loud bóst.  
 Ah, móurn for him, móurn!  
 Had he líved, he ’d been géntle,  
 A mán of his wórd  
 Like the mén of old times,  
 With éver uncónquered  
 Right árm in the báttle.  
 What sóe had unpúnished  
 Withstóod his footchárgé,  
 Or the rúsh of his fóaming steed

Ráked with the rówels!  
 Ah! find but the méans  
 To break thróugh thy hard fátes,  
 O yóuth to be pitied,  
 And thóu 'lt be Marcéllus.

“Give me lílies in hándfuls;  
 Let me scáttér aróund  
 Flowers púrpling and bright:  
 What though váin be the óffice,  
 I 'll with a profúsion  
 Of súch gifts at léast  
 Heap the sóul of my grándson.”

In the bróad, airy láwns  
 So they wánder abóut,  
 And scrútinise évery thing  
 In the whole région:  
 All which to his són  
 When Anchises had shówn,  
 And pointed out to him  
 Each séparate óbject,  
 And with a lónging  
 For th' óncoming glóry  
 Had kindled his sóul,  
 He describes next the wárs  
 To be wáged by the héro,  
 And abóut the Lauréntian  
 Péoples infórms him,  
 And Latinus's city,  
 And hów to avóid best  
 Or béar every tróuble.

There are two gates of Slécp,  
 The one hórny, they sáy,  
 And affórding free pássage  
 To réally true visions:  
 Through the óther, of white  
 Glossy ivory wróught,  
 The Mánes their fálse dreams  
 Send úp to the wórld.  
 Toward the ivory gáte  
 Anchíses his són  
 Conducts as he speáks,  
 And with him the Sibyl,  
 And léts both out thróugh it.  
 To the ships and his ~~com~~rades  
 Enéas returns;  
 Then alóng the shore cóasts  
 To Caiéta's port stráight.  
 From the prów they cast áncor:  
 The stérns line the shóre.



## C O R R I G E N D A.

Sign. γ6. Line 4 from bottom, instead of thóu, read thou  
 Sign. γ7. Line 14 from bottom, instead of óur, read our  
 Sign. c2. Line 12 from bottom, instead of impósito<sup>r</sup>, read impósito<sup>s</sup>tor

**Page 1.** Instead of lines 8, 9, 10 from top, read  
Mars' bristling arms and Hím whom first  
And léader fróm the cōasts of Tróy  
Fate bróught to Ítaly réfugée, \*

**Page 3.** Instead of lines 13 and 14 from top, read  
Which shé had been fóremost  
To wáge against Tróy  
On behálf of dear Árgos — \*

**Page 4.** Line 15 from top, instead of I, read I

**Page 16.** Line 6 from bottom, instead of Troys, read Troy's

**Page 20.** Line 2 from bottom, instead of bréast, read wáist,

**Page 32.** Instead of line 14 from bottom, read  
For ús — we have nóthing to féar;  
And thóu — thou shalt néver repént thee \*

**Page 59.** Instead of line 8 from bottom, read  
And ~~the~~ on the príncipal móver, \*

**Page 90.** Instead of lines 9 and 8 from bottom, read  
For while, divérging fróm the róad's  
Diréction knówn, I fóllow byé-paths,

**Page 143.** Instead of lines 15 and 14 from bottom, read  
I acknówledge I 'm one  
Óf that créw of Dánaï

**Page 152.** Last line, instead of knéw, read knów

**Page 157.** Instead of line 3 from top, read  
Ánd on the tóp o' th' crág the Nýmphs huzzáed.\*

**Page 168.** Line 7 from bottom, instead of píous, read fórmér\*

**Page 176.** Line 11 from top, instead of Ílian, read Ílian

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\* For the reason of this alteration see my *Notes of a Twelve Years' Voyage of Discovery in the First Six Books of the Eneis.*











